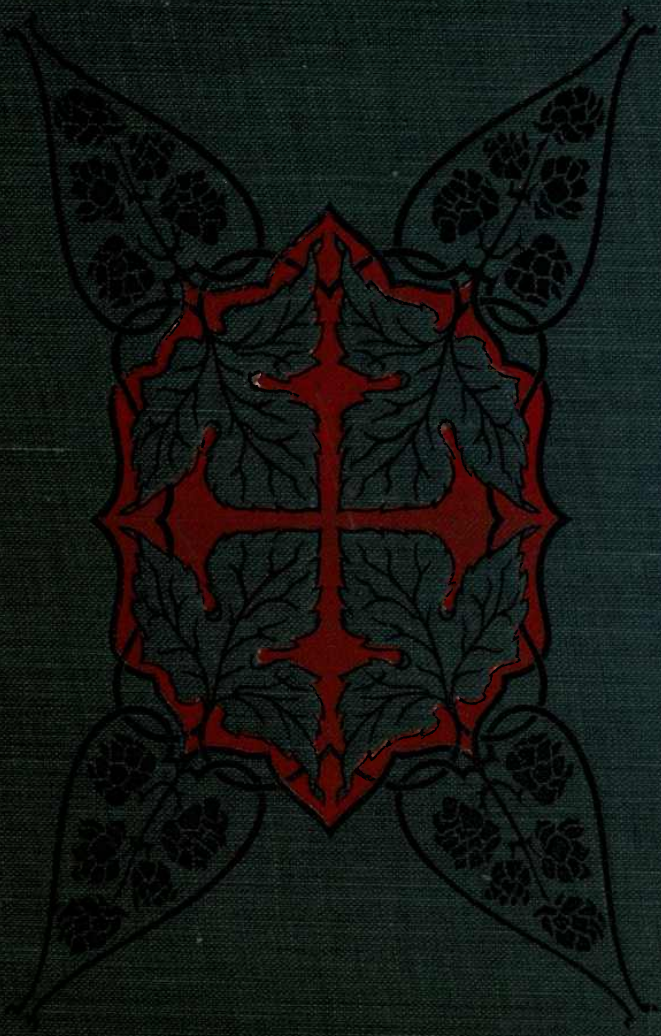

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A STORY OF

THE DAYS OF QUEEN MARY.

BY

HARRIET B. McKEEVER,

AUTHOR OF "SILVER THREADS," "WESTBROOK PARSONAGE," "MAUDE AND MIRIAM," "THE NURSERY TREASURY," ETC., ETC.

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PREFACE.

IN the characters which move upon these pages, the Author has been strangely affected as the pages of history have passed before her; for having been accustomed to look upon the wretched Queen as "bloody Mary," so much has come to light by the researches of historians, that the fact seems clear enough that she was not that naturally cruel person that some would fain have us believe. Many incidents in her sorrowful life prove that she was a woman with originally tender, womanly feelings, else how do we account for her love of children, music, flowers, and friends?

If this be so, what must then have been the crushing power of that terrible system by which she was transformed into an intolerant, unrelenting bigot! Gardiner and Bonner were the master-spirits of those dark days, and regarding them as representatives of God to her, disobedience to them was rebellion against God, hence her persecuting reign of terror.

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Agnes Strickland's "Queens of England" has had much to do with forming this estimate of Queen Mary; but while we leave her with the righteous Judge, these historical facts should lead us to cherish more devoutly than ever the blessings brought down to us by the great Reformation, and to rejoice in "the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free."

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TWICE CROWNED.

CHAPTER I.

THE MAY QUEEN.

IT is the early spring-time in England, when a mad happiness goes abroad throughout the whole realm of nature. It is moreover a time of peace during the closing months of King Edward's holy life, when the kingdom enjoyed a few years of blessed respite from former troubles.

Our story opens in a lovely region of country in the north, where several fine estates tower up in their stately grandeur, surrounded by a happy tenantry, on the borders of a rural village, where, under the pastoral care of a godly minister of the Church of England, they enjoy in peace the ministry of the blessed Gospel.

Lyndhurst, the seat of the Earl of Carrington, is situated in the midst of one of those grand old parks which, scattered over the kingdom, are still so many features of beauty in an English landscape. At the entrance dwells a worthy pair, the lodge-keeper and his wife, Ralph and

Dorothy Kenworthy, with their only daughter Lettice, a rustic beauty of eighteen years.

It is the first of May, one of the merriest of all the holidays in England at that remote period; and in the early dawn, a blithe and joyous company of lads and lasses with horn and tabor are stopping before the lodge.

A bright face appears at the upper window, and a musical voice calls out, "I will be with you in a trice;" and singing a lively air, she bustles around the room, and is soon ready to join the party below who are on their way to the country to "bring in the May." Running into her mother's room, she stooped to kiss her, saying:

"Good-bye, dear mother; I'm to be Queen of May; but don't rise yet, it is scarcely day-dawn."

In another minute, the bright young creature, with basket on her arm and the light of happy youth in her deep-blue eye, joined the somewhat noisy party. Robin Heathcote, a youth of twenty, in silent admiration stood somewhat apart, but they had not gone far, ere we find him close by the side of the fair queen, none seeming to dispute his right.

With baskets on their arms, to the sound of horn and tabor, they are out in search of the sweet hawthorn-blossoms, which are now filling the air with their fragrance, the red May and the pale pink May-buds abounding everywhere.

But few others are astir at this early hour; here and there perchance a milkmaid, with a pail on her head, and

skirts pinned up to clear them from the dew, is singing her morning song, and hailing the merry party as they march by. Having filled their baskets with the lovely flowers, they are resting in a field to greet the rising sun;—the rosy vapors are first seen faintly in the east; increasing to a deeper tint, the king of day is soon flooding the landscape with a glow of splendor, the soft green grass mellowing the dazzling white of the daisies and the glittering gold of the buttercups. In the midst of the field rises the happy skylark, pluming her joyous wing, and singing her rapturous song as she soars upward to the silvery clouds floating in the blue expanse. The air is full of melody — the cooing of the gentle ring-doves, the harsh cawing of the rooks, the clear shrill note of the cuckoo, and high above all other sounds, the shriek of the jay, to be drowned by the louder cry of the woodpecker. On their return home, they are greeted too by the bleating of sheep, the tinkling of their bells, and the soft lowing of the cows. As the sun mounts upward, the air is full of butterflies of every lovely hue, and the bees too are out on their foraging expeditions after honey.

Passing by the farm-houses, every door and window is dressed with the lovely May-buds, and standing at the gates, or looking out of the windows, many of the peasantry are greeting the merry company as, with hawthorn-blossom on every brow, they mutually hail the advent of the sweet month of May. Stopping at the lodge, the party separate, bidding the young queen to be ready

when they call for her at a later hour, for the dressing of the May-pole would occupy some time. Robin whispered something in the ear of the young queen, that brought a swift blush to her lovely face, and the murmured reply:

"I trow that thou art growing foolish, Robin Heathcote."

The breakfast-table was neatly spread waiting for the queen.

"Here is something that thou likest, Lettice," said the mother. "Robin brought it yesternight, as tender a young hare as could be found, and some good fresh manchets, and sweet butter — thou must eat a good breakfast, child, or this early morning ramble harmeth thee."

Quickly dispatched, we find the mother and child admiring the pretty gown that lay out upon the bed, ready for the young queen; but Lettice was too dutiful to leave all the day's work for mother, and so with a swift step and light fingers she helped to settle the house for the day, and then dressed herself to wait for the escort.

The guests are assembling around the May-pole, and the young people of the two noble families are not too proud to grace the coronation, for Lettice Kenworthy was a general favorite, and moreover, a foster-sister of the Lady Geraldine Ormsby, eldest daughter of the Earl of Carrington. Lord Algernon, a young man, Edward, a youth of fourteen, and two children, Sibyl and Lucy, represented the family of the Earl, and the ladies Magdalen and Viola Tressilian that of the Earl of Frothing-

ham, residing at Englewood, a neighboring seat, Lord Marmaduke Fitzhugh, evidently on very familiar terms with the family at Lyndhurst, and Master Berkeley, tutor of the family and rector of the church, made up the party, who, under the shade of a broad old oak, waited for the procession on the village green. The May-pole, high as the mast of a vessel, was elegantly decorated with gay streamers of bright-colored ribbons and wreaths of flowers, and a bower for the youthful queen, adorned in the same manner, was ready to receive the sovereign of the day; for it was the custom for her not to join in the merry sports, but to sit apart in royal state.

But the spectators were on the *qui vive*, for the sound of horn and tabor proclaimed the advance of the queen. Arrayed in a white gown presented by the Lady Geraldine, looped with flowers which her own fair hands had so tastefully arranged, truly Lettice was a lovely Queen of May; and when, crowned with a wreath of pink May-buds, she stood in her modest beauty amid the admiring throng, the sun shining down upon her golden ringlets, flowing over her fair shoulders, it was a picture that was remembered in after years, when Lettice appeared again in another and holier character. A soft smile stole over her lovely features, as she stood with look cast down upon the ground; but for a moment she raised her dark-blue eyes heavenward with an abstracted look, that seemed to pierce the clouds.

Lord Algernon and Lord Marmaduke often joined the

merry lasses that danced around the May-pole through the day, and the ladies frequently visited the youthful queen in her bower of May-buds, conversing pleasantly with the occupant, whose chief charm was her sweet and unaffected modesty. Although born of humble parents, there was a degree of refinement about the young girl that drew all hearts, for it came from a gentle, loving nature. The rose and lily vied with each other in the delicacy of her complexion, the deep-blue eyes expressive of tender and holy feeling, and the crown of golden hair, reminded one of the pictures of angels in the works of the old masters. From earliest childhood, Lettice had seemed like one of those of whom it is said, in its literal sense:

"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Walter Berkeley had taken especial pains in the instruction of this sweet saint, for he had seen many marks of the Spirit's teaching in her youthful piety, and she was therefore more than usually intelligent in religious matters, coming once a week to the study at Lyndhurst, to receive instruction from the lips of the good minister.

Robin was frequently by the side of the young girl, who was evidently more pleased with this quiet converse in the bower than with the dancing around the May-pole. Robin Heathcote was the son of a thrifty farmer near by, attached from childhood to the fair Queen of May. Industrious and pious, the intimacy has always been encouraged by the parents, and it is generally understood that when Robin has reached the years of manhood, the

two are to unite their destinies. Very sweet and holy is their intercourse, side by side in the house of God, always together at the table of the Lord, wandering at sunset after the toils of the day are over through the green lanes around Lyndhurst, mutually interested in the same pursuits, fond of the same music, hoping for the same blessed rest beyond the grave, Robin and Lettice were very happy in their sweet dream of youth, hoping at some future day to find it realized.

But we will turn aside for awhile to Lord Algernon and the Lady Magdalen.

Having lived on adjoining estates, the two families had always been upon terms of intimacy; but there was one barrier between the two, which may hereafter bring sorrow, for the family at Englewood were Romanists, and that at Lyndhurst staunch Protestants. The Earl of Frothingham had married a Spanish lady, who had brought over with her a priest of rigid and intolerant zeal. Father Alphonso had educated the daughters, and had endeavored to break off the intimacy between the two families, but the attachment of the young members of the household had thus far resisted all his efforts, for the Lady Magdalen Tressilian and the Lady Geraldine were bosom-friends; so close and constant had been the intercourse, that the parents of Magdalen did not stop to consider the danger of such an intimacy between Algernon Ormsby and their daughter.

After the coronation, we find the two straying off by

themselves, to pluck the lovely flowers that abounded everywhere.

"Here are your favorites, Magdalen," said the young man, plucking some sweet Spring violets.

"They remind me of the sweet May Queen, Algernon," was the reply, as she inhaled their delicious fragrance.

"Here is an emblem of yourself, Magdalen," said her companion, bending upon her a look of deep affection, and laying in her hands a pure white lily.

With a deep blush she received the flower—it was indeed a fit emblem of the lovely girl, for stately and fair as that queenly flower she stood among her companions, so different from the English type of beauty. She had the softest and fairest tint of the brunette, with almond-shaped dark eyes, shaded by lashes that swept over her fair cheek, softening their brilliant lustre, massy folds of glossy black hair, and coral lips, around which played the ever changing feelings of a highly sensitive nature. It was seldom that they spoke of their differing faith, for such allusions always brought with them a painful consciousness of a deep gulf that could not be hedged over; but such thoughts were speedily dismissed, and there was scarcely a day passed without bringing the youthful members of each household together.

But the happy May-day is over, with nothing to mar its enjoyment; and Lettice and Robin are walking home together.

"What wert thou thinking of, fair Lettice," said the

youth, "when thou didst raise thine eyes after thou wert crowned? in sooth it seemed that thou didst see something beyond this world."

"I was thinking of the crown of glory that Master Berkeley preached about on Sunday last, Robin, and for a short space I almost forgot that I was Queen of May."

"Thou art akin to heaven, Lettice, and much I fear that thou wilt take an early flight thither, and leave me in my loneliness."

Seated around the table at the lodge, Lettice brought out her gifts which the noble party had bestowed upon the fair young queen.

Although there were several articles of taste suited to a village maiden, such as most young girls would value highly, Lettice was more especially pleased with a handsome service-book which the Lady Geraldine had given her, and which she was so well qualified to use.

"See, Robin!" said the young girl, "what pretty pictures!" as she turned over to several illuminated representations of scenes in the Saviour's life.

"These are pretty ribbons!" said her mother, as she held up several knots of bright colors.

"Yea, mother mine, howbeit, this is the best of all," turning over the leaves of her book of Common Prayer; "these will quickly fade, but this telleth of what will last forever!"

CHAPTER II.

MASTER BERKELEY'S PUPIL.

LYNDHURST is an ancient castle built centuries ago, having had some additions made to it in later days; but the thick stone walls, the lofty turrets, the windows with their small panes of glass, heavy oaken frames, and massive doors of the same old wood, mark its antiquity — there are indications, too, of its having been a strong fortress of defence in the days when men were scarcely safe in their own castles. The furniture, of solid oak, was massive, cumbrous, and heavily carved, but the chairs were high-backed and straight, the tables heavy and clumsy, the bedsteads with lofty slender posts, the drapery of rich dark colors, and in one ancient room especially, entirely faded with age—no carpets were upon any of the floors, save in the sitting-room of the countess, where one carpet from Eastern looms covered the middle of the floor, a great luxury in those days, and only obtained from Turkey.

On the first floor, in the wing facing the east, are the apartments of the good rector, consisting of a sleeping-room and study. Very pleasantly situated were these retired rooms; and here we find the Lady Geraldine pur-

suing her studies under the tuition of Master Walter Berkeley, for such was the title bestowed in those days upon bishop and minister alike.

The study is large and airy, with windows looking out upon the pleasance on one side, and on the other commanding a view of a delightful vista in the green park, leading down to a lake that flowed on one side of the large estate. Deer wandered happily among the grand old trees, many so tame that they would knock with their antlers against the master's window, who would answer the call with a manchet, or sometimes a dainty gift of fruit.

There is a book-case on one side of the room well filled with valuable volumes, a heavy table with writing-materials in abundance, a couch for the master when weary, several high-backed chairs, and one with arms well cushioned. In an alcove stands an organ, on which both master and pupil played with considerable skill. Several old Scripture pictures adorned the walls; a student's cap and gown hung upon a stand in the corner of the room; the only article of taste anywhere seen was a China vase upon the study-table, always filled with flowers by the Lady Geraldine.

Seated at the table is the master, a man of thirty-five, with a broad expansive brow, crowned by thin hair, that was approaching baldness, and an eye such as we would imagine to have belonged to the Apostle John, so full of holy and benignant love. Opposite to him, at the other side

of the table, sits the Lady Geraldine, a girl of eighteen, of middle height, but gracefully formed — a bright English complexion, regular features, and a dark-gray eye capable of melting into softness, of firing with lofty feeling, or of expressing deep and earnest thought, which was the general characteristic of that highly expressive face. A profusion of rich brown hair, waving in graceful curls, crowned the young girl, and gave the finishing touch of beauty to the lovely figure.

Having completed her course of instruction under Mistress Hastings, the governess, Geraldine was now the pupil of Master Berkeley. Highly intellectual, she was fond of study, and was an excellent Greek and Latin scholar. Deeply pious, her spiritual mind sought for light in the deep things of God, and few young ladies were so thoroughly trained as Geraldine in all that concerned a truly Protestant faith.

"Thou seemest strangely depressed, Master Berkeley," said the young girl.

"There hath been bad news from London," was the reply; "the King is declining fast, and I tremble for the future of England, when the good young sovereign is removed!"

"The Princess Mary is the next in the succession, is she not?" inquired the pupil.

"In sooth she is, my child; and she is moreover a bigoted Romanist; doubtless she will overturn all that the good young king hath done, and I fear much that the

faith of many standeth not the test of persecution, should it come."

"It is a solemn thought, good master," said the young girl, with an earnest look upon her fair young face, "but we are told that 'as our day, so shall our strength be.'"

"It may be that some faction springeth up to dispute the title to the crown, Geraldine; but either way, trouble lieth before the English people."

"Ours hath been such a quiet, happy lot during King Edward's reign, Master Berkeley, that we can scarcely bear to think of a Popish queen."

"The Church of Rome hath ever been the same; it is her boast that she changeth not; and we have abundant proof that she tolerateth not what she calleth heretics. The Spanish Inquisition is an instance of what she doeth when she hath the power."

"In sooth, good master, it would be a doleful day for England, should we live to see her churches turned into Mass-houses; but we will not think of these sad things now; 'sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.'"

Opening the organ, Geraldine placed a seat for the master, and continued:

"Let us have some music: sweet sounds have a strange power to drive away painful thoughts."

Turning over the leaves of the music-book, he selected one of St. Bernard's sweet hymns, and the two voices joined in singing that ancient melody —

"O Jesu, King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned,
Thou sweetness most infallible,
In whom all joys are found!

"When once Thou visitest the heart
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.

"O Jesu, Light of all below,
The Fount of living fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire.

"Jesu, may all confess Thy name,
Thy wondrous love adore;
And, seeking Thee, themselves inflame
To seek Thee more and more.

"Thee, Jesu, may our voices bless,
Thee may we love alone;
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine Own."

"In sooth, it is enough, good master," said Geraldine, "to know that He is ours, for then all else that is best for us followeth."

"Hold on to thy precious faith, my daughter, through evil and through good report, and the Lord careth for all the rest."

Just then, the music of childish laughter called the two to the window, and coming over the lawn before the castle were Lord Marmaduke Fitzhugh, Sibyl and Lucy Ormsby,

holding each a hand, and chatting merrily with the young nobleman, who laughing said:

"Thou seest, Geraldine, that these two fairies have taken me captive, and there is no escape."

The young lady opened the door that led out upon the lawn, and advancing toward the party, she said:

"Where hast thou been so long, Marmaduke, for thy spurs tell of a ride on this bright morning."

"I wot that thou wert among thy books, Geraldine, and I rode over to Granby Lodge to see Mistress Templeton."

"Didst find her well?" inquired the master, who had now joined the party.

"Well, but somewhat wearied with long watching, for her aunt hath been sick for a fortnight; she bade me tell thee to come soon, for she pineth for thy company."

The master returned to the study, and the children sported awhile with Marmaduke and the deer.

"Seest thou that pretty fawn?" said Sibyl; "I have named her Fan, and she cometh at my bidding — see, Marmaduke! Fan! Fan! pretty Fan, come here!"

And the gentle creature came skipping to the child, rubbing her head against Sibyl's fair hand.

"I have something in my pocket always," said the child, taking out an apple and handing it to the animal.

The young nobleman stood smiling at the pretty picture, and turning to Geraldine, he said:

"Kindness is ever winning — why don't men learn lessons from the dumb creatures?"

As this young man will figure largely in these pages we will stop a minute to describe him. A tall, commanding figure, an open, truthful English face, with an eye steadfast as an eagle's, and a mouth around which played sometimes even the tenderness of woman, Marmaduke stood by Geraldine's side, a true specimen of one of nature's noblemen. His home was in London, with a mother and sister; for Lord Fitzhugh had long since slumbered with his fathers.

Marmaduke's visits to Lyndhurst were frequent, and as we follow the young nobleman and Geraldine in a stroll through the lovely park, it may easily be seen by the deep affection in the face of the young man, as he bends his glance upon his fair companion, how great is the attraction that brings him to Lyndhurst so often.

"How fareth thy good mother, Marmaduke?" inquired the young lady.

"Well, but anxious, Geraldine, for the health of the good young king is so certainly in the decline, that we Protestants are looking to the future with many fears; for the bigotry of the Princess Mary is so well known, that there is no hope for us should she be our future queen."

"We have long been a family of staunch Protestants, Marmaduke; our good father and mother ever strong on the side of the Gospel."

"Let us not look for dark days before they come, sweetheart, for if we are the Lord's, we are safe in His hands."

"I would fain have you all here, Marmaduke, away from the noise and excitement of courts."

"That cannot be now, Geraldine."

Rambling over the cool shades of the park, the morning hours stole rapidly by; but it is now the dinner-hour, and reluctantly we find the two returning to the castle. It is an interesting group that gathers around the family table.

The Earl of Carrington, a man but little beyond the prime of life, a truly noble Englishman; the Countess, a fine specimen of a true mother; Lord Algernon, a youth of twenty-two, a worthy representative of a noble house; Edward, a boy of fourteen; and Sibyl and Lucy, two lovely children of eight and six, with Master Berkeley, Geraldine, and Marmaduke, made up the family party.

The meal passed in social chat, for the forms of court etiquette had not laid a cold hand upon the spontaneous expression of youthful enjoyment.

"I have twelve rabbits now, father," said Edward.

"Quite a family to take care of, my boy."

"They are the prettiest little things, just as lively as if they were a month old."

"What say you to a ride after dinner, children?" asked the Earl.

"On the ponies?" said the three in tones of joy.

"Yes, along the lake-shore. Now, is not that fine?"

Not much more dinner was eaten by the trio, and beating their feet almost unconsciously on the floor, they

waited somewhat impatiently for the signal of dismissal from table; for there were certain forms that were rigidly observed at Lyndhurst.

Out on the lawn we see the joyous company, the good Earl proudly leading the party, and a groom bringing up the rear. Accustomed from early days to equestrian sports, the children set off without fear, waving their riding-whips to the party on the lawn, who watched them as long as their light laughter could be heard.

"Happy children!" said the good master; "may these blessed days long continue!"

Marmaduke prolonged his stay until after Sunday, when the family rode to St. Jude's, the church of the parish. It was an old building, the walls covered with ivy, the growth of many passing years; and on the walls and in the aisles are carved the names of many noble families who had long slumbered in the dust.

Over the chancel and around the walls were illuminated texts of Scripture—an ever-present testimony to the open Gospel of those days in the history of England. The service-book of Edward the Sixth was used throughout the realm, and Geraldine felt that she was joining in chants that had been sung for ages by saints now in glory. It was a communion day, and bowed around the table of the Lord knelt the Earl's family, the humble people at the lodge, Robin Heathcote and the neighboring peasantry, all one in Christ Jesus, whose feast they celebrated.

A sermon full of gospel truth left its holy teachings

upon the hearts of the congregation, and wo to the reign that shall close the mouth of such a faithful witness to the true Gospel!

The people lingered within the church-door and in the yard to receive the blessing of good Master Berkeley; and as he passed out, bending upon them his benignant smile, with a word of comfort for one, encouragement for another, and a gentle hand laid upon the head of childhood, it was plain that no common tie bound the pastor to his people: a tie such as proud priests can never know.

CHAPTER III.

TEN DAYS OF ROYALTY.

THE young King declined still more rapidly after Robert Dudley became lord of the bed-chamber; and his latter days were much disturbed by the political cabals that prevailed with reference to the succession.

Northumberland, anxious to place one of his own family in power, affected much concern for the health and comfort of the King, and by his arts obtained great power over a mind enfeebled by disease; persuading him that, in order to save the realm from the curse of Popery, it was a solemn duty, by letters-patent, to set aside both of his sisters, and to settle the succession upon Lady Jane Grey, a lady of great worth, and warmly attached to the cause of Protestantism. He allowed himself to be thus persuaded; and it is said that, having accomplished their ambitious ends, the physicians of the unfortunate youth were dismissed, and he was placed under the care of an ignorant woman, who declared that she could cure him in a short time.

While the King was evidently approaching the grave, Northumberland, with indecent haste, prepared to solemnize the marriage of Lady Jane Grey with his son Lord

Guilford Dudley; and at the same time, in order still further to fortify himself, two other marriages were projected—that of Lady Catharine Grey with Lord Herbert, son of the Earl of Pembroke, and also his own daughter with Lord Hastings, eldest son of the Earl of Huntingdon.

These weddings were celebrated with great pomp and festivity, exciting still further the hatred of the people toward Northumberland, in the time of the King's dangerous illness and approaching death.

. . . . . .

There is a gallant company of gay lords and ladies on the lawn before Sion House, the residence of Lady Jane Grey, about to set out on a hunting-party through the park, a favorite sport with the nobility in those days.

The rich riding-dress of the ladies, the horsemanship of the gentlemen anxious to display their skill, the baying of the hounds impatient to be off, had called the Lady Jane to the front window to look at the gay cavalcade, when, perceiving the approach of her tutor Roger Ascham, she hastened down to him in the library.

Greeting her with a kindly smile, he said:

"How cometh it, I pray, that thou art not with the gay party in the lawn, Lady Jane?"

"Such like noisy sports suit me not, good master," replied the young lady, "for in sooth, thou knowest that I would rather spend a quiet day with Plato, than to take pleasure in worrying the poor hunted deer."

"Thou art strangely unlike other young maidens of noble

blood, for it seemeth as though they are all wild with merriment out there."

Not yet seventeen, the Lady Jane, though not what is generally styled beautiful, was lovely, if youth, gentleness, and modest dignity constitute feminine attractions.

"How fareth the King to-day, Master Ascham?" inquired the young lady, anxiously.

The countenance of the tutor fell as he replied, sadly:

"Fading daily, and the more speedily since Robert Dudley hath charge of the bed-chamber, for it is a common saying now, when one is ailing, 'When I'm sick, don't give me one of Leicester's cordials — that is all;' and moreover, it is whispered, that a poisoned nosegay had been given to the pretty boy at New-Year's tide, which hath brought him into this deadly languishment. Sad to think what poison may lie beneath lovely flowers!"

"Dost think the case one of mortal sickness?"

"Doubt it not, Lady Jane, the days of our good young king are numbered — blessed for him! but woe to England when the Princess Mary reigns!"

An hour spent in serious converse left the two oppressed with sadness, and ere the master departed, Lady Jane ordered refreshments, of which the tutor partook sparingly, although a delicate manchet and some fine fruit were on the salver.

A very few days terminated the life of the young king; but for political reasons, a double guard was placed around the royal apartments, for fear that the news should be-

come public, and Northumberland be thus defeated in obtaining possession of the Princess Mary.

The Lady Jane herself had been kept profoundly ignorant of the plots that surrounded her, but further dissimulation was impossible, and Northumberland, accompanied by the Duke of Suffolk, the Earl of Pembroke, and others of the nobility, sought an interview with their unsuspecting victim.

Ushered into Lady Jane's presence, Northumberland was the first to break the silence. Kneeling before the astonished lady, he spake:

"We came to acquaint our lawful sovereign with the news of King Edward's death, and by letters-patent signed by the king's hand, to offer homage to our gracious lady as Queen of England!" Starting to her feet, with terror on every feature, she exclaimed:

"What meaneth all this mummery?" and turning to the Duke of Suffolk, she continued, in tones of agony, "What saith the duke, my father?"

"That it is e'en as Northumberland declareth, for thou wilt be proclaimed queen to-day."

With a piercing shriek, the hapless young lady fell upon the floor in a swoon.

On recovering, she looked around in vain for help, for on bended knee, each of the nobles did homage to the young queen.

"This cannot be," she cried; "for, my lords, you all know full well that the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth

are the rightful heirs — I see naught but misery and danger which way I look." Clasping her hands, she turned, with her fair face bathed in tears, to her husband: "What sayest thou, Lord Dudley?"

"It is a thing accomplished, and your grace cannot withstand the will of the young king, or the determination of those in possession of your royal person."

"Have pity on me, Guilford! Leave me in my quiet home; do not thrust upon one so unfit for the intrigues of a court, the terrible cares of royalty."

"It cannot be; — it is too late to retrace our steps; — be silent, I entreat your Grace!"

Then the young lady fell into convulsive weeping, and the Duke of Suffolk bitterly reproached her, while it is said that her mother-in-law, the duchess, laid violent hands upon the unfortunate young queen.

Sinking down upon a couch, she clasped her hands, saying:

"I feel that I am powerless; but when the day of doom hath come, ye will all bear me witness that I am clear of complicity in this matter."

"Your grace is surrounded by able statesmen, a wise council, and Northumberland will soon be at the head of a powerful army," said Lord Guilford. "Be guided by these, and all will yet be well."

A wan, sickly smile passed over the fair young face, as she replied:

"Since there seemeth no help, may heaven defend

us, and guide us in the stormy path that lieth before us!"

Without further delay, Northumberland prepared to convey the young Queen to the Tower, where it was the custom for a new sovereign to pass the first few days. Orders were given to proclaim the Lady Jane throughout the kingdom, but they were only executed in London and the neighborhood.

No applause, however, followed, the people generally hearing the proclamation with ominous silence and concern.

But an hour or two was allowed the new Queen to prepare for a departure from her quiet home, Mrs. Ellen, her favorite maid, with trembling hands assisting.

"Alas! Mistress Ellen," said the lady, "could they not leave me in my happy home? Sad forebodings fill my heart, for in sooth, no good cometh of such like hot and hasty work."

Tears filled the waiting-woman's eyes, as she replied:

"Heaven defend the young queen of England!"

"Call me not so, good Mistress Ellen, for that I am not in truth, and thou wilt see me here anon, I trow; but take thou good care of the poor people, — remember Dame Finch and Gatty Holmes' little children, — take care of my pretty merlin and my gay jennet, they will miss me. And now I am ready — thou wilt not fail to pray for me when I am at court."

At three o'clock, attended by Northumberland and the

counsellors, Lady Jane was escorted to the Tower in a barge of queenly state, and there received as the sovereign. At five o'clock the king's death and her accession were proclaimed; but few cried, "God save Queen Jane!" and thus the hapless lady commenced her evanescent reign.

Holding her court in a suite of apartments prepared for that purpose, most unwillingly she acted as Queen of England, while Northumberland, hearing that there was a rising in favor of the Princess Mary, set forth with eight thousand foot and two thousand horse to defend the claims of his daughter-in-law. But, to his dismay, there was no enthusiasm; and, as he rode along, he said to Lord Grey:

"See how the people press forward to see us; but not one of them saith, 'God speed you!'"

In truth, the Duke's party melted away, and the Duke of Suffolk, hearing how his daughter's supporters were falling off to the Princess Mary, entered the young queen's chamber to tell what he considered evil tidings, but to her most joyful news.

"Thou puttest off thy royal robes, daughter," said the Duke, "and contentest thyself with private life henceforth."

"Heaven knoweth with what full content I hail the summons, for I consented only to please thee and my good husband, the Lord Dudley."

And thus ended the ten days' reign of the young Queen Jane.

The barge is again at the Tower, but not in queenly

state now; and the fair young girl, disrobed of royalty, is treading with light footsteps down the stairs that lead to the water, attended by only a few, with a heart longing for the cool shades of Sion House.

It was soon in sight, and she remembered with how many tears, but ten days since, she bade farewell to its sweet seclusion. There are tears again bathing the fair face, but they are those of joy now; and taking her husband's hand, she said:

"Art glad, my lord, that we turn our faces to a private home?"

"I would fain have seen thee queen, Lady Jane, for thou wouldst have graced a throne, and kept down Popery; we shall see! we shall see!"

But they are at home, and in that one word there was the sweetest thought of rest to the wearied occupant of the Tower.

After the members of her own family, Mistress Ellen was the first to welcome her young mistress, kissing her fair hand, and saying:

"It is better to be queen of Sion House, my lady, than to have thy young head distraught with a thousand cares, as Queen of England."

"In sooth, thou speakest truth, but I am very weary; attend me to my room."

For a day or two there were many visits of condolence, which the Lady Jane rejected with a smile of wondrous sweetness.

"Rather give me joy of the great deliverance from days and nights of woe, for that only waiteth upon the Queen of England."

There was one, however, who came with words of cheer, — good Master Ascham.

"I saw thy barge, Lady Jane, on its way to the Tower," said the good man, "with a heavy heart, for I knew that no good would come of such an accession; but I cannot tell thee with what joy I hail thee in thy quiet home, as Lady Jane Dudley."

CHAPTER IV.

WOE TO ENGLAND!

WE turn now to the Princess Mary.

In order to obtain possession of her person, a letter had reached her, summoning her to the sick-bed of the young king; and, setting out in haste, she might have fallen into the trap, had not intelligence been sent to her of the king's death, by a goldsmith who met her at Hoddesden. The messenger was a man of mystery, and the queen was somewhat doubtful; but not despising the warning, she diverged from the London road toward Suffolk, with all her train of attendants. Wearied out with perplexity and fatigue, she was sheltered one night under the roof of Mr. Huddleston, a zealous Roman Catholic; and before sunrise, with her retinue, commenced her arduous journey, after having offered up her devotions according to the rites of her religion.

Hurrying in her journey, she was received loyally at Bary St. Edmunds; and pushing on, crossed the river, and arrived safely at Kenninghall, in Norfolk.

By this time the news of the king's death was generally known. She wrote to noblemen throughout the realm, summoning them to her defence, and immediately to the

council, referred to her brother's death with feeling, telling them "that she knew of all their schemes;" but concluded with the offer of amnesty, if they would proclaim her in London as their sovereign. This was dated July 9th. On the next day, the council proclaimed Lady Jane Grey Queen of England. Their answer to the Princess Mary was insulting, branding her with the gross name of illegitimacy, and advising her to submit to her sovereign lady, Queen Jane.

The spirit of the Tudors was aroused; she took prompt measures at once to maintain her rights, and displayed wonderful courage and prudence.

The Queen had neither money, soldiers, nor advisers. Sir Thomas Wharton, the steward of her household, and her ladies, were her only assistants in the bold step. Finding that the country here was too open, and the house not strong enough to stand a siege, she sought headquarters within an easy ride of the eastern coast, whence she could embark for the opposite shores of Holland, and with this intention, left Kenninghall on the next day, mounted on horseback, attended by her ladies and a few faithful knights that she had gathered around her, and never slackened her bridle till she reached Framlingham, a town deeply embosomed in the Suffolk woodlands, about twenty miles from Kenninghall. The treble circle of moats which girded the hillside, town, and fortress of Framlingham were then full and efficient, and the whole defence in repair. Mary arrived after night-fall, at the

head of a small cavalry force, destined to form the nucleus of a great army.

The picturesque train of knights in warlike harness, and their men-at-arms guarding equestrian maids of honor, with the heiress of the English crown at their head, wended their way by torchlight up the wooded eminence on which the old town was built. Thus they passed on over two deep moats, and paused at length beneath the embattled gateway, surmounted by the arms of Howard. Standing within the magnificent area formed by the arching towers of Framlingham castle, Mary felt herself a sovereign, and immediately defied her enemies, by displaying her standard over the gate-tower, and assumed the title of Queen-regnant of England and Ireland. And now the chivalry of Suffolk mustered gallantly around Queen Mary, her host hourly increasing, both Catholics and Protestants flocking to her standard, all anxious to restore a hereditary Queen; and very soon a camp of thirteen thousand volunteers, offering to serve without pay, gathered around her.

On the sixteenth of July a placard was found posted on Queenhithe Church, imparting that Mary had been proclaimed Queen in every town and city excepting London. On the same day the Earl of Sussex and the Earl of Bath left the council, and heading their armed vassals, proceeded to Framlingham. A revolution in her favor having taken place at London, the camp broke up on the last day of July, when Queen Mary commenced her triumphant march to the metropolis, from whence her sister Elizabeth

set out on the same day to meet her, at the head of a cavalcade of nobility and gentry amounting to one thousand men. The Queen's approach was gradual, receiving the homage of her faithful or penitent subjects at her various resting-places.

Lord Arundel had previously arrived at the Tower with Northumberland and the other prisoners, and received orders to arrest the Duke of Suffolk and his daughter, the Lady Jane Grey, and lodge them in the prison-rooms of the Tower.

The Duchess, in an agony of grief, threw herself at the feet of the Queen, begging for her husband, saying that "he was very ill, and would die if shut up in the Tower."

Mary was softened by her tears, and granted the liberation of her husband, after having only paid the penalty of three days' imprisonment at this time, for his conspiracy with Northumberland. But we hear of no pleadings for her unhappy daughter, the Lady Jane, notwithstanding that the Duchess had been an active agent in the transient regality of her daughter, and carried her train as Queen.

The unfortunate lady is leaving home once more for the Tower, not to be proclaimed Queen of England, but as a prisoner of state now, amid the sobs and tears of a weeping train.

"What mean ye, kind friends, to break my heart?" said the lady, turning a look of grief upon the crowd; "I need your prayers now, not your tears." And with a

slow and dignified step, she bade farewell to her stately home. Oh, who can tell how sadly beat that youthful heart as she listened to the dull stroke of the oars upon the water, conveying her each moment farther from home, and friends, and the free air of heaven, to a gloomy prison where so many had languished and bled before her. We leave the young girl in her loneliness, and turn to the triumphant Queen on her way to London. A great number of nobles and ladies came to Wanstead to escort her into the capitol. An eye-witness thus describes the occasion:

"Then came the ladies, married and single, in the midst of whom was Madame Mary, Queen of England, mounted on a small white ambling nag, the housings of which were fringed with gold. The Queen was dressed in violet velvet. She seemed about forty years of age."

The old city portal of Aldgate was hung with gay streamers from top to bottom; over the gateway was a stage of seats, on which were placed the charity children of the Spital, singing sweet choruses of welcome to the victorious queen; the street of Leadenhall, and all down to the Tower through the minories, was clean swept and spread with gravel, and was lined with all the crafts in London, in their proper dresses, holding banners and streamers. The Lord-mayor, with his mace, was ready to welcome her, and the Earl of Arundel, with the sword of state. One thousand gentlemen in velvet coats preceded the Queen. Next to the Queen rode her sister Elizabeth, then the Duchess of Norfolk, and the Marchioness of

Exeter followed, with other noble dames, according to their connection with the crown. The aldermen, with the city guard, armed with bows and javelins, brought up the rear. The guard which accompanied Mary, being three thousand horsemen, in uniforms of green and white, were dismissed by the queen with thanks, and all departed before she passed the city gate. Mary acted according to the intrepidity of her character, in trusting her person wholly to the care of the civic guard, thus implicitly relying on the fidelity of a city where a rival had reigned a few hours before.

On entering the precincts of the Tower, a touching sight met the Queen, for, kneeling on the green were the state prisoners, male and female, Catholic and Protestant, who had been detained in the fortress during the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI.

The haughty Stephen Gardiner addressed a congratulation and supplication to the Queen, in the name of all. Mary burst into tears as she recognized them; and extending her hands, she exclaimed, "Ye are my prisoners!"

She raised them one by one, kissed them, and gave them all their liberty. It is probable that a desire to secure the good-will of all parties dictated this act of clemency, added to which, as soon as she arrived in London, she published a peaceful manifesto, exhorting each party to refrain from reviling by the epithets of idolater and heretic. Two proclamations of the kind were published within a short time: the first promising liberty of

conscience unconditionally; in the last, a clause was introduced which declared religion was to be settled by "*common consent*," meaning by act of Parliament. A riot occurring at St. Paul's Cross about preaching, the council delivered to the mayor the following orders from the Queen's own mouth:

"Albeit her Grace's conscience is staid (fixed) in matters of religion, yet she meaneth graciously, not to compel and constrain other men's consciences, otherwise than God shall (as she trusteth) put into their hearts a persuasion of the *truth* that she is in, through the opening of his word by godly priests and learned preachers; and she forbade the lord-mayor to suffer, in any ward, open reading of the Scriptures in the churches, or preaching by the curates, unless licensed by her."

As supreme head of the Church, Mary was authorized to aim this blow at the Protestant Church of England, an instance too of that tremendous power of divine right, by which the English people, not remarkable either for their flexibility of national character, changed their ritual with magical celerity, according to the arbitrary will of four successive sovereigns. Thus, the religious tuition of the parish churches in London on one Sunday was according to the Protestant Church established by Edward VI.; on the next, according to the anti-Papal Catholic Church of Henry VIII.

Eleven of the leaders of the usurpation were condemned to die, but three only were executed, — Northumberland, with two dependants, Gates and Palmer. Although

urged by many to bring Lady Jane Grey to trial, the Queen could not be induced to do so, for she regarded her not as an accomplice, but only as an unresisting agent in the hands of the unscrupulous Northumberland. Bishops Gardiner and Bonner soon took possession of the conscience of the Queen of England, and many an hour was spent in secret conclave, plotting the destruction of the Reformed Church. Violent struggles took place in many churches between the partisans of the rival rituals, sometimes decided by superior bodily strength.

"We must put an end to this," said Bonner, and so the Queen's orders with regard to preaching were rigidly enforced until further orders by "*common consent*" should be issued.

Soon after Queen Mary's accession, the great bell at Christ church, which had been recast, was baptized by the name of Mary. Dr. Tresham, a zealous Catholic, was listening to Bishop Jewel's letter of congratulation on the Queen's accession, when the newly hung bell rang out an earnest call to the first Mass that had been celebrated at Oxford since the rise of the Protestant Church of England. Dr. Tresham broke out into an ecstasy:

"Oh, sweet Mary!" he exclaimed, "how musically! how melodiously doth she sound!"

But Fuller bore another testimony, saying:

"That bell then rang the knell of Gospel truth in the city of Oxford." A city afterward filled with Protestant tears, as history hath shown. Woe! woe to the Church of England, when such calls become common in the realm

CHAPTER V.

MARMADUKE TO GERALDINE.

"*To the Lady Geraldine Ormsby:*

WE are in the midst of stirring times, sweet mistress; howbeit, the heart turneth with a sick longing for thy dear face; there is a secret joy that thou art among the quiet shades of Lyndhurst, instead of the noise and unrest of London.

"Syth Queen Mary's entrance, she hath made short work in the disposal of divers ruling men. Gardiner hath been restored to his bishopric, Bonner and Tunstal to their sees; Ridley, Coverdale, and Hooper have been removed and confined in the Tower, and all beneficed men that are married, or would not abjure their faith, have been put out of their livings.

"There hath been, and is still, much confusion and dismay; men looking at each other with dumb mouths and questioning eyes, wondering what cometh next.

"The Mass hath been restored, causing in many places riots and outbreaks; the lower classes outspoken in their dissent, the nobles silent. During the past week, Northumberland hath been condemned, but on receiving his sentence desired to hear Mass and receive the sacrament

after the Romish manner, hoping thus perchance to be pardoned. On the fourteenth, a boat was seen privately shooting the bridge, and gliding aneath the traitor's arch, but it was taken no note of, while the streets were all astir with the coming coronation, none knowing that it conveyed the good Master Latimer to his doom, Cranmer being committed on the same day.

"Alas! for our Reformed Church, sweet mistress, for the Queen's Parliament forsooth will settle all matters of religion now, for already the preachers have been silenced until 'further orders from the Queen.' Let us not forget that she cometh from a church which established the Inquisition, and that memorable boast of their own, that 'the church has never changed, nor ever can.'

. . . . . .

"Yesterday the Queen went in grand procession through the streets of London; a politic measure when the public mind is disturbed by state revolutions, for the people are fond of pageantry, and this was truly splendid; the Queen, surrounded, as she always is, by a large number of ladies — forsooth it requireth no small courage to be maid of honor in these days of danger. On this occasion there were seventy ladies riding after the Queen on horseback, clad in robes of crimson velvet. Five hundred noblemen, gentlemen, and ambassadors, richly attired, preceded her.

"The Queen headed the lady procession, seated in a handsome litter drawn by six white horses, covered with housings

of cloth of silver. She was dressed in a gown of blue velvet, furred with ermine; on her head was a caul of gold net-work, beset with pearls and precious stones, the weight so great that she was fain to bear up her head with her hand, for the royal lady wore a dolorous face, having one of her acute headaches which have visited her for so many years, and have marred all the good looks which she may have had in the days of her youth. The Princess Elizabeth followed in an open chariot, covered with crimson velvet, and by her was seated Anne of Cleves, King Henry's surviving widow. They were dressed in robes and kirtles of cloth of silver, with large hanging sleeves. The car was followed by Sir Edward Hastings, leading Queen Mary's own palfrey, followed by a long train of chariots and equestrian ladies of the highest rank, riding four together. The ladies of the bed-chamber, and others who held office at court, rode on horseback, dressed in magnificent style, their horses trapped in like manner.

"Then came the Queen's chamberers in crimson satin, the royal henchman clad in the Tudor colors of white and green, and the gentlemen-at-arms bringing up the rear of the procession. Pageantry of various kinds greeted the Queen in her progress through the city, pleasing the multitude vastly.

"But the great day, that of the coronation, was yet to come. On the morning of October 1st, the Queen and her train took barges, landing at the private stairs of the old palace of Westminster, leading to the Parliament

chamber, which was richly hung with tapestry. The Queen was conducted to the royal chamber, where she was robed and there rested.

"Blue cloth was laid from the marble chair in Westminster Hall to the pulpit of Westminster Abbey, and to the stage royal, from the choir to the high altar, covered with cloth of gold.

"The choir was hung with arras and strewn with rushes, a raised pathway led to the royal stage, surmounted by a platform of seven steps, covered with striped cloth of gold; and on them the royal chair was set, covered with the same, having pillars at the back, with a turreted canopy and two lines of gold.

"The procession set forth, at eleven o'clock, from Westminster Hall to the Abbey.

"The Queen, dressed in her crimson Parliament robes, walked under the canopy, borne by the barons of the Cinque Ports. She was supported on her right hand by the Bishop of Durham; on her left by the Earl of Shrewsbury, her train borne by the Duchess of Norfolk, attended by Sir John Gage, the vice-chamberlain.

"Directly after the Queen walked the Princess Elizabeth, followed by the Lady Anne of Cleves. Throughout all the ceremonies, it was remarked that the Queen's sister received all the honors, and took all the precedence due to her rank.

"The Queen was met in Westminster Hall by Gardiner and ten other bishops, with their mitres, crosses, and

capes of gold cloth, the officers of the Queen's chapel singing.

"The bishops censed her and sprinkled holy water, and then fell into their places in the procession, Gardiner performing all the offices of the coronation.

"The Queen was then conducted by her two supporters to St. Edward's chair in the stage; and having reposed for a while, was then led by them to the four sides of the stage, in view of the whole assembly, where the Bishop of Winchester, standing by her side, declared to the people her free election, in full and comprehensive words, whereunto the people answered, all in one voice:

"'Yea, yea, yea! God save Queen Mary!'

"The Queen was then conducted to a rich chair before the high altar, and made her offerings. A cushion of velvet was put before the altar, on which she lay prostrate, while certain orisons were said over her.

"The sermon followed, the subject being obedience to kings.

"Gardiner then declared the coronation oaths; and the Queen, being led to the high altar, promised and swore upon the host to keep them.

"Again the Queen prostrated herself before the high altar, while the bishop, kneeling, sung the hymn of invocation to the Holy Ghost, commencing, '*Veni Creator Spiritus,*' the choir and organ joining in the strain. After the Litany, the Queen was led to the traverse, where, her royal mantle being removed, she returned in a corset of

purple velvet. After her unction, Mr. Walgrave laced up the apertures left on the shoulders of the corset, where she was anointed, and put her on a pair of linen gloves. The Queen then retired to her traverse, and returned in a robe of white taffita and a mantle of purple velvet, furred with ermine. She offered up the sword she was girt withal by the Bishop of Winchester; and Lord Arundel, who had borne it, redeemed it for a sum of money.

"The Duke of Norfolk, after she was seated, brought her three crowns, — St. Edward's, the imperial crown of the realm of England, and a third very rich crown, made purposely for her. These crowns were set, one after the other, on her head, by the Bishop of Winchester, and, betwixt putting on every one, the trumpets sounded.

"During the singing of the *Te Deum*, a ring was put on the Queen's marrying finger by the bishop; then the various articles of the regalia were brought to her, — the bracelets of gold, by the master of the jewel-house; the sceptre, by the Earl of Arundel; St. Edward's staff, by the Earl of Bath; the spurs, by the Earl of Pembroke; the orb, by the Marquis of Winchester, and the regal of gold, by the Bishop of Winchester. And the Queen sat apparelled in her royal robes of velvet, a mantle with a train, a surcoat with a kirtle furred with pure miniver; a ribbon of Venice gold; a mantle-lace (cordon) of silk and gold, with buttons and tassels of the same, having the crown imperial on her head, her sceptre in her right

hand, the orb in her left, and a pair of sabatons on her feet, covered with crimson cloth of gold, garnished with ribbon of Venice gold, delivered to her by her master of the great wardrobe. Thus royally invested, she was brought to St. Edward's chair; and, when seated, the Bishop of Winchester kneeled down before her, and made homage for himself and all the bishops of the realm, after which, every one of the bishops kissed the Queen's left cheek followed by the nobles in their order, all with a loud voice crying out, 'God save Queen Mary!'

"The general pardon at the coronation seemed forsooth more like unto a general accusation, a sad proof of the sorry state of these convulsive times. Then followed the office of the mass by Bishop Gardiner, and, after the Gospel was read, he sent the book to the Queen, who kissed it. Then she came down from the throne to make the royal offering, after which she bowed her head, and the bishop said a prayer over her, and her Grace was conveyed again to her royal seat, where she remained till *Agnus Dei;* then the pax was brought her to kiss by a bishop. Afterwards, being conducted, the bishop of Winchester took the crown from her head and offered it. The other regalia were likewise offered and received by the dean of Winchester.

"The Queen was then unclad of her robes, and other royal apparel given her by her great chamberlain. Her dress when she returned from the Abbey, was a robe of purple velvet, an open surcoat of the same, a mantle and

train, furred with miniver and powdered ermine, a mantle-lace of silk and gold, a ribbon of Venice gold, and a crown was set on her head. A rich canopy was borne over her, by the barons of the Cinque Ports; and so she was conveyed in goodly order to Westminster Hall, with all her train, to dinner. Nothing was omitted of the ceremonies of ancient coronations, the throwing of the gauntlet, by Sir Edward Dymoke, champion of England, followed by the proclamation of Garter king-at-arms, by which our present Queen challenged the right to be considered Head of the Church. No observance appertaining to English sovereigns was omitted at the banquet; the feudal cups, the wafers, and ypocras, were all duly received by the maiden sovereign. It was candle-light ere her Majesty had dined; and after the tables were taken up, and her hands bared, she arose and stood in the midst of the *haut place*, with the Princess Elizabeth and Anne of Cleves, surrounded by the nobility, according to their degrees. She then called the foreign ambassadors; after conversing with them graciously for a short time, and thanking them for their attendance, she gave them leave to retire. The Queen changed her dress in the privy-chamber, and the nobility divesting themselves of their robes, accompanied her, the Princess Elizabeth, and the ladies to their barges, and thus made their short voyage to Whitehall Stairs. The fatigues of the day did not end here; for the evening concluded with feasting and royal cheer at the palace.

"In company with the Countess, my mother, and the Lady Agnes, my sister, we witnessed these ceremonies, pitying the poor victim of royalty, for, alas! with all her grand estate, she was an ill-favored lady. In sooth, we are all as God made us, but a sweet nature will gleam in sunny smiles over the plainest features; but there were none here. A sallow face, an immense forehead with lines of suffering, for she leaned her poor head heavily upon her hand, as though some sore ache constrained her to regard everything done in her honor askance. Long years of bad health and early trials have left their mark upon the poor Queen, drying up the fountains of womanly tenderness. With bon-fires and feastings, many private families enjoyed that day more heartily, I wot, than the poor Queen in her chair of state. The ceremonial was spun out beyond all reason, and on her return, it was with the three swords of the three kingdoms borne sheathed before her, and another unsheathed — alack! I trow, not the sword of the Spirit.

"After the din and weariness of such a day, it was heartsome in sooth to close the door of my room, and, seated by my window, to look out upon the cool river flowing on in the music of its sweet ripples, and up to the quiet stars in the calm blue heaven of this autumn evening. I was near enough to hear the boatmen cleaving the Thames to the mellow song of 'Heave, ho! rumbelow!' and 'Row the boat, Norman!' wondering how long the gay spirit of free Englishmen will survive the advent of

the new queen. I thought of thee, sweetheart, and a picture of the future that hath often visited me in my lonely hours, passed before me, where thou and I, in the quietude of some green shaded spot, far away from courts, might serve God together, and prepare for the higher, better state. Our Lord knoweth whether it is best that our union, Geraldine, be here or there.

"Thou mayest look for me at Christmas-tide, bringing the Lady Agnes with me, when I look to spend a week at Lyndhurst, and in that blessed retirement forget a while, perchance, the troubles that I fear lie in the path of the true faith. Heaven bless thee, sweet mistress, and shield thee from harm, prayeth thine own true

"MARMADUKE."

CHAPTER VI.

DAYS OF TREMBLING.

"*To the Lady Geraldine Ormsby.*

WOULD that I were with thee, sweet mistress, where one seeth naught but green trees, singing-birds, and happy children, for here all is strife and tumult. Events follow each other in quick succession; the good Lord only knoweth what his people may be called to bear for the love of His dear name; but let us not forget that, 'if we suffer, we shall also reign with Him.' Four days after the coronation, Queen Mary opened her first Parliament. She rode to Westminster Abbey in scarlet velvet robes, her peers, temporal and spiritual, attending her, likewise dressed in scarlet, with trumpets sounding proudly before them. In the Abbey, the Mass of the Holy Ghost was celebrated according to ancient custom; but it passed not on without disturbance. Two of the bishops, Taylor of Lincoln, and Harley of Hereford, refusing to kneel at the Mass, were thrust violently out of the Abbey, and in the Queen's presence.

"After Mass, the Queen, the lords, and the other bishops, adjourned to the Parliament chamber, in Westminster Palace. They went in grand state, the Earl of Devon-

shire bearing the sand before the Queen, and the Earl of Westmoreland, the cap of maintenance.

"The cruel laws concerning life and property, made in the reign of Henry VIII., were repealed, and the laws restored to the state in which they formerly stood; for Henry, in the numerous offences which could be visited with capital punishment, found a Parliament that could make it death for an Englishman to take a hawk's egg.

"Then they annulled all previous acts relating to the divorce of Queen Katharine, and the illegitimation of her daughter. During this session of Parliament, a bill of attainder was passed on Lady Jane Grey, her husband and Cranmer, who had been brought to trial before the lord chief justice at Guildhall. The unfortunate lady pleaded guilty, and received sentence of death, to be burned on Tower Hill, or beheaded at the Queen's pleasure. Lady Jane conducted herself with angelic meekness, and comforted her companions in misfortune by her own fortitude and resignation.

"Thou wouldst have been distraught with grief, couldst thou have seen the sweet angel followed back to the Tower by crowds, weeping and bewailing her cruel fate. But it is generally thought that the Queen meaneth to pardon her, and she hath now every indulgence that is counted safe, being permitted to walk in the Queen's garden at the Tower, and even on Tower Hill; those near enough to her apartments — tell of sweet music issuing from that part of the Tower at the hour of even-

song, doubtless coming from the lute of the sweet lady. I have no hope that she will ever quit that prison, save to come forth to death. Gardiner and Bonner sway the councils of the Queen; for here we hear the Mass and all its mummery revived on every hand; Mass priests in the place of godly preachers, and good men deprived and cast into prison.

"Last Sunday I went to several churches where the pure Gospel was preached in the days of our pious King Edward; but the communion-tables are gone, altars set up, candles burning, incense swinging, and the idolatry of Rome in the place of our Master's Gospel. I joined not in such like mummeries, and so I took a walk along the borders of the Thames, and sitting down, I mourned in sadness over these dark ominous days. So quiet the holy sky, so sweetly musical the rippling river, that there, under the vast dome of the firmament of heaven, I could hold communion with the Saviour of His Church, for hath He not said, 'Lo, I am with you alway, to the end of the world'?

"Howbeit, the arch-enemy of the Church hath great wrath against the true faith, and perchance may be near the Church of England with his satanic host filling the air around us; but there are also angelic messengers near to comfort the real people of God, for we forget not the hour of dark temptation in the wilderness, when our dear Lord was buffeted by the devil, when angels ministered unto Him, thus representing His suffering people in all ages of the world.

"But we lose not wholly the blessing of the communion of saints, and so, sweetheart, we meet in a very retired room in our own house, with a few of our dear friends, and once a month we have the sacrament of our Lord's Supper administered to us by Master Lyle, a godly preacher of the true faith; and never in the days of our prosperity did our service-book seem so precious.

"The Queen's commissioners are beginning their work of purifying the churches, as it is called, and I doubt not will soon begin their work in the counties throughout the realm; so, Geraldine, I look that at Lyndhurst thou mayst have to seek some quiet corner, where in secret thou canst enjoy the worship of a true faith. There is much talk about the Queen's marriage, and who knoweth whether we shall not shortly have a Romish king set over us? The Queen hath already consulted Cardinal Pole, who adviseth her not to marry; but the Queen's Grace hath no time to lose if she be minded to marry at all, albeit she is now seven-and-thirty years old. She hath written private letters to the Pope, with her own hand, on the subject, and I doubt not that he is rejoiced in his heart at the thought of regaining England, for the Queen hath declared her aversion to retaining the title of Supreme Head of the Church, saying to Gardiner, when urging the matter, 'I have read in Scripture that women are forbidden to speak in the church, is it then fitting that your church should have a dumb head?'

"Cardinal Pole hangeth back in the matter of marriage,

and her Grace without more ado hath entertained proposals from Philip, King of Spain. Rumors of the match are stirring up new cause of trouble throughout London, for the English people endureth not the thought of a foreign Papist from the land of the Inquisition. Bishop Gardiner is opposed to the match, howbeit the Queen alloweth him to dictate to her in other matters: in this she manifesteth the spirit of the Tudors.

"So serious is the opposition that Parliament hath sent up their speaker with twenty of their number to petition 'that the Queen could not marry a stranger or a foreigner.'

"Mary looked upon this as coming from Gardiner, and vowed that she would prove 'a match for his cunning;' so that night she sent for the Spanish ambassador, and bade him follow her into her private oratory. There, in the presence of the consecrated host, she knelt before the altar, and, after repeating the hymn *Veni Creator*, she called God to witness, 'that while she lived she would never wed any other man than Philip of Spain.' This happened on the last day of October; and so great hath been her agitation, that for some days after she was extremely ill. On the seventeenth of November she sent for the House of Commons, when their speaker read the petition, and instead of the answer being given, as expected, by her chancellor, she herself replied, saying, that 'for their loyal wishes, and their desire that her issue might succeed her, she thanked them, but inasmuch as

they essayed to limit her in the choice of a husband, she thanked them not; for the marriages of her predecessors had been free, nor would she surrender a privilege that concerned her more than it did her Commons.'

"I doubt not that we shall have a foreign king, but not without increased trouble in our unhappy kingdom. And now, sweet mistress, we will dismiss these painful subjects, and turn to something more pleasant. Day by day my thoughts turn to thee in Master Berkeley's study, for there I wot that thou spendest thy morning hours; then I follow thee to the Countess' sitting-room, and watch thy pretty fingers tracing the dainty flowers in thy broiderie frame; then I see thee in the pleasance training the flowers, or hear thy voice sporting with the children on the lawn; and at the hour of evensong, I hear thee singing thy sweet hymns in that quiet hour, while good Master Berkeley playeth on the organ. I see thee, too, on thy visits of mercy to the poor around Lyndhurst, for there I know that thou lovest to comfort those in poverty or sorrow. It is a bright and happy picture that visiteth my waking thoughts, and ofttimes my nightly dreams; and yet the thought will come, that perchance the spirits of evil may be near to darken that blessed home.

"How is it, Geraldine, that with such blessed sources of happiness within our reach, there be those in power that would quench the light of our dear firesides, and kindle torches of discord throughout the land?

"Did not our dear Lord come to send peace on earth

and good-will to men? did he not bid us love each other?

"How little did he countenance a spirit of intolerant bigotry when he dwelt with men. Let us remember his rebuke to James and John, when they were for calling down fire from heaven to consume those who would not receive their Master.

"'But He turned and rebuked them, and said, Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of; for the Son of Man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them.'

"Let us live very near to Him, sweet one, each day growing more and more like unto Him; and then we shall live in the consciousness of His love for each of us, and of our love for Him.

"Tell Master Berkeley to pray much and earnestly for the Lord's people, for it seemeth that we need the intercession of all who have an interest at the throne. Give my best greeting to Algernon, thy brother and my friend.

"Tell Edward that I have two huge Yule candles for the hall; that, with the blazing logs, will give us a flood of light. I have, moreover, a gift that will please him well. Tell Sibyl and Lucy to learn some of the sweetest carols, for I look to have a happy time at Christmas-tide. I have some brave games for them, and we will all be children together on that blessed eve, and try to forget Queen Mary and her bishops. And for thee, sweet one,

I have my own likeness, said to be excellent, set in a brooch with enamel and pearls. Now, fare thee well for a few days; live close to our Lord, keep up a bright and cheerful spirit, and hope for that time when we shall dwell together in some future day. God our Father bless and keep thee evermore, prays thine own

"MARMADUKE."

CHAPTER VII.

THE COURT LADY.

THE Lady Geraldine is standing at the study-window, looking out upon the pleasant lawn, when Magdalen Tresillian is seen riding gaily up the avenue, attended by a groom on horseback. Dismounting, with a bright smile upon her fair young face, she said, clasping the extended hand:

"Give me joy, Geraldine; I am summoned to court, to be maid of honor to Queen Mary; now I shall see something of gay life, for I begin to weary of the green trees of Englewood."

"I will tarry a few months, Magdalen, ere I congratulate thee; for it seemeth that a sick queen keepeth not a merry court."

"We go to-morrow to London, to add some new kirtles and gay attire to my wardrobe, and return once more ere I bid farewell to Englewood."

"Thou wilt forget thine old friends, Magdalen, amid the gayety of court-life," said Algernon, who had overheard the conversation between the two young ladies.

"Thou sayest not so, Lord Algernon, couldst thou see down into the depths of Magdalen Tresillian's heart; new

friends can never take the place of old ones so well tried; but the youthful spirit seeketh novelty," turning an arch look upon the young man's face. After a few days' sojourn in the metropolis, Magdalen returned with a splendid outfit for a young maid of honor, and we find the two friends admiring the costly robes and jewels.

"Fitting attire for the Queen herself," said Geraldine, as she admired the elegant wardrobe; "fail not to write often, Magdalen, perchance thou findest time to keep a diary."

"I promise, Geraldine, to keep one just for thee," sealing the promise with a kiss. The Lady Viola was sad enough when the parting hour came, for Magdalen was the chief ornament of the castle, and her young sister would have no companion now but Mistress Ledyard, the governess, who had been with the family ever since the death of the Countess. Father Alphonso alone rejoiced, but Algernon spent a weary day, shut up alone, thinking of the flatteries heaped upon the young maid of honor.

We will follow the Earl and his lovely daughter on their arrival at the court, both highly pleased by the distinction conferred upon them. There were attractive ladies among the Queen's train, but the Lady Magdalen towered above all in her Spanish beauty, and the Earl was a proud father when he saw the impression made at court by the advent of this bright star, the courtiers seeking an introduction to the new maid of honor, and those whom she entirely eclipsed, consumed by envy.

The Queen herself seemed equally captivated, and it was soon manifest that there was a powerful rival now at court.

Magdalen was in a court of a high tone of morality, for all Queen Mary's attendants were of spotless character; but the same could not be said of the nobles of that day, and a train of troublesome admirers soon gathered around the young beauty. After a few weeks at court, we find her sending off her diary to Geraldine.

"*The Palace of St. James.*

"Yesterday introduced at court, but all is so novel that I scarce can write impressions, they crowd upon me so fast. But first, I must tell thee that I wore my rose-colored damask robe, silk stockings worked with gold, lace partlet, a coif broidered with pearls; my cordeliere of precious gems, my richest jewels, and a fan of great beauty. Howbeit, I was not a little frighted in the royal presence; but my good father, the Earl, had a very gracious reception from the Queen, and I too was received with much favor on his account. Queen Mary is not a handsome woman, for she hath a sallow skin, and looketh as if she hath poor health; she hath a sad face, and I looked for one smile in vain. When she looketh straight in one's face, her black eyes seem to pierce the very soul, and my first feeling in her royal presence was that of fear.

"There are some ladies at court who have been with her many years, and shared her changing fortunes; they

appear much attached to the Queen; I wot, therefore, that she hath some womanly kindness, and is gracious to them.

"I was weary of the stiff drawing-room, and felt not a little frighted when I saw the Queen's black eyes looking straight at me when I was yawning. I have my own chamber, and but few duties to perform; we have matins and evensong in the Queen's chapel, and the ladies of the court attend. Her Grace seldom appeareth at breakfast, for I trow that she is a great sufferer from violent headaches. When she is well, we meet in the broiderie room, where we are employed at our needles, the Queen frequently of the party, for she is a skilful lady at the frame, — one reads aloud to 'hinder gossip,' so saith her Grace. I wot that I am an object of some curiosity, for I find the eyes of the ladies often turned toward the stranger. The Queen spendeth some hours daily in the privy-chamber with her council, and when she leaveth that apartment, she looketh, poor lady! as though she carried the world on her shoulders — forsooth, she hath occasion to look troubled, for these are heavy days throughout the realm of England.

"In the evening we meet in the Queen's sitting-room, who seemeth much to enjoy the music, for she playeth well on the lute, the virginals, and the regals. That is the most pleasant hour of the day, for under the power of sweet sounds her Grace seemeth to unbend, and yestreen graciously questioned me about Englewood and the dwellers therein.

"Sometimes she rideth out, accompanied by one or two of her ladies; and I have been chosen twice. I much fear that the other ladies like not the choice. There are two here much in the Queen's confidence, whom I like not—the bishops Gardiner and Bonner. I have no confidence in either, for, in the reign of Henry, they joined in sending both Roman Catholics and Protestants to the same stake. Away from courts, I have always thought that the bishops of the Church were holy men; but there is that in the expression of their bold gaze that always bringeth the blush of indignation to my cheek.

"It is rumored that they counsel harsh measures with the Reformed Church, and I can well believe that it is even so; it seemeth strangely diverse from our dear Lord's teaching, who ever rebuked intolerance, not only by word, but in his holy acts. They have great power with the Queen, and much, I fear, that days of sore trouble are coming on the land.

"The Queen hath one faithful servant in the person of Mistress Clarencieux, who knoweth all about her early youth, and telleth many things concerning those days, which account for her present state of health and spirits. If she speaketh truth, we wonder not that the Queen is such a gloomy person; but amid all these trials she had one comforter, the Countess of Salisbury, who was lady-governess to the young princess; and very tender was the love between the two. When only twelve years old, she could read, write, and construe Latin, and even trans-

late any hard thing in Latin into our English tongue. The sorrows of the young princess commenced in very early life, for as soon as the king had divorced her mother, she was degraded as illegitimate, and the title of princess denied her. Then she was torn from the Countess of Salisbury, who had loved her from her infancy.

"To add to her grief, she was sent to the nursery palace of Hunsden, where her infant sister was living with a magnificent household, befitting the rank of which Mary had just been deprived. Here she lived more like a bondmaiden than a sister of the princess of the realm. The new queen, Anne Boleyn, was not satisfied unless the fallen princess drew constant comparisons between her lot and that of the infant who supplanted her. Mistress Clarencieux saith that she bore these trials patiently; for, instead of hating her rival sister, she amused her own sorrows by the playful wiles of the infant, and regarded her with kindness.

"The insults heaped upon Mary at this time by her stepmother were most cruel and unwomanly. Two sad years were spent at Hunsden under the surveillance of the Queen. The few friends who dared to visit her were subjected to the closest scrutiny, their words malignantly watched and reported to the council. Her papers were put under the royal seal, and if she was allowed to read, she was not permitted to write. Her father murmured murderous threats against her, and her words were eagerly caught by those members of the council whose whole study

it was to flatter his wilful wishes, however wicked. In proof of their own servile iniquity, Mistress Clarencieux saith that Fitzwilliam, the king's treasurer, said most horrible things of the unfortunate princess.

"'If she will not be obedient to his Grace, I would, quoth he, 'that her head was from her shoulders, that I might toss it here with my foot,' putting his foot forward and spurning the rushes.

"Two witnesses say that this horrible speech was not resented, but received as a dutiful compliment by the father of the young female whose head was thus kicked as a football in the lively imagination of the obedient sycophant. It wringeth the heart to listen to the wrongs of the unfortunate princess, for so bitter was the enmity felt by Queen Anne Boleyn, that it is well known that in order to pacify her, in a paroxysm of fear, lest the prediction of a fortune-teller should come to pass, the King promised that, rather than such a calamity should happen, 'if it come to the worst, Mary should be put out of the way.' So dreadful was her grief, that she was on a bed of dolorous sickness when her mother was on her bed of death. Queen Katharine begged only for permission to breathe the same air with her daughter, promising with saintly meekness not to see her if forbidden; but even this was denied by the wretched king, for the Queen died without even a last adieu. After Queen Anne's execution, it was a long time ere the persecuted princess was permitted to see her father, who, by a series of harsh

treatment, compelled her at length to acknowledge her illegitimacy. After this great degradation, she settled at Hunsden with her infant sister, and persons appointed to wait upon her there have continued with her until this present time. She was now her own mistress, and had the command of her own time; but she looked up to the excellent Lady Margaret Bryan as her guide and protectress, who continued in the office of governess to her little sister. She led a very quiet life at Hunsden, commencing the day with reading the Scriptures, then spent some time in the study of the languages, and a third portion in acquiring knowledge of an extraordinary kind. She used to read over with the chaplain the daily service, and finished the day by work with her needle, and playing on the lute, the virginals, or the regals. Mistress Clarencieux saith that her enemies have sought in vain for the bad acts attributed to her, for those who dwelt with her only speak of charity, affection to her little sister, kindness to her dependants, feminine accomplishments, delicate health, generosity to her god-children, (many of whom were orphans dependent on her alms,) fondness for birds and flowers. Mary was only twenty-one when being at her father's court without female protection, much admired, in the midst of persons opposed to her both for religious and political reasons. A thorny path lay before her, yet, at a time of life when temptation has most power, she pursued her way, free from the reproach of her most bitter enemies. Her purity of life gave sur-

prise to all her father's court, so completely was decorum out of fashion there. She suffered, too, the dreadful loss of two of her early friends, — her old schoolmaster, Dr. Fetherstone, and Abel, her mother's chaplain, — who were both dragged with fiendish impartiality on the same hurdle that took the pious Protestant martyr, Dr. Barnes, to the flaming pile. Mary had scarcely recovered the shock of this butchery, when the frightful execution of her beloved friend and relative, the Countess of Salisbury, took place. She was hacked to pieces on a scaffold, in a manner that must have curdled her blood with horror, and stiffened her heart to stone. They were persons of spotless lives, against whom no crime was imputed save fidelity to Queen Katharine and disapproval of the King's spiritual supremacy. Now, when I look at Queen Mary's sad face, so seldom lit by a genial, heartfelt smile, I remember all these heart-rending griefs, and feel the deepest pity; for it cannot be that a woman who loves children well enough to be godmother to so many, and, moreover, so fond of music and beautiful things, can be destitute of womanly feelings. I have written all this, Geraldine, that Queen Mary may be better understood. I have seen Marmaduke once at the Queen's drawing-room, but he seemed greatly depressed. He planneth to see thee at Christmas-tide. Write often, for I would fain hear from thee and all the good friends at Lyndhurst.

"Thine assured loving friend,

"MAGDALEN."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MYSTERY OF INIQUITY.

RIDLEY, Latimer, and Cranmer are in prison, languishing in the absence of many comforts, and in the expectation of future conflicts. The Queen is under the control of Gardiner and Bonner, whose baleful influence had much to do with the cruelties of a later period, for the horrible persecutions did not take place until after the Queen ceased to be supreme head of the Church.

During the autumn of this year, the celebrated convocation for the settlement of religion was held in the convocation house, at St. Paul's, London, when the subject of the real presence in the sacrament of the altar was freely discussed, wherein Dr. Philpot obtained such advantage by the power of his arguments against the Popish dogma, that the Queen peremptorily dissolved the convocation. At this time, the people and many of the clergy perceived the Queen strongly inclined to the old religion; and, to show their readiness to comply with the Queen's humor, began to set up the pageants of St. Katharine and St. Nicholas, to render the service in Latin after the fashion of the old solemnity, and to restore the vestments. Gardiner and Bonner, with jesuitical craft, had laid their

plans, determining, step by step, to bring mind and heart of the Queen under complete subjection, whom, regarding the bishops as representatives of God to her, it was an easy step to be made to believe that disobedience to them was rebellion against God, for to Queen Mary the Church was infallible, the priests and bishops of Rome the mouthpiece of God.

She is frequently in the privy-chamber with her two advisers, for the kingdom being in a state of transition, there is much of plotting and intrigue going on at court. We will visit the Queen on one of these interviews. She is seated in her chair of state, depressed and weary, for she has just recovered from one of her excruciating attacks.

Her face is unusually pallid, dark rings are around her eyes, which seemed fixed on vacancy, almost stony in their dreamy look, as, with hands folded in her lap, she is listening to the conversation of the two bishops.

Turning to the Queen, Gardiner remarked, slowly:

"Your Grace is surrounded by bitter enemies, and I wot that we shall need the axe yet to quiet the kingdom."

The Queen started, and replied:

"We trust not, good Winchester; the imprisonment of the leaders of heresy frighteth the people, and in a few months we shall have submission."

Gardiner smiled in a cunning, crafty manner, as he replied:

"Your Grace remembereth that the Church hath laws

for heresy." And, opening a volume at hand, he read, in tones of authority:

"Every heretic must be exterminated; a heretic has no right to his own property, to his honor, or his life. No heretic can sit on any tribunal as a judge, no lawyer who is a heretic can plead in any civil court; no heretic witness can be received in any court to give his testimony."

Laying down the book, he continued:

"There are many high in power suspected of heresy, and if the purity of the Church requireth the remedy, your Grace, as an obedient daughter, doubtless exerciseth the power."

The Queen heaved a heavy sigh, as she responded, sadly:

"A queen hath terrible duties, good Winchester."

"Your Grace forsooth hath not forgotten the persecutions of the former reign, the cruel martyrdom of the good Countess of Salisbury, hacked to pieces with savage brutality; and Abel, Queen Katharine's own chaplain; and good Dr. Feckenham, your Grace's old schoolmaster."

"A life-grief is the memory to us, Winchester; howbeit, we travel slowly to such horrible remedies. But what thinkest thou of the late convocation?"

"It were not well to bring Dr. Philpot out often, for one of the doctors whispered to silence him ere he had brought forward more than one or two of his arguments."

"It giveth us much comfort to find the old processions marching with their banners again, and the ancient vest-

ments coming into use. We desire that our late order to the bishops and curates be strictly enforced, for there is much confusion yet in the worship of the Church."

Leaning her head heavily upon her hands, she continued:

"We must bring the council to a close, for our poor head throbbeth with misery."

Rising slowly, with feeble step, the Queen sought the silence of her chamber, to think, but not to sleep, for the late session had filled her mind with bitter thoughts.

"It bideth not well for the realm," said Gardiner, as he closed the door after the Queen, "to have a female ruling in such days, for there is much of the soft nature of a woman yet about Queen Mary."

"What right, forsooth, have queens to affection?" replied Bonner; "they are but the tools of priests to forward the Church. King Henry was the sovereign to suppress heresy, disposing of heads like foot-balls."

"Yea, truly, and to help it, too, when the whim seized him."

"We have a strong hold on Queen Mary," replied Bonner; "a rigid Catholic, she will give up everything for the holy cause. The perfection of obedience is that which the Jesuits teach, where soul, body, and spirit are passive in the hands of the Church."

"There is much of life yet about Queen Mary," replied Gardiner; "one completely subdued to spiritual obedience is like unto a moral corpse, having neither will nor affec-

tions apart from the Church;—this is the work that we must accomplish in the Queen of England."

Thus, the arch-enemy of the Church filled the hearts of these instruments of his power, for since the day when thrust out from heaven, he hath been plotting against the kingdom of Christ, and now in the air over the realm of England with his powerful hosts, he is nearer than men dreamed of. Even in the days of the Apostles we read that "the mystery of iniquity doth already work," for Antichrist was revealed even then, and truly doth the Romish Church present in all ages one powerful form of Antichrist. Gardiner had the superior intellect; Bonner, the unscrupulous conscience, the murderous heart—both equally ready to sacrifice whatever came in the way of their ambition.

The Queen passed through the broiderie-room on her way to her chamber, and Mistress Clarencieux, ever watchful, perceived the look of suffering, and followed her royal mistress to her apartment.

"The Queen looketh weary," said Magdalen to Mistress Shirley.

"Alas! poor lady, it is ever thus when she hath been closeted with those bishops," replied the listener; "they are doubtless urging on the Queen to some harsh measures with the heretics."

"Will she not listen, Mistress Shirley, at last?"

"She will doubtless be wrought upon until they gain the day," was the reply; "but Queen Mary is not cruel

by nature; we who have lived with her so long, wot a different story from that."

After the excitement consequent upon her interview with Gardiner, she suffered for hours from an attack of hysteria, ministered to by her faithful friend and servant, Mistress Clarencieux.

The Queen was bigoted to an excess that brought everything under the baneful influence of an intolerant spirit, so that the Reformed Church had nothing to hope for; and the friends of a free Gospel watched passing events with trembling silence. The sincerity of many on each side of the controversy was undoubted. Mary, pure in life and unswerving in principle, was ready to lay her head on the block to testify her love for the faith in which she had been reared, but she had no toleration for differences of opinion. The meaning of the word was not known in that dismal age. In after years, one glorious light of the Church of England discovered the great Christian truth, that uncharitable comparisons and bitter sarcasm excite combative anger rather than feelings of Christian benevolence. It was holy George Herbert who thus addressed his countrymen, his mild and tolerant faith only shedding its soft light upon one rural parish:

'Be calm in arguing, for fierceness makes
Error in crime, and truth discourtesy;
Why should I blame another man's mistakes
More than his sickness or his poverty?
In love I may—but anger is not love,
Nor reason neither: therefore gently move."

A sweet versification of the Apostles' teaching concerning the loveliest of Christian graces.

"Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

Our dear Lord too hath left his rebuke for all ages, in his memorable reply to the Apostle John, concerning a man who was casting out devils in the name of Christ, saying:

"And we forbade him, because he followed not with us."

And Jesus said, "Forbid him not, for he that is not against us is on our part."

. . . . . .

We will turn aside a moment from the hot and noisy court, and seek the sweet retirement of Lyndhurst.

Algernon is pining for the sight of Magdalen; and, finding that the Earl and the Lady Viola are about to visit London, he is glad to join them, at the same time paying a visit to Lord Marmaduke Fitzhugh.

We find him, therefore, in company with the Earl of Frothingham, present at a drawing-room of Queen Mary, painfully conscious that Magdalen Tresillian is the most courted and caressed among the young maids of honor. Arrayed in a crimson taffeta robe richly trimmed, and wearing costly jewels, she stands in the courtly throng, apparently unconscious of Lord Algernon's presence, for she is listening, with a look of pleasure upon her face, to

the compliments of the Earl of Shafton, a young nobleman who is in attendance upon the beautiful girl. But when the Earl's party were presented to the Queen, Algernon advanced at the same time, and felt a thrill of pleasure as he saw a swift blush pass over the fair young face, and the lovely eyes droop to hide the joy-beams that were dancing there. When the ceremony of introduction was over, Algernon sought the earliest opportunity of approaching Magdalen, and whispered:

"Dost like this stiff, cold court-life, Magdalen? Forsooth, it seemeth to freeze the heart."

"It freezeth not mine, Algernon; for while the body dwelleth here, the heart flieth every hour of the day to Englewood, and —" Blushing deeply, she did not finish the sentence, fearing that it might imply too much.

"Geraldine pineth for thee sorely, and our musical trios are sadly out of tune for the lack of thy sweet voice; howbeit, Sibyl trieth to supply thy place, but her unformed voice falleth much short of thine."

"There is much here to exercise the mind, Algernon, but little food for the heart."

"Doubtless there are many suing for thy smiles, fair Magdalen."

A slightly coquettish smile played over the lady's face, as she replied:

"More than I desire, Algernon; the ladies of the court are very pure in their lives, but the gentlemen boast not of such repute, from Bishop Gardiner down, having the credit of loose morals."

"The Queen weareth a sad countenance, Magdalen," said her companion.

"A sadder heart, I trow; and wretched health hath laid its withering finger on her Grace for many years."

There are many things in London to sadden the young nobleman, for the preachers of truth are silent, the mummeries of the Mass universal, the discontent of the people on the increase, especially as the marriage of the Queen is freely discussed, for the thought of a foreign prince to rule in England is abhorrent to the people generally.

Marmaduke and Algernon are walking in thoughtful mood along the streets, when, in the distance, the latter is attracted by an approaching procession, carrying banners.

"What meaneth that sight?" questioned Algernon.

"It is a saint's day," replied Marmaduke; "and this is a revival of the ancient customs."

By this time the procession was near enough for the chanting to be heard, as, in showy vestments, with crosses, banners, and other insignia, they marched slowly on, many kneeling and blessing themselves as the cross passed near them, the two young men concealing their figures behind an arch.

"Alas!" said Algernon, "these are alarming signs of what followeth."

"We dare not worship openly now," replied Marmaduke; "but Master Lysle, a godly minister, preacheth for us once a month, and administereth the sacrament in a small room far away in our own house, for there is much of such worshipping under the rose, in London."

Algernon did not forget one important part of his errand to London, for Christmas-tide was approaching, and, in company with Marmaduke, provided himself with a goodly stock of children's gifts for that joyous season. Bright picture-books and a great variety of pretty toys and other knick-knacks were stored away in a large box, and, accompanied by Marmaduke and his sister Agnes, they turned their faces toward Lyndhurst.

CHAPTER IX.

CHRISTMAS-TIDE AT LYNDHURST.

THE journey was a cold one, for it was a stormy season of the year, and travelling in the Fitzhugh carriage, heavy and cumbrous, the ride was long and tedious. Late one inclement evening, much to the joy of the travellers, the carriage rolled up the avenue. Chilled and wearied, the three stepped out, and soon found themselves in the spacious hall with a roaring fire, plenty of lights, and a most joyous welcome from the household, from the Earl down to Lion, the faithful hound that occupied a comfortable place near the family hearthstone.

Lucy soon spied the box, and clapping her hands, exclaimed:

"See! Sibyl, there is the Christmas-box; I wonder what is in it."

Hurrying Agnes to her own room, Geraldine helped her to unwrap, and seated by the large fire on the hearth, the young lady seemed to enjoy the comfort within, as she listened to the howling winds swaying the branches of the old forest-trees. Just then a servant entered with egg-hot (hot cider sweetened and spiced) and marchpane. Speedily warmed, they returned to the family-room. Mar-

maduke, placing a chair next to his own near the fire, led Geraldine to the seat, and for once in many weeks he forgot the sorrows and confusion of London in this happy home of reunion.

The good Earl and Countess looked around upon the dear family-group with supreme content; the children were sportive as kittens; Master Berkeley serenely happy; Marmaduke and Geraldine the gayest of the gay; Algernon and the Lady Agnes in sympathy with the general joy. A smoking English supper refreshed the weary travellers, after which, music and pleasant chat filled up the evening hours, until, after the departure of the children, one by one they sought their rooms, leaving Marmaduke and Geraldine alone.

"These are blessed moments, sweetheart," said Marmaduke, turning a look of deep affection upon Geraldine's lovely face; "one scarcely feels that we dwell in such an unquiet land, seated so quietly around this glowing fire."

"Are not the signs improved at court, Marmaduke?"

"Rather worse, Geraldine; for there are such murmurings of discontent at the talk of the Queen's marriage with a foreign prince, that I much fear mischief is brewing of a serious kind."

"Hast thou seen Magdalen?" inquired the young lady.

"Once, when presented with my mother and sister. It is said that she is the star at court, and that her hand is sought by the highest in the land."

"That would be sore grief to Algernon; and yet, forsooth, I see not, with such differing faith, how they can be joined in sacred bonds; — Algernon is a staunch Protestant, and Magdalen a devout Catholic; — while maid of honor to the Queen, it can never be."

"It is a pure and strong affection, Geraldine, the growth of many years, and none other taketh its place in Algernon's heart."

The storm raged with increasing violence, and we find the young ladies occupying adjoining rooms with the door open, listening to the raging winds and the pelting of the rain, and talking until a late hour over the condition of affairs in London.

Determined that the children should be happy, all hands were busy for days in preparing for Christmas eve; Ralph bringing in wagon-loads of holly, bay, rosemary, and laurel, for every room and hall was richly hung with winter-greens. Two large evergreen bushes were covered with spangles, and a third with gifts. The table in the large hall groaned with Christmas cheer, goose, turkey, and plum-pudding forming a large proportion of the feast, not forgetting mortreuse and egg-hot, a favorite Christmas drink.

Roaring fires burned and crackled in the chimney-places, candelabras filled with wax candles glowed on table, wall, and mantel, while the immense Yule candles brought from London were placed at each end of the hall, throwing out a blaze of light. A lower table was

prepared for the villagers and their children, for they were always welcome to Lyndhurst on these holidays.

All is ready, and the family are assembling in the great hall. Geraldine, in her sky-blue taffeta robe, with square neck, pointed waist, and cordeliere of gems, her beautiful hair gathered up under a coif, bordered with pearls. Truly, she was a lovely creature, and so thought Marmaduke, as he handed her to a seat at the table. The Lady Agnes Fitzhugh in pink taffeta; the Countess in purple satin; and the children in garments very much after the fashion of their elders.

Handed to the table by Master Berkeley was an interesting lady, apparently thirty years of age, with a sweetly serious face, the betrothed of the good minister for many years, with none to love on earth save Walter Berkeley and a widowed aunt, her mother's sister, melancholy for years, and entirely dependent on her niece for every comfort. She could not darken Walter Berkeley's home with such an inmate, and so, from year to year, she meekly bore her cross, devoting herself with the love of a daughter to this beloved relative. Clad in a silver-colored robe, a smile of touching sadness rested upon her saintly features; and this was Mistress Templeton, often playfully called "Saint Elizabeth" by the good minister, who loved her truly. Living in entire seclusion, she seldom saw any one but the Earl's family and the physician who attended on her aunt. This, therefore, was a season of great enjoyment to the lady, and it was observed by all the company

that none wore such a face of tranquil happiness as Mistress Templeton. Soon after candle-light, the village children in quite a crowd gathered on the lawn before the castle, and their sweet voices, singing their Christmas carols, brought out the family.

Each bearing a torch, they sang the quaint old carol:

"God rest ye, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was born upon this day,
To save us all from Satan's power,
When we are gone astray.
O tidings of comfort and joy,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas day!"

Invited into the hall, they looked with wondering eyes upon the two spangled trees, and a larger one loaded with gifts; and then, seated around the hospitable board, they partook heartily of the cheer so bountifully spread. But there was one seated at the lower table that attracted every eye by her modest loveliness, for Lettice, the May-queen, was acknowledged by all to be the village belle. Robin sat by the side of the young girl, with none to dispute his right.

After the feast was over, the Lady Geraldine sent for Lettice, and made her very happy by the gift of a Sunday suit of modest colors. Rising from the table, the whole company, nobles and peasants, joined in singing a sweet

Christmas hymn, and then, each bearing a lighted candle and some plum-cake, retired, blessing the good Earl and his family.

It was a merry Christmas-eve; for, when the hall was cleared of the crowd, the remainder joined in the sports, and the games of snap-dragon, bobbing for apples, jumping for cake spread with treacle, with hands tied behind, and catching it with the mouth, followed by blindman's-buff, and hunt the slipper, occupied most of the evening, the children delighted to find all the elders, and even the good minister, joining in the games.

"This takes us back to the dear old hall, Elizabeth," said the rector, "when our parents were with us, and we used to have such merry times."

"Fifteen years ago, Walter; I was a light-hearted, happy child then."

"And I a youth of twenty, as gay as a young deer, I scarcely know myself now to be the same."

"Years and sorrow work changes, Walter, but they are bringing us to the land where there shall be no more."

"We have waited patiently these weary years to join our hands for life, but it seemeth far off yet."

"And we must e'en be patient still," replied Elizabeth, with a sweet sad smile; "if I could only see thee more frequently, I should be more contented, for sometimes Aunt Jane getteth so violent and ungovernable, that I feel as if I must grow melancholy, too."

The merry bursts of childish laughter were yet ringing through the hall, and the good man said:

"This is a pleasant sight, Elizabeth; for these are the brightest, merriest children that ever sported on Christmas-eve; but they are calling us." Placing Elizabeth's arm within his own, they proceeded to the sitting-room belonging to the Countess, and there the love-gifts were exchanged; none forgotten; Mistress Elizabeth coming in for her share also, none pleasing her so well as Walter Berkeley's own miniature, set in a brooch of gold enamelled, which he quietly placed in her hand.

It was a late hour ere the household were fairly settled in their rooms, and at early dawn the church-bells of St. Jude rang their merry chimes to usher in the Christmas morning. Gathered in the breakfast-room, there was prepared a substantial English meal, of which all seemed disposed to partake heartily; and at the hour of morning-prayer, assembled in the church, there was a joyous service from King Edward's service-book, that will probably not be used again for many a weary, trying year. Dressed heavily with winter-green, the church was fragrant with spicy cedar, and the joyous music of the Nativity filled the ancient building.

Master Berkeley preached a heart-warm sermon on the blessed theme—little did any one present dream that it was his last from the sacred pulpit. Many an humble villager stopped at the church-door to wish the good rector a "Happy Christmas," and many a sweet child remem-

bered the kiss pressed on their dewy lips, or downy cheeks, as they sought his blessing — remembered it when they saw his face no more at the church-door of old St. Jude's.

It was a week of feasting and merriment, but sorely disturbed at its close; for late in the week a stranger arrived from London, asking to see Master Berkeley. Shown into the study, a stern-looking man introduced himself as a messenger, commissioned by the Queen to silence the rector of St. Jude's — pompously reading the order to Master Berkeley, concluding with the ominous words, "until further orders from the Queen."

"If this be truly the law of the land, I must e'en obey; howbeit, it is bitter grief to speak no more for my Master in his own dear church."

"Retract your errors, return to the bosom of the true Church, and thou mayest labor to thy heart's content."

Walter Berkeley's eye kindled as he replied:

"Deny my Lord? set up an idol in his church, and bow down before it? — Never! so help me God!"

"Thou mayest rue these words some day, for they will be remembered."

Taking up his cap, he was about to leave the room; but, stopping at the library, he scrutinized the volumes in the case, and with a hasty pencil noted down the names of several.

"Thou hast the works of old writers here, forsooth, but none of the friends of the Church."

"I have the friends of the Bible, good sir."

Taking a hasty leave, the unwelcome visitor closed the door and was gone, leaving the order on the table. The good rector sat down with his head resting upon his hand, large tears stealing between his fingers; and locking the study-door, on bended knees he poured out the story of his grief into the ears of one ready to hear and sympathize, asking for guidance and grace in the midst of the trials that were coming. The bell rang for dinner, but he had no heart to eat, and missing him from the table, Geraldine came to inquire for the master.

Knocking at the door, a pale face of woe answered the summons, and Geraldine inquired, with an agitated voice:

"What aileth the good Master Berkeley? thou lookest full of sorrow."

"I have dolorous news from London: read that, my child," pointing to the order.

Geraldine turned pale at the ominous words, and said:

"What now, good master?"

"We must e'en obey, and worship no more in dear old St. Jude's."

"Will the Mass be set up there?"

"Doubtless it will be so."

"And we, good master?"

"Cannot go, Geraldine; it is idolatry."

"We will be marked, good master."

"Yea, verily; but we are in the Lord's hands — obedience is ours, events all His."

"Dinner is waiting, good master, for the blessing."

"I am ready, Geraldine; howbeit, I have no appetite to eat on this day of grief."

Entering the dining-hall, slowly he took his usual place; and with more than ordinary solemnity, invoked a Father's blessing upon the household.

All perceived that something grievous had happened; and in a few serious words, the good man communicated the sad tidings.

Consternation spread from face to face, Mistress Templeton's the most like marble.

Lord Marmaduke was the first to speak.

"I wis not that it would reach Lyndhurst so soon, but Bishop Bonner is for hurrying matters; and I trow that they are visiting the counties."

"A sad end to our happy week," said the Earl; "but we must be ready for the worst."

But little was eaten, for the hearts of all were filled with nameless apprehensions.

"We will worship in the turret," said the Earl. "A desk, a table, and a few seats are all that we need, and the Lord is not confined to earthly temples; but we go not to the Mass."

"Thou wouldst be sorely grieved, my lord," said Marmaduke, "couldst thou see the ease with which most of the nobles follow in the way of the court, watching which way the wind blows."

"If we have learned the truth, we must e'en keep it, Marmaduke, at all costs."

After dinner the family separated, Mistress Templeton following Master Berkeley to the study.

"O Walter," said the lady, "much I fear that this is the beginning of sorrows."

"We must be faithful, Elizabeth, the Lord being our helper, 'through evil and through good report.'"

Leaning her head upon his shoulder, she wept long and silently.

Taking the trembling hand within his own, he said, in soft, low tones:

"'The hairs of our head are numbered;' we are of more value than many sparrows. Why then grieve so sorely?"

"The days of darkness are coming, Walter, and my poor weak heart fainteth at the shadows."

"Nothing cometh without our Father's leave. Put thy hand within the Master's every day, sweet one, and just say, 'Lord, lead me!'"

"I must go home to-morrow, Walter; wilt thou take me? I left my aunt in good care, but she will miss me."

The next day, taking leave of the household, Mistress Templeton bade a sorrowful farewell to Lyndhurst, and, accompanied by Master Berkeley, turned her face homeward.

"Thou wilt not be so busy in the parish now, Walter," said his companion, "and can see me more frequently, for I need thee sorely."

"Yes, my poor child, I will come as often as I can, for I know how thy tender heart acheth."

Never had he left Elizabeth so sorrowfully; and slowly walking down the garden-path, he turned to look back. There she was with her sad pale face, standing on the path, leaning sorrowfully against the column; and farther on, looking back again, he saw her standing at the front gate, as long as she could see the carriage.

There have been sacrilegious hands busy at St. Jude's, taking down the communion-table, and putting up an altar in its place. The bells of St. Jude's rang out an exulting peal on the next Sunday morning, calling the people to the service of the Romish Church.

It was a doleful peal to the ears of Walter Berkeley and his pupil, as they stood near the study-window, listening sadly.

"Little did we think that the Christmas chimes rang for our dear old service for the last time," said Geraldine to her tutor.

"And as little did I dream that on Christmas-day I had preached my last sermon at St. Jude's," returned the master.

On Sunday morning it was found that father Alphonso performed the service of the Mass, the family at Englewood, and many timid time-serving neighbors, attending.

Up in the quiet turret, where birds built their nests outside, worshipped the family at Lyndhurst, the Kenworthys, and Robin Heathcote — the music very sweet, the prayers just as solemn as in the church of St Jude's, and the sermon full of comfort and peace.

Marmaduke and his sister Agnes are about to depart, and the night before, we find the young nobleman and Geraldine spending their last hours together.

"This hath been truly an eventful week, sweetheart," said Marmaduke; "its dawn so joyous, its close so sad."

"My heart sinketh at the thought of thy return to London," replied his companion, "for we know not what shall be on the morrow."

"We are the Lord's, Geraldine, and He will guide and comfort us if we trust Him."

"Thou wilt write often, Marmaduke; thy dear letters are so precious."

"Keep a good, brave heart, Geraldine; the Lord reigneth, and He keepeth His own."

There was a sorrowful breaking up the next day when the friends parted; but ere they bade farewell, Master Berkeley held a sweetly solemn service in the study; singing together the *Urbs Beata*, and committing all the loved company to the care of the Good Shepherd, they parted; Marmaduke and his sister to the metropolis and its dangers, Geraldine to her duties in the study and at her home; Master Berkeley spending much time in visiting the scattered flock that he loved so well, and had served so long and faithfully.

Up in the quiet heavens the morning sun shone down in his glory, and at night the silent stars in their beauty reminded the dwellers at Lyndhurst of the Father who careth always for his children; but an unseen ministry

attends their pilgrim footsteps, for angel bands kept ward and watch over the faithful in that old castle. How feebly do we realize the blessedness of that passage which so beautifully describes their angelic ministry: "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?"

CHAPTER X.

LADY MAGDALEN'S DIARY.

THE articles of the Queen's marriage have been sent to the Lord Mayor and city of London, and great is the commotion. Her Grace is set upon it, and the people rage in vain; but she seemeth sorely disgusted, and weareth a look of stern resolve.

"*January.* There are three insurrections, and it is feared that there will be a general rising so soon as the prince of Spain setteth his foot on English soil. One of these revolts is headed by the Duke of Suffolk, who proclaimeth the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey throughout the towns where he passeth; but the most dreaded is that under Sir Thomas Wyatt, in the County of Kent, for bad news reach us daily of the progress of these rebels.

"*January 25th.* When danger to the Queen is at hand, the loyalty among the English people draweth all together. Five hundred trained bands have been sent out against him, and the city is kept with harnessed men; the hum of preparation is heard everywhere. Insulting terms have been proposed by Wyatt to the Queen; but with the spirit of a Tudor, her Grace preferreth to abide the result of open war

. . . . . .

"Consternation prevaileth everywhere, for the news hath just reached us that the Duke of Norfolk's army hath been dispersed, and the royal palaces at Westminster have no defence but the stoutness of the gates and the valor of the gentlemen-at-arms.

"The Queen's legal neighbors at Westminster Hall plead their causes, clad in suits of armor under their robes, and Dr. Weston had previously officiated in the chapel before the Queen, braced under his priestly vestments.

"In the midst of all this dismay, the Queen remaineth calm and collected.

"She hath ordered her palfrey, and summoned all her ladies to attend upon her to Guildhall, not to take refuge, however, within the fortified circle of London wall, but only to encourage the citizens.

. . . . . .

"The Lord Mayor received us at Guildhall, clad in complete steel, over which he wore the civic robe. Danger presseth, for it is even now rumored that Wyatt is at Southwark, preparing to storm the city.

"With sceptre in her hand, in clear, ringing tones, and with no little grace, she delivered a stirring speech, concluding with the words:

"'Wherefore, good subjects, pluck up your hearts! Like true men, stand fast with your lawful sovereign against these rebels, and fear them not, for I do not, I assure you. I leave with you my Lord Howard and my

Lord Treasurer (Winchester), to assist my Lord Mayor in the safeguard of the city from spoil and sack, which is the only aim of this rebellious crew.'

"At the conclusion of this speech, the crowd filling Guildhall and its court, shouted:

"'God save Queen Mary and the Prince of Spain!'

"She then mounted her palfrey, and rode with her train across to Cheapside, to the water-stairs of the Three Cranes in the Vintry.

"On arriving at Westminster. she held a council, in which she appointed leaders of the forces, an armed watch being set that night in Whitehall Palace.

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"Three days of suspense have passed over. On Saturday morning Wyatt was proclaimed traitor, and a price set on his head. At three in the afternoon he advanced upon London, an eight-pounder hurled at him from the Tower; and immediately my Lord Mayor and the sheriffs made haste to London Bridge.

"The street was soon choked, people moving their stalls and wares, shop-shutters putting up, young men running up and down to arm, and women and children shutting themselves in the upper stories.

"Sunday morning dawned gloomily; perchance, it was a day of much prayer, but little church-going, — scarcely a day of rest.

"On Monday, Wyatt was disheartened by the preparations on the bridge, and decided to march along the

Thames next day by the way of Kingston Bridge. Utterly discouraged, he gave orders to march, and cleared out of Southwark at eleven o'clock on Shrove Tuesday. Thus ended our three days' beleaguerment.

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"At four o'clock on Wednesday morning the drums called to arms, Wyatt, having crossed at Kingston, being already at Brentford.

"The dwellers in the palace of Whitehall had all been aroused two hours earlier, by an alarm brought by a deserter from the rebels, declaring that 'Wyatt had made a detour from the east of the metropolis on the Surry bank of the Thames, and would be at Hyde Park in two hours.'

"Hurry and consternation became universal—barricades were raised at the points liable to attack — guards were stationed at the Queen's bed-chamber windows and her withdrawing rooms, and the palace echoed with the wails of the affrighted ladies; not, however, the Queen's old and tried friends, who are firm and courageous; but the new maids set up the greatest lamentations, weeping and wringing their hands. 'Alack! alack!' they said, 'some great mischief is toward! we shall all be destroyed this night! What a sight is this, to see the Queen's bed-chamber full of armed men, — the like was never seen before!'

"I must own that I shared in the terror, but the brave Queen never lost her presence of mind. Her ministers and counsellors crowded around her, imploring her to

seek the Tower. Even Bishop Gardiner fell on his knees and entreated her to enter a boat in waiting for her at Whitehall stairs.

"She answered, with the look of a Tudor upon her face, that 'she would set no example of cowardice, and if Clinton and Pembroke proved true to their posts, she would not desert hers.'

"Clinton and Pembroke having arranged their plan of action, the approach of the enemy was hourly expected. Wyatt had been promised by his friends in the city, that Ludgate should be opened to him, if he could reach it; to this point then he bent all his energies. Lord Clinton permitted a small number to pass before he charged down St. James' Hall, and commenced the fight by severing the leader from his army. Not heeding the battle in the rear, Wyatt pushed on to Ludgate. Two fierce assaults were made at the same time by the leaders of his main army, one attacking the palace of Whitehall, the other that of St. James.

"A dozen of the Queen's guards made good the defence of the latter; but Whitehall was in the greatest danger, for the remainder of the guards, headed by Sir John Gage, who (though a valiant cavalier) was an aged man, gave way before the attack. At this alarming crisis, Queen Mary, from the gallery over the Holbein gateway, saw her guards broken and dispersed by Knevet. Sir John Gage was overthrown in the dust; but rising again, he made good his retreat to Whitehall. The defeated guards

rushed into the court-yard of the palace, and fled to hide themselves among the wood and scullery offices. The gentlemen-at-arms all ran out to see the cause of the uproar, when the porter, flinging to the gates, locked all out — friend and foe. On an appeal being made to the Queen, the palace-gates were thrown boldly open, and the battle-axe gentlemen marched up and down before the gallery where the Queen stood. Wyatt was in the meantime forcing his way down the Strand to Ludgate, which was guarded with soldiers commanded by Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire, and the Earl of Worcester.

"Courtenay scampered off at the first approach of Wyatt, it being afterward discovered that he was a secret helper of the rebel chief.

"Approaching the gate, Wyatt summoned the warder to surrender; but instead of his citizen-partisan, who he supposed kept the important entrance, Lord William Howard appeared on the gallery over the portal, and replied sternly:

"'Avaunt, traitor! avaunt! You enter not here!'

"There was no resource now for Wyatt but to fight his way back again to the main army.

"Urged by despair, he renewed the contest with great fury near Charing Cross.

"In this dire moment, Courtenay rushed into the presence of the Queen, crying out that 'her battle was broke — that all was lost, and surrendered to Wyatt!'

"The lion-spirit roused, she replied, with infinite disdain:

"'Such was the fond opinion of those who durst not go near enough to see the truth of the trial;' adding, that 'she herself would immediately enter into the battle, and abide the consequences.'

"In the hottest of the fight, I saw, with throbbing heart, thy brother, Lord Algernon, and missing him for a few moments, I feared that he was down; but hearing my name called suddenly, I turned to see thy brother near my side. Seizing my hand, he exclaimed:

"'Thou must not tarry here, Magdalen: there is the most imminent danger; there is not a moment to lose. My aunt, the Lady Margaret, is ready to receive thee.'

"'I cannot forsake Queen Mary,' was my reply.

"'Thou knowest not, Magdalen, to what thou art exposed,' still argued Lord Algernon; 'let me entreat thee, for thy father's sake, I dare not for my own,—to save thyself.'

"Thou mayst imagine, Geraldine, with what agony of feeling I was obliged to deny him.

"'Heaven defend thee, Lord Algernon!' I whispered, on bidding him farewell at last.

"'For thy sake, Magdalen?

"The long suppressed fountain of tears gushed forth, as I replied:

"'Lord Algernon, I dare not say so.'

"Thou mayst know how I watched and prayed for that brave cavalier after this trying moment.

"Fugitives ever and anon took refuge in the palace, crying out.

"'All is lost! Away! away! A barge! a barge!'

"Yet the Queen never lost her courage, nor could be persuaded to desert Whitehall, saying that 'her trust was all in God, whom she knew would not deceive her.'

"The terror in the palace at this time was appalling; such running and shrieking, such slamming of doors and windows, was awful to hear!

"During this uproar, the Queen actually came out of the palace among the gentlemen-at-arms, and stood between two of them, within arquebuse shot of the enemy. Queen Mary is small in stature, of a fragile form; but she seemed to tower in height, for it was the heroic soul that we saw, and not the feeble woman.

"It was just at that moment that Lord Pembroke made the final charge which decided the day. Wyatt was forced down Fleet Street, where there was no retreat. With his name in large letters on his cap, he sat down, fatigued and dispirited, on a fish-stall, and was finally prevailed on to surrender to Sir Maurice Berkeley, who took him up behind him, and carried him to court as prisoner, whence he was conveyed to the Tower.

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"These have been days of terror unspeakable, but the intrepid Queen lost not her courage once throughout the contest. I tell thee now, dearest Geraldine, that Marmaduke hath been, in the midst of the fight, a brave defender of the Crown of England, and hath received no injury.

"The most grievous end of this rebellion is, that the

Queen is beset on all sides with voices clamorous for the execution of the hapless Lady Jane Grey; the Earl of Pembroke and the Marquis of Winchester, who had been most active in forcing royalty upon the poor lady, were now the most earnest counsellors for her death.

"The day after the contest, before Queen Mary had lost the impression of the blood shed around her, on the very ground saturated with the blood of her subjects, she was persuaded to sign the death-warrant of her hapless kinswoman, on the plea 'that such scenes would be frequent while she suffered the competitor for her throne to exist.' The warrant specified that 'Guilford Dudley and his wife' were to be executed on the ninth of February.

"Watch is kept night and day in armor at court, so great is the panic still. The city is full of frightful scenes, for military law was executed on fifty of the train-bands who deserted the Queen's standard under Brett.

"These being citizens, were hung at their own doors and left there, so that the Queen could not go to the city without beholding the ugly sight of dangling corpses at every corner of the street. We can scarcely imagine the agony of the harmless families within the houses; children, wife, mother, or sisters, who saw a dear, perhaps an only protector thus hanging before his own doorway!

"The numbers thus put to death reached sixty at last.

"The prisoners of Wyatt's army taken in arms, amounting to five hundred, were led into the court-yard at Whitehall with ropes around their necks; but the

Queen, instead of condemning them to death, appeared on the gallery above, and pronounced their pardon; for Queen Mary was far more merciful than her ministers. Suspicion attaching to the Princess Elizabeth of complicity with the insurrection, she was in danger of the Tower; for daily new state-prisoners go in; and they that come forth, alas! it is but to the scaffold. Suffolk, Wyatt, the Greys, all will come to the block ere long. Alas. for these dreadful days!

"There are city feasts, it is true — but men meet to look at each other's blanched faces, and ask what cometh next? rather than for feasting.

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"The Queen hath broken down at length, prostrate with one of her most dreadful attacks, when she looketh almost like a breathing corpse, so white and cold and stiff with hysteria. I stayed after matin service this morning in the chapel, and there, in the quiet stillness, I read the Sermon on the Mount, from the Gospel on the lectern. How full of love are the holy words of our dear Lord! Where now is that blessed spirit of benevolence? Surely, we have wandered from the teachings of our Lord; — how cometh it, seeing that we claim to be the true Church of Christ? for here are bishops at the very head of the Church in England breathing naught but harshness and cruelty! Verily, my thoughts are busy with these subjects, dear Geraldine, and Dr. Weston quieteth them not."

CHAPTER XI.

THE AXE OF QUEEN MARY.

AMID the agitation and excitement following the horrors of the insurrection, we turn our eyes to the angelic prisoner in the Tower. In deference to her high rank, the Lady Jane was allowed the liberty of the Tower, walking in the Queen's garden, and even on Tower Hill, having a suite of rooms, and two maids in attendance, with the privilege of reading and writing, which was not always granted to prisoners. She spent much time in reading the Scriptures, meditation and prayer, for well she knew that she would never pass the precincts of the Tower until she was led forward to the block.

Mistress Ellen, her favorite maid, was a most faithful and devoted friend, and many a silent tear was shed by the two women, as they listened to the sweet, sad music in their lady's room. At seventeen, that bright and joyous period in a young maiden's life, she had been cut off from home, friends, and liberty, and consigned to a prison from which there was no escape. We find her occupying many lonely hours in transcribing her sad thoughts for those whom she would leave behind; thus she writes:

"How often do the days of childhood with their sweet

and blessed memories visit me in my lonely chamber! the fresh green spring with its singing-birds, and fragrant bloom of flowers; the warm glow of summer, the winter joys around the hearthstone; the Christmas cheer, the sorrows of Calvary and Gethsemane, and the Easter joy: all come now associated with a home that I shall see never again. Then, my dear good Tutor, Roger Ascham, what pleasant hours come back to me from the library at Sion House. Ah! why did they disturb the quiet life of a young maiden to bring her to such woe! There, too, are my father and dear mother, whom I have seen for the last time; and my sister Katharine, and Guilford my young husband. Oh, woe is me! for I am encompassed by many sore and heavy troubles; but my soul looketh unto the Lord, from whom cometh my help; He will not leave nor forsake His poor servant that trusteth in Him."

Dr. Feckenham, the Queen's chaplain, was deputed to prepare the prisoner for her hurried death. We find him, therefore, seeking an interview with the unfortunate lady. Courteously handing to him a seat, she said, in a sad, low voice:

"I wot of your errand, good sir, — you come to bear welcome tidings of release."

Hesitating a moment, he replied, slowly:

"I much fear that you misconceive my message, Lady Jane."

The prisoner smiled, as she pointed upward, and answered:

"My release, good sir, cometh from above!"

In a very few words he communicated the painful intelligence, — the meek sufferer sitting with folded hands, and eyes bent down upon the floor.

"It is a short notice, good master; but my peace is made with God, and all I ask is to be spared the harassing trial of religious dispute," adding, "that her time was too short for controversy."

Feckenham then flew to the Queen and represented to her that "indeed the time was fearfully short for preparation of any kind, and how could she expect Lady Jane to die a Catholic, if she was hurried thus to the block, without time for conviction?"

The Queen immediately delayed the execution for three days. Full of sanguine hope, Feckenham again sought an interview.

She smiled mournfully on her zealous friend, telling him that "he had mistaken her meaning; she wished not for delay of her sentence, but for quiet from polemic disputation." The meek angel added that "she was prepared to receive patiently her death in any manner it would please the Queen to appoint. True it was, her flesh shuddered, as was natural to frail mortality; but her spirit would spring rejoicing into the eternal light, where she hoped the mercy of God would receive it."

But Feckenham could not be turned from his desire to convert her to the true faith; and we will give some short extracts below from Fox's Book of Martyrs. In relating

the particulars of their conversation, addressing her, he said:

"What is required of a Christian man?"

To which she meekly answered:

"That he should believe in God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, three persons in one God, and love him with all our heart, and all our souls, and with all our mind, and our neighbor as ourself."

To which he replied:

"Why, then, faith neither justifieth nor saveth!"

"Yea, verily; faith (as St. Paul saith) only justifieth."

To which he quickly rejoined:

"Why, St. Paul saith, 'If I have all faith without love, it is nothing.'"

"True it is, for how can I love him whom I trust not? or how can I trust him whom I love not? Faith and love go both together; and yet love is comprehended in faith."

"Now answer me another question, — how many sacraments are there?"

"Two: the one the sacrament of baptism, and the other the sacrament of the Lord's Supper."

"No," replied he, "there are seven."

"By what Scripture find you that?"

"Well, we will talk of that hereafter; but what do you receive in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper? Do you not receive the very body and blood of Christ?"

"No, surely, I do not so believe. I think that at the Supper I neither receive flesh nor blood, but bread and

wine, which bread when it is broken, and the wine when it is drank, putteth me in remembrance, how that for my sins the body of Christ was broken, and his blood shed on the cross. With that bread and wine I receive the benefits that came by the breaking of his body and shedding of his blood for our sins on the cross."

"Why, doth not Christ speak these words, 'Take, eat, this is my body'? Require you any plainer words? Doth he not say it is his body?"

"I grant he saith so; and so he saith, 'I am the vine, I am the door,' but he is never the more the door nor the vine. Doth not St. Paul say that he calleth things that are not as though they were? God forbid that I should say that I eat the very natural body and blood of Christ! for then either I should pluck away my redemption, or else there were two bodies and two Christs. One body was tormented on the cross; and if they did eat another body, then had he two bodies; or if his body were eaten, then it was not broken on the cross; or if it was broken upon the cross, it was not eaten of his disciples."

"Why," replied the priest, "is it not as possible that Christ, by his power, could make his body both to be eaten and broken, as to work other miracles by his power?"

"Yea, verily, he might have done so; but he was not working a miracle, he was only setting forth his expiation on the cross. But, I pray you, answer me this one question: Where was Christ when he said 'Take, eat, this is

my body'? Was he not at the table when he said so? He was at that time alive, and suffered not until the next day. What took he but bread? what brake he but bread? and what gave he but bread? Look! what he took he brake; and look! what he brake he gave; and look! what he gave he did eat. And yet, all this while he himself was alive and at supper before his disciples, or else they were deceived."

"You ground your faith, Lady Jane, upon such authors as say and unsay both in a breath, and not upon the Church, to whom you ought to give credit."

"No," replied she; "I ground my faith on God's word, and not upon the Church, for if the Church be a good church, the faith of the Church must be tried by God's word, and not God's word by the Church, nor yet my faith. Shall I believe the Church because of antiquity? or shall I give credit to the Church that taketh away from me the half part of the Lord's Supper, which, if they deny to us, then deny they to us part of our salvation? And I say, that it is an evil church, and not the spouse of Christ, but the spouse of the Devil, that altereth the Lord's Supper, and both taketh from it and addeth to it. To that church (say I) God will add His plagues, and from that church will He take their part out of the book of life. Do they learn that of St. Paul when he ministered to the Corinthians in both kinds? Shall I believe this church? God forbid!"

With many other persuasions did Feckenham try to turn her to the Popish religion, but to no purpose.

Then he took his leave, saying, "that he was sorry for her; for I am sure," quoth he, "that we two shall never meet."

"True it is," said she, "that we shall never meet, except God turn your heart; for I am assured, unless you repent and turn to God, you are in an evil case; and I pray God, in the bowels of His mercy, to send you His Holy Spirit: for He hath given his great gifts of utterance, if it pleaseth Him also to open the eyes of your heart."

This was the last dispute with Feckenham, who, contrary to the practice of many others, had treated the heroic lady with kindness and respect.

We turn now to her last entry in her diary:

"This is my last night in this weary world, and I am strangely calm. I have just been reading the sixty-eighth Psalm,—how many have been comforted in their hours of deep affliction by the ancient Psalmist!

"I have read what he hath said of angels, until I feel that they are all around me to comfort and to bless.

"'The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels; the Lord is among them.'

"I read, too, how Elisha was comforted in the hour of his extremity, for 'when his servant arose in the morning and went forth, behold, an host encompassed the city, both with horses and chariots.'

"The young man being in great distress, Elisha said:

"'Fear not; for they that be with us are more than they that be with them'

"'And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw; and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha.'

"We read, too, that 'thousands and thousands ministered unto him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before him.'

"And St. Paul speaking to the Hebrew Christians, remindeth them that they 'are come to the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels.'

"If there are such countless multitudes, doubtless we are surrounded by these angelic messengers even now; if they came to Peter in prison, to our Lord in the wilderness and in Gethsemane, come they not to me, his humble follower, in the time of my extremity?"

Then she wrote the memorable letter in Greek to her sister Katharine, exhorting her to steadfastness in the faith; and another to her father, the Duke of Suffolk.

Calling in her maid, Mistress Ellen, she gave minute directions about keepsakes to dear friends. "Thou wilt tell my sister Katharine to put my necklace of pearls into a casket and send it by Dr. Feckenham to Queen Mary on the day of my execution, if she can. It was a gift from the Queen in years gone by; little did she think then that her axe would sever the neck that this necklace hath clasped."

Then, after having offered up her nightly devotions, she composed herself to sleep, doubtless watched over by an angelic ministry throughout that sorrowful night. Ere

retiring for the night, Mistress Ellen and her companion took one look at the silent sleeper, as with clasped hands upon her breast, and a look of profound peace upon her young face, her sleep was soft as an infant's slumber.

Prepared early in the morning by her maids for the terrible event of the day, she waited in deep devotion for the last hour. Early in the morning, Lord Guilford desired permission to see her; but she refused consent, and sent him word, "that the tenderness of their parting would overcome the fortitude of both, and would too much unbend their minds from that constancy which their approaching end required."

"Their separation," she said, "would be only for a moment; and they would soon rejoin each other in a scene where their affections would be forever united, and where death, disappointments, and misfortunes could no longer disturb their eternal felicity."

It had been intended to execute the Lady Jane and her husband on the same scaffold on Tower Hill; but the council, dreading the compassion of the people for their youth, beauty, innocence, and noble birth, changed their orders, and gave directions that they should be beheaded within the verge of the Tower. Lady Jane saw her husband led forth to execution; and, having waved her handkerchief from the window in token of farewell, waited with tranquillity her own appointed hour. She even saw his headless body carried back in a cart, and found herself more composed by the tidings which she

heard of the constancy of his end, than shaken by a spectacle so tender and melancholy. Ere she went forth to the Tower, Sir John Gage, constable of the Tower, desired her to bestow on him some small present, which he might keep as a perpetual memorial of her. She gave him her table-book, in which she had just written three sentences on seeing her husband's dead body, — one in Greek, another in Latin, a third in English. The purport of them was, that human justice was against his body, but that Divine mercy would be favorable to his soul; that if her fault deserved punishment, her youth, at least, and her imprudence were worthy of excuse, and that God and posterity, she trusted, would show her favor. When she mounted the scaffold, she spoke to the spectators in this manner:

"Good people, I am come hither to die, and by law I am condemned to the same. The fact against the Queen's Highness was unlawful, and the consenting thereunto by me; but touching the procurement or desire thereof by me, or on my behalf, I do wash my hands thereof in innocency before God and the face of you, good Christian people, this day." And therewith she wrung her hands, wherein she had her book. "Then," said she, "I pray you all, good Christian people, to bear me witness that I die a true Christian woman, and that I do look to be saved by no other means, but only by the mercy of God in the blood of His only Son, Jesus Christ; and I confess that when I did know the word of God, I neglected the same,

loved myself and the world, and therefore this plague and punishment are happily and worthily happened unto me for my sins; and yet I thank God that of His goodness He hath thus given me a time and respite to repent. And now, good people, while I am alive, I pray you assist me with your prayers."

And then, kneeling down, she turned to Feckenham, saying:

"Shall I say this psalm?"

And he said, "Yea."

Then she said the psalm of *Miserere Mei, Deus*, in English, in a most devout manner, to the end. Then she stood up and gave her maid, Mistress Ellen, her gloves and handkerchief, and her book to Mr. Bridges; and then she untied her gown, and the executioner pressed upon her to help her off with it; but she, desiring him to let her alone, turned towards her two gentlewomen, who helped her off therewith, and also with her frowes, paaft, and neckerchief, giving to her a fair handkerchief to put about her eyes.

Then the executioner kneeled down and asked her forgiveness, whom she forgave most willingly. Then he desired her to stand upon the straw, which doing, she saw the block, when she said, "I pray you dispatch me quickly." Then she kneeled down, saying:

"Will you take it off before I lay me down?"

And the executioner said, "No, Madam."

Then she tied the handkerchief about her eyes; and, feeling for the block, she said:

"What shall I do? where is it?"

One of the bystanders guided her thereunto. She laid her head down upon the block, and then stretching forth her body, said:

"Lord, into thy hands I commit my spirit."

Angel bands were ready to convey the blessed one up to the golden gates of the heavenly city. And so finished her beautiful and holy life. Just at that moment the booming of the signal-gun came rolling drearily over the Thames, until its muffled sound reached the ears of Queen Mary, who, with a blanched face, learned that her axe had severed her kinswoman's neck, in the very bloom of her sweet and innocent youth.

Later in the day, Dr. Feckenham sought an interview with the Queen; and, on bended knee, presenting the casket, said, "that the Lady Jane Dudley had requested it to be sent to her Grace on the day of her execution; but he knew naught of its contents." Inside there was a small billet, on which was written, "The gift of Queen Mary to her young kinswoman in happier days. When the Queen looketh at this necklace, may her Grace remember the slender neck which it once clasped, which was severed to-day by Queen Mary's axe. I die at peace with all my enemies. May God have mercy on the Queen, prayeth Jane."

The Queen's countenance changed to ashy paleness; and, without touching the necklace, she closed the casket, and placing it in the hands of Mistress Clarencieux, said

"Put it away where we never shall see it again."

But Queen Mary passed a night of agony, and, like Lady Macbeth, with eyes closed or open, through the long watches of the accusing hours of the night, she saw naught but that pearl necklace and the slender neck under the executioner's axe, suffering the anguish of remorse, while her angelic victim was safe within the golden gates, "for there the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest."

CHAPTER XII.

LADY MAGDALEN'S DIARY.

VERILY, there is no peace in our agitated city; so great is the disquiet that watch is kept day and night in armor at court. Rumors are constantly reaching the Queen of the Princess Elizabeth's complicity with Courtney's rebellion; but she is slow to act upon mere rumor, although beset by several with bloody counsels. Her reply runneth ever the same: until positive proof of her guilt is obtained, she would exercise no other punishment than imprisonment. Therefore she has been summoned by the Queen. After much delay, when the princess arrived, the Queen would not see her, and she was sent to the Tower.

"*March.* The Queen is determined on this marriage with a foreign prince, notwithstanding the opposition of her subjects; and yesterday the ceremony of the acceptance of the betrothal-ring was performed in a solemn manner, the Queen kneeling before the eucharist, calling on God to witness that her 'sole object was the good of her kingdom.'

"It is said that Renard constantly urgeth the destruction of her sister and Courtney, demanding by name the

victims he required, before she could be blessed with the presence of her betrothed. Bishop Gardiner joineth these bloody counsels, remarking that, 'as long as Elizabeth lives, there is no hope of the kingdom being tranquillized, and if every one went to work soundly, as he did, things would go on better.'

"*May.* The Queen hath been very ill; but on the fifth of May was well enough to dissolve Parliament in person, pronouncing a speech from the throne, in presence of her assembled Peers and Commons, in which she was five or six times interrupted by loud shouts of 'Long live the Queen!

"Yesterday the Princess Elizabeth was liberated from the Tower, and sent by water to Richmond Palace, and thence to Woodstock, where she remaineth under some restraint. I find that the Parliament hath unanimously agreed in enacting that 'the ancient penalties against heretics should be enforced,' for which I am grieved to my heart.

"*July.* We are at Windsor Castle, and the tidings have just reached us that Don Philip, with the combined fleets of England and Spain, have reached Southampton. The prince was rowed on shore in a magnificent state barge, manned by twenty men, dressed in the Queen's liveries of green and white. The barge was lined with rich tapestry, and was attended by twenty other barges, which were to accommodate the nobles according to their rank.

"A great concourse of the nobles and gentry was wait-

ing to receive him. As he first placed his foot upon English soil, he drew his sword and carried it a short way naked in his hand. The mayor of Southampton brought him the keys of the town, which he took and gave without the least token of good-will for the respect shown. Truly, he is an unpleasant-looking person: his complexion cane-colored, his hair sandy and scanty, with a gloomy expression of face. A mighty breadth of brain, sloping too much toward the top of the head, seemeth to say that the prince is a man of much understanding.

"On Friday Don Philip went to Mass. Next day he dispatched his grand chamberlain with a magnificent offering of jewels as a present to his royal bride. On Sunday, after Mass, he dined in public, and was waited upon for the first time by his newly appointed English officers of the household, his Spanish attendants by the marriage treaty being obliged to return with the fleet.

"On Monday, in the midst of a pelting storm, the royal bridegroom and his suite mounted their steeds and set out in solemn cavalcade to Westminster, where the Queen and her court waited for them. They moved with such Spanish gravity that it was between six and seven before Don Philip arrived at the city gate. A great volley of artillery was fired off as he entered the city, and twelve persons from the Queen, dressed in red, conducted him to the Dean of Winchester's house, where the prince stayed until after his marriage. Here the prince changed his dress, wearing a superb black velvet robe, bordered with dia-

monds. Thus attired, he went first to the Cathedral, where Gardiner received him in full robes, accompanied by many priests singing the *Te Deum;* and after prayers, conducted him to the dean's house, where the Queen's first interview with her affianced husband took place.

"*July 25th.* The festival of St. James, the patron saint of Spain, had been appointed for the nuptials, the preparations all on a magnificent scale. Philip was dressed in rich brocade, bordered with large pearls and diamonds, wearing a collar of beaten gold, full of inestimable gems, at which hung the jewel of the Golden Fleece. The Queen was arrayed in the French style: a robe richly brocaded on a gold ground, with a long train splendidly bordered with pearls and diamonds of great size. Her chaperon or coif was also bordered with two rows of large diamonds. On her breast, the Queen wore the elegant diamond sent to her as a gift by Don Philip while he was still in Spain.

"The Queen walked from the palace, attended by her principal nobility and ladies, her train borne by her cousin Margaret Douglass, assisted by Sir John Gage. Philip was attended by sixty Spanish grandees. The royal pair took their seats in the chair of state, when Bishop Gardiner came in great state, assisted by Bishop Bonner and four other bishops bearing their crosses before them.

"The marriage, which was both in Latin and English, proceeded till it came to where the bride was to be given, when the Marquis of Winchester, and the Earls of Dudley, Bedford, and Pembroke, came forward, and gave her in the name of the realm.

"Then the people gave a loud shout, and prayed God 'to send them joy.' The wedding-ring, which was a plain hoop of gold, was then laid on the book to be hallowed.

"As soon as the hand of Queen Mary was given to King Philip, the Earl of Pembroke advanced and carried a sword of state before the bridegroom. The ceremony proceeded with great pomp, and, at the proper period, Philip went to the Queen and gave her the kiss of peace. The titles of the royal pair were proclaimed in Latin and English; after which, sops and wine were hallowed and served to them, of which they partook, and all their noble attendants.

"Don Philip then took the Queen's hand and led her to the palace, both walking under one canopy, the Queen on the right hand.

"The hall of the palace in which the banquet was spread, was hung with arras, striped with gold and silk, and had a stately dais raised at the upper end, ascended by four steps. The seats for Queen Mary and her spouse were placed on this, under one canopy, before which their dinner-table was set.

"Truly, Geraldine, it was a gloomy-looking pair that sat beneath that canopy, — the Queen pale and languid from excessive fatigue, the King stately, silent, and morose, — an unpromising aspect in a bridegroom. Below the dais were spread tables for the nobles of both kingdoms.

"Bishop Gardiner dined at the royal table, served with plate of solid gold; and a cupboard was displayed full of gold vases and silver dishes, more for ornament than use.

"There was a band of fine musicians, who played a sweet concert, until the entrance of four heralds in regal mantles, pronouncing a congratulatory Latin oration in the name of the realm.

"The tables were taken up at six o'clock, and dancing commenced; but the gayety was over at nine o'clock, when the royal pair retired from the hall. It was a weary day; and, although I am fond of dancing, and never rested all the evening, I was fain to lay my head upon my pillow, to dream of kings and queens and flattering speeches from silly courtiers, and to wake in the morning rejoicing that I was not a queen.

"Notwithstanding that the new king had brought enough bullion to fill ninety-seven chests, he is not likely to be popular with the English people, for, in former days, the gates of the royal residence were open all day long, and their princes lived in public; but since the Spanish wedlock, Hampton Court gates are closed, and every man must give an account of his errand before entering.

"*November.* Cardinal Pole has arrived in England; he came by water from Gravesend, and, fixing a large silver cross in the prow of his state-barge, its progress was looked upon with mixed emotions by the citizens, who lined the Thames as he was rowed to Whitehall.

"Bishop Gardiner received him at the water-gate, King Philip at the principal entrance, and the Queen herself at the head of the stairs.

"Honors were heaped upon the Cardinal; and I am inclined to think that I shall like him,—he hath a kind, benevolent face, and is altogether a different person from Bishop Gardiner.

"It is said that he was a very handsome man in his youth, and that Michael Angelo painted his face for that of our Lord in one of his great pictures.

"The Queen was very ill on the day that she had appointed to introduce the mission of Cardinal Pole to Parliament; and, as she could not go as usual to Westminster, she was forced to convene her Peers and Commons in her great presence-chamber, at the palace of Whitehall.

"The Cardinal made an eloquent speech in behalf of the reconciliation of the English to Rome, which produced a great effect; for the next day the houses of Parliament, by mutual consent, prepared a petition to the Throne, praying for reconciliation with the See of Rome. The next morning, the Queen, her ladies, King Philip, and the Cardinal, took their places as before, when the Peers and Commons, led by Gardiner, again entered the presence-chamber, and presented their petition to the royal pair. Philip and Mary rose, and, doing reverence to the Cardinal, delivered the petition to him, who received it with great joy. He uttered a few words of thanks to God, and then ordered the commission from the Pope to be read aloud. This ended, the Peers and Commons fell on their knees, and the Cardinal solemnly pronounced his absolution and benediction. The whole assembly then

followed the Queen and her spouse to St. Stephen's Chapel, where *Te Deum* was sung, which ended the ceremony. It was very exciting to Queen Mary, who was struck with a sudden relapse of illness. Her health, however, rallied sufficiently to permit her appearance at the Christmas festival, which was kept with more than usual splendor, on account of her marriage and reconciliation to Rome.

"*December 25th.* We had grand festivities on Christmas eve. No doubt the Queen is reconciled to the Princess Elizabeth, for she was not only permitted to join in them, but to take her place at the banquet, as the heir-presumptive of the realm, — a very different person from Queen Mary, who is small and fragile; but the princess is of a commanding figure, full of health, with reddish hair and a ruddy complexion, by no means handsome; but there are marks of power both in face and step of the Queen's sister. It is said that she was never so cautious in her speech or deportment as Queen Mary, but frequently uses oaths and coarse jests.

"I find that Cardinal Pole is against persecution for conscience' sake, saying that his calling is for the reformation of manners; but he seemeth to have no sympathy with Gardiner. There are some good men yet in England; for a noble minority, disgusted at the late detestable penal laws, which will light the torturing fires for the Protestants, seceded bodily from the House of Commons, after trying to oppose them.

"I am glad, Geraldine, to say, that this glorious band was composed of Catholics as well as Protestants; headed by that great man Sergeant Plowden, himself a Catholic, so that Christian charity is not all dead.

"And now a word or two for thy private ear concerning myself. I may be a Countess of the realm if I will, Geraldine, for the young Earl of Shafton hath laid his coronet at my feet. He is a young nobleman of rare qualities in these days; handsome, gifted, excellent, and, moreover, of my own creed; but I have not plighted my faith to him, nor will I, without my whole heart. The Queen favoreth his suit, and sayeth that 'not many English ladies would reject the Earl of Shafton;' but if I love him not, I will not wrong his noble heart by marrying him.

"There is a strangely interesting priest at court, who came in the suite of the Cardinal, Father Gulielmus. He is very silent, apparently devout, but there is a fire in his eye that indicateth the inner nature; howbeit, it is not often that he looketh straight in one's face, but walketh generally with eyes bent upon the ground. He doth not seem to mingle much with Gardiner and Bonner. Once or twice he sought to speak with me, but I always avoid him; I know not why. Why is he here so much? He is not chaplain, nor engaged in any way at court, that one can see. He disappears now and then, is gone for a few days, and is then back again. He is a mystery."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CANKER AT COURT

THE unhappy Queen of England soon discovered that there was no affection in King Philip's heart for her; the disparity of years being one great barrier, the charms of youth under the frequent attacks of disease having long since departed, and with them all cheerfulness of spirit. There is no doubt that she was sincerely attached to her husband, and the exhibition of too much fondness disgusted the king. His pleasures were all apart from hers, and many a gloomy hour she spent upon a couch of suffering, while he was endeavoring to amuse himself with the ladies of her court. Fortunately, the Queen had chosen maids of honor whose character was unimpeachable, and ready to resent any audacious attempt at incivility, be the offender the highest at court. He received no encouragement to indecorous conduct, and it is affirmed that he formed acquaintances with females of low condition; thus degrading the character of Queen Mary's court; for the conduct of the King brought reproach upon the whole from those who were his enemies.

It was pitiable to see what pains the wretched Queen took to win King Philip's love; wearing what he most

admired, conforming herself to his Spanish notions of etiquette; but all without making any impression upon her cold husband. There was a heartsick longing in her woman's breast for some human affection, for all that once loved her were in the grave, save her few faithful maids of honor, who had shared her varying fortunes. We find her occasionally giving expression to this pining of a weary heart. Days frequently passed without seeing the King in private, and once, when suffering severely, she commissioned her page to carry her billet to Philip, who kept her waiting an hour at least ere he obeyed her summons. With an ungracious manner, he entered the Queen's chamber, and still standing, said:

"What is your Grace's pleasure?"

"Only to see thee, Philip; hast thou no minutes for our hours of suffering? Be seated, we pray you."

Reluctantly taking a chair, he sat at some distance from the Queen.

"Come nearer, Philip; we have none but thee, and thou art seldom with us."

Drawing up his chair, he replied:

"When the Queen is indisposed, there is much state business calling us away; and we have taken much pains to see that thou hast all that thou needest; is it not so?"

"All but kindness, Philip; and the heart pineth for lack of that."

"Your Grace remembereth that we knew naught of each

other until we met at our espousals, and it taketh time to become acquainted."

The Queen drew the King's hand within her own, and said:

"Have pity on our loneliness, Philip; thou mightest spare one hour daily for thy wife."

Withdrawing his hand as soon as he could, without appearing too pointed, he said:

"Thou art so often sick that we fear to disturb thee, but will see thee more frequently in future." Looking at his watch, he continued, "It is the hour for the council-chamber, and we must hasten to be there. *Adios* for the present."

"Hast no kiss for us, Philip?" said the Queen, sadly.

He stooped down to press a kiss upon the pallid face, when she threw her arms about his neck, and burst into a flood of convulsive weeping.

"What would we give to know that thou lovest us, Philip? The weary cares of royalty would sit but lightly on us then."

He was gone; and the Queen pondered all the weary day upon the coolness of Philip's manner.

. . . . . .

We turn again to Lady Magdalen's diary.

"Thou wouldst pity our Queen, Geraldine, if thou couldst see how she pineth for the love of King Philip. She watcheth every motion, presseth him to eat dainties at the table, inquireth after his health so pressingly, and

hangeth on his arm so heavily when the tables are taken up and he taketh her to her withdrawing-room; but it is all oppressive to him. I see the disgust upon his face, as he looketh coldly on the fragile form and pallid countenance by his side.

"There must have been something in her to love when she was young, for Mistress Clarencieux saith that she was a lovely girl once, loved children tenderly, and flowers and music. She loveth them now, forsooth; but sorrow and sickness have wrought an evil work upon her.

"Sometimes I listen to her music when she is alone; but it is ever sad, and affecteth me to tears. The old Latin hymns seem to be her favorites.

. . . . . .

"Last night I was walking at a late hour in the corridor with Lady Alice Howe, within hearing of the Queen's apartment. I heard her moaning for some time, as though in great misery. She hath distinguished me lately by many marks of favor; and I ventured to enter the ante-chamber, where I found Mistress Mary Finch, weeping bitterly.

"'The Queen is in sore case,' said the lady; 'perchance thou mightest comfort her.'

"Knocking at the door, the voice within answered me, 'Come in! the door is open!

"Sadly I entered the apartment. The lights burned dimly, but they shone upon a picture of the Crucified that hung at the foot of her bed. A cross was suspended over

the head-board, and pictures of the saints were disposed around in heavy frames of gold. The small door of the oratory was open, where lights burned constantly upon the altar. The Queen was seated in the middle of the room, clad in a dressing-gown, her long black hair streaming over her shoulders, her hands clasped upon her lap, and her dark eyes fixed upon a distant corner of the room, with an expression of intense agony.

"'Thou art welcome, Magdalen; come, sit beside us, for we are in depths of great anguish.'

"I took my seat close by her, and drew her poor head down upon my bosom, running my fingers through her long black hair, as she uttered, in low tones:

"'Memories of the long past have visited us to-night; back to our childish days at Ludlow Castle, where we held our regal court as princess of the realm, and the dear good Countess of Salisbury was our governess and friend; the Christmas festivities, all passed as in a vision. There were happy days when Reginald Pole was the companion of our youth. Then the dreadful years that followed the horrid butchery of our beloved governess, the good Countess, our estrangement from our mother, all our wrongs and miseries. In the days of our prosperity we used to bestow gifts upon our god-children and friends, and once, Magdalen, we gave a gold necklace set with pearls to the Lady Jane Grey. Perchance thou knowest not that on the night after her execution it was sent back to us in a casket. We have not seen it since that night; but,' and

she whispered in low tones, 'it cometh in the silent night; whether with eyes closed or open, it is before us; we see it in every corner of the room; it came again to-night, and low sobs seemed to fill the whole apartment. Magdalen, we did not wish for her death; we were sore pressed and beset on every side by the bishops and friends of the Church, and for the safety of our kingdom we signed that warrant.' How I pitied the wretched Queen! and, taking up her lute, I sang the Hymn to the Virgin. She covered her face with her hands, and burst into floods of convulsive weeping.

"I saw that they were wholesome tears, and so I went on singing sweet Latin hymns, until her grief subsided; and I persuaded her to retire to rest.

"'Wilt stay with us, Magdalen?' inquired the Queen, as she laid her weary head upon her pillow. Going to my room for my dressing-gown, I lay down upon the couch in her room, forgetting that she was the Queen; and, as a suffering woman, I watched her while she slept, which she did until the sun was high in the heavens. I shall not soon forget that dreary night; but I have no doubt that the want of affection on the part of King Philip is one great cause of the Queen's heavy sorrow.

"He will never love Queen Mary, for he is a man of small morality, and hath no good name already at court.

"The Queen's ladies are all disgusted with him, for he hath attempted to use language of gallantry to several of the younger maids; but he is among the wrong persons,

for the court is composed of modest and discreet maids of honor.

"He hath attempted silly compliments several times to me, Geraldine, but he receiveth no encouragement.

. . . . . .

"My dressing-room hath a small window, lighted fro the corridor, which the King contrived one morning to open far enough to put in his arm, when I was performing my toilette. You may be sure that I was indignant; and taking up a staff, which was in a corner of the room, I gave the arm such a rap that the King was glad to draw it back in a hurry, and made a speedy retreat.

"He hath learned a lesson, Geraldine, for it is quite amusing to see with what deference he treateth Magdalen Tresillian ever since, bowing to let her pass, for she feeleth of towering height in the presence of King Philip.

"Yesterday the Queen presented me with a costly ring, in token of her esteem, with the motto inside of '*Maria Regina.*'

"I am much interested in reading the Gospel in the chapel, and often return after matins to peruse the blessed pages. Yesterday, while thus employed, I was suddenly surprised by the sight of Father Gulielmus standing by my side, for I did not hear him enter with his cat-like step.

"'What doest thou here, Lady Magdalen?' said the priest.

"'Engaged in holy work, good father: reading our dear Lord's words.'

"'Why doth the Church chain the gospel to this lectern, thinkest thou? Doth that not tell thee that it is for the priests alone?'

"'So saith not the gospel, father, for hearken to its blessed words: "Howbeit, when the spirit of truth is come, he will guide you into all truth."'

"'That promise, daughter, was given unto all the holy apostles.'

"'Sayst thou so, father? Then it was given to weak and evil men, else Peter had not denied his Lord with cursing; neither had Paul and Barnabas such sharp contention as to take different roads; neither had all of them forsaken Him in the hour of his sorrow. I wot that my heart is evil as theirs, father, but not worse; therefore, I count that promise unto me also.'

"'Who is thy confessor, daughter?'

"'The Queen's chaplain, Dr. Weston.'

"'Dost tell him of thy reading, daughter?'

"'Yea, truly; and he forbiddeth it not.'

"The priest vanished; and I returned to my duties in the broiderie-room.

. . . . . .

"I am under the Queen's displeasure, for I have rejected the hand of the Earl of Shafton; it hath given me much pain, for I do truly esteem the young nobleman.

"I am much troubled, too, by Father Gulielmus. The Queen hath commanded me to confess to him, instead of to Dr. Weston, and I must even obey her Grace; but on

my first confession he forbade me to read the Gospel, and as an obedient daughter of the Church, I submit unwillingly.

. . . . . .

"I have not been well for some time, and am about to ask permission to visit Englewood for a season; I know not when, exactly, but I will take you by surprise some day. Perchance I may wait until Marmaduke is ready, and we shall have the old days once more.

"Thine own assured friend,

"MAGDALEN."

The Lady Geraldine was overjoyed at the prospect of a visit from her friend, and watched daily for the arrival of the two.

Late in September we find Lyndhurst and Englewood the scene of happy reunions, for it had been months since Marmaduke had been at the castle, and more than a year since Magdalen had left home. After the first joy of meeting, Marmaduke had much to tell of an alarming character.

"The Parliament hath degraded itself," said he; "for the House of Peers, which had five years before joined unanimously in establishing the Protestant Church of England, had now as unanimously agreed in enacting, 'that the ancient penalties against heretics should be enforced.'"

Master Berkeley listened with a grave face, as he replied:

"With a king from a kingdom that established the Inquisition, there is but little to hope for in the future."

"There have been some noble souls," returned Marmaduke, "who, disgusted at the detestable laws, seceded, both Catholics and Protestants; but Bishop Gardiner is armed with the legislative power of the kingdom, and King Philip, Gardiner, and Bonner, rule Queen Mary. Bonner is abroad now in his visitation to see the old service set up, to paint out the Scripture texts on the church-walls, and to set up the images. It is said, that, in conducting this matter, he is little short of a raging madman, whenever at all opposed."

Geraldine sat with a deeply thoughtful face, listening to the conversation, and said slowly:

"Trials are before us, Marmaduke; what thinkest thou, should persecution reach us?"

"'As our day, so shall our strength be,' sweet one; the Lord will not suffer us to be tempted above what He giveth us strength to bear."

"I wish that thou wert here, Marmaduke, that we might strengthen each other."

"My mother and sister need my presence; there hath been no particular disturbance as yet; but the crafty bishops and King Philip will see the laws enforced."

Algernon had read Magdalen's diary, and many conflicting hopes and fears had been awakened in his bosom at its late intelligence.

"What thinkest thou, Geraldine?" said her brother when reading the last.

"That she loveth thee well, Algernon; but thy faith is a barrier that cannot be bridged over."

"She hath been reading the Gospel, Geraldine."

"Yea, truly; but Father Gulielmus will see that she readeth no more."

"But if she is one of the Lord's chosen flock, she will learn the truth."

"Let us wait, Algernon, and look only to the Lord for guidance."

In a few minutes we find him in the drawing-room at Englewood, and his heart gave a quick bound as the Lady Magdalen entered in her queenly beauty, a glow of pleasure lighting up her features as she extended her hand.

Leading her to a seat by his side, the young man said:

"It hath been a long season syth we clasped hands, Magdalen; art glad to be at home again?"

"Yea, truly; for I need rest and quiet."

"Didst think of me, Magdalen, in thy gay court life?"

"Thou knowest, Algernon, that I am ever truthful, and tell thee that I never forgot thee once. I could have loved the Earl of Shafton, were it not for thee; but our love is hopeless, while our creeds are so far apart."

"Thou mayest not always be as thou art now, Magdalen."

"Breathe not such a word, Algernon, for my father would frown upon such a thing as a dire calamity; and heaven only knoweth what might befall me personally in such a case."

"But, howbeit, it is blessed to know that thou art true in heart to thine early love, sweet one."

Three happy weeks flew by; for, with the sanguine nature of youth, Algernon hoped that some auspicious change would take place in their relations. The calm repose was rudely broken by the advent of Bishop Bonner and his agents, who, without warning, appeared in their midst.

Ralph Kenworthy was a staunch Protestant; and when he found that some rough men were pointing out the Scripture texts and setting up the images in dear old St. Jude's, the wrath of the old man broke forth.

"What mean ye, ye sons of Satan? Are ye come to set up your images in our blessed church, and to rub out the word of God? The curse of Heaven rest upon you!"

Just then, a man in priestly attire came out of the sacristy, with a face distorted by rage, and with clenched fist struck Ralph in the face. Turning to the workmen, he said:

"Put out the heretic from the holy place, and beat him lustily for his blasphemy!"

The men needed no second bidding, for, seizing Ralph by the arm, they hustled him out of the church, kicking him at every step; and throwing him down upon the ground, they trampled him beneath their feet, and left him, terribly bruised, lying prostrate.

"Take that for insulting Bishop Bonner!" were the

last words uttered in his hearing; and there lay the poor man, until Robin Heathcote, passing by, obtained assistance to lead him home.

Lady Magdalen's father was sorely displeased when he heard of her rejection of the suit of the Earl of Shafton.

"Thou must be beside thyself, thou silly damsel," said the Earl, "for thou hast refused one of the highest matches of the land. What hast thou against the Earl?"

"Naught, father. I esteem him highly; but I love him not."

"Thou lovest then some other, or thou rejectest not one like unto the Earl of Shafton." Then, as if a sudden light had dawned upon him, he continued: "Hast thou dared to cast an eye of favor upon Lord Algernon Ormsby? Rather than that thou weddest a heretic, I would shut thee up for life in thy mother's land, in the Convent of St. Katharine."

"Thou needst not threaten, my lord, for I wed not without thy free consent."

Without further delay, the Earl hurried off the next day with Lady Magdalen, placing her once more in the service of Queen Mary, with strict charges concerning Lord Algernon Ormsby.

A few lines of hurried farewell to Geraldine filled two hearts with sorrow. With tearful eyes, the sister read the lines, while Algernon listened with a deeply burdened heart.

"To my Well-beloved Friend.

"In great wrath at my rejection of the Earl of Shafton, my father is taking me back to London, an interdict laid upon my further intercourse with Algernon, for he surmiseth the truth. I may still write to thee, Geraldine; but I am bound by honor to forget thy brother. Heaven bless you both, prayeth thine own assured friend,

"Magdalen."

And thus the sweet reunion was broken; and Marmaduke, too, in a few days bade adieu to Lyndhurst and its domestic peace, but not without one blessed season of communion in the turret, when, around the table of the Lord, they renewed their solemn vows of fidelity, and received the tokens of a Saviour's undying love.

CHAPTER XIV.

A NEW FORESTER AT LYNDHURST.

THE old forester is dead, and Ralph is dispatched to London, on this and other business for the Earl. Expecting to spend several days at the metropolis, he has taken lodgings with one Hoding, one of his wife's family connections. Living near London Bridge, he has much to tell of the mournful voyages that from time to time he has seen on the river Thames, as state prisoners passed under the arches of the bridge on their way to the Tower, never to come forth again until brought out to meet their death.

"I can never forget the gun which came booming over the water, to tell us of the death of the Lady Jane," said the good man; "for they were afraid to let the people see that foul murder. Many bitter tears were shed in secret on that terrible day. Barbara had made ready a savory supper for us, but we ate sparingly, I can assure you. I saw good Bishop Ridley, and Bishop Latimer, when they were sent to prison, and was told privately who they were that sat in the boat as it shot under the bridge, gliding aneath the Traitor's arch. Good Master Latimer was not much cast down; for, seeing a warder there whose face he

remembered, he cried cheerily: 'What! old friend! how do you? See, I am come to be your neighbor again.'"

Then the next day came Cranmer.

"These are doleful days," said Ralph, "when the Mass priests are set in the place of godly preachers, and these good men deprived and cast into prison."

"You may well say that," replied Hoding; "for hard treatment some of them have received, for we heard that Bishop Hooper had nothing for his bed but a little pad of straw, and a rotten covering, with a tick and a few feathers, in a foul, unwholesome chamber; so we sent him money and a good bed, and we slept the better that night upon our own comfortable bed, when we thought of the good bishop."

"There is but little hilarity in old England now," said Ralph, "when the sounds around us are so threatening."

"Aye, aye," replied Hoding; "it is even so, for what is to be looked for when the very heavens above, though without a voice or sound, proclaim judgment? Two suns shining at once in the firmament! — the bow of mercy, not, indeed, *withdrawn*, but *reversed;* the bow turned downward, and the two ends standing upward! didst see it, Ralph?"

"Yea, truly, with much trembling."

"'Well! we shall see what cometh of it — these foreshadows are sometimes sent in mercy, that thoughtful people might prepare. We are in the dark days, Ralph."

Sunday in London, the church-bells sounding mournfully to Ralph, for he knew that they called to Mass, and not to the simple service of former days. Out on a visitation of the churches, Ralph can see naught but altars in the place of tables, images, pictures, holy water and swinging incense, superstitious bowings and crossings, and more erect than ever stood the humble though faithful witness in the Mass-houses. Naught could he hear but the mumblings of the priests in Latin, and the ringing of bells by the priests' boys — not one word of pure Gospel in any church of the great city, and turning back disheartened, he seated himself again in Hoding's humble dwelling.

"A weary tramp for naught," said Ralph; "not a crumb of the children's bread, Hoding; not one for hungry souls; the blessed Gospel is in prison; and what will these Mass-priests say in the day of reckoning? — naught but mummery and Mass everywhere."

One morning the two friends were out in the streets of London, when they observed a long procession of priests and showy banners, bearing crosses and other symbols of the Romish faith, in the midst of which, conspicuous above all, was the consecrated host.

"The feast of Corpus-Christi," said Hoding, as they hurried into a narrow alley to avoid the adoration paid by the subservient multitude.

Chanting in Latin, they passed on, and the two Protestants felt that they were indeed in the atmosphere of idolatrous, persecuting Rome. Ralph's inquiries concern-

ing a forester had, as yet, been in vain; but directed at length to a place where intelligence could be obtained, he set out for one of the markets, asking among the country people for such a servant.

Directed by one to a small house not far from the spot, he was invited in, and a woman's voice was heard calling:

"Come down, Hugh; here is a man inquiring for a forester."

In a short time a man of very dark complexion and black hair made his appearance. Ralph stated in a few words what was required by the Earl of Lyndhurst, and Hugh Digby (for that was his name,) gave written testimonials from several as to his ability to fill the situation. Preliminaries settled, the two set off the next day, and the new forester took up his abode at Lyndhurst, living in the servants' apartments at the castle. Hugh represented himself as an Englishman, and mingled very freely with the other domestics — could sing a good song, tell a good story, and was altogether a popular person.

He attends the service in the turret, although it is observed that he simply listens, and never remarks upon Master Berkeley's preaching, when discussed, as it often is, in the servants' hall.

It is manifest that he has great power over the animals, and it is a matter of much amusement to the children, when, morning and evening, he calls the rooks around him, some lighting on his shoulders, his head, or his arms;

and possessing these traits of a competent forester, the Earl is well pleased to have him in his service.

Hugh had not been long at the castle, when the coronation of a May Queen took place. Lettice might have taken the honor again, but, with her sweet modesty, saw it conferred upon her young companion, Susan Brent; but Hugh was struck by the loveliness of the ex-queen, and annoyed the young girl not a little by his persistent attentions. Gathering a bouquet of the sweetest of spring flowers, he offered it to the blushing girl.

"These are very charming," said Lettice, "and I thank you for them, Master Digby."

"Not so charming as the one that holds them, the fairest flower here," replied Hugh.

She colored, and turned aside her head.

Looking for vanity in a rustic belle, Hugh supposed that he had made a favorable impression upon the young beauty.

What was his surprise, then, to see her take Robin Heathcote's arm and walk away.

But Hugh was not so easily repulsed. Watching his opportunity, he sought her hand as a partner in the dance around the May-pole; but she plead a prior engagement to Robin for the day, adding that "dancing at a coronation this year seemeth very unmeet, with our dear old church under the Papists, and the mummeries of the Mass set up among us." Hugh bit his lip in anger, and a dark frown rested upon his brow as he turned away,

not to forget her unguarded speech. Walking apart from the rest, we find Robin and Lettice comparing this and a former May-day.

"How unlike the day when thou wast crowned Queen, Lettice," said the young man.

"Yes, Robin, troubles have been creeping slowly on; and dancing around a May-pole seemeth unseemly now."

"What thinkest thou, Lettice, of the new forester at Lyndhurst?"

"I like him not. His London finery hideth a dark nature, I trow, for when I refused him in the dance, a gleam of fire shot from under his dark brow, that made me tremble."

In a few days, there came a basket of fine cherries, with Master Digby's compliments to Mistress Lettice.

"What shall I do, good mother?" said the young girl. "I desire not his gifts."

"I will answer the boy for thee, Lettice," said Dorothy; and going forward, she added, "Mistress Lettice sendeth her thanks to Master Digby, but beggeth him to trouble himself no more with thoughts of her."

He received the message with knitted brow, as he muttered to himself:

"Hugh Digby is not to be thwarted by a country boor like unto Robin Heathcote; he can abide his time."

In a week or two, we find a note and a bouquet of flowers at the lodge, inviting Lettice to accompany him to a fair that would open on the following Tuesday.

"Tell Master Digby," said Dorothy, "that my daughter beggeth him to seek another partner, for she goeth there with Robin Heathcote."

Hugh was in a rage; and, on the following Tuesday, set out on horseback, determined to annoy the pair in every way, and, if possible, to pick a quarrel with Robin. Go where they would, Hugh was close at their heels, frequently jostling Robin rudely, and making insulting speeches in his hearing.

Robin was of a mild and gentle temper; but when Hugh was rude to Lettice, he fired at the insult, and was about to raise his fist to strike a blow, when Lettice seized his arm and held him back, exclaiming:

"For my sake, Robin, harm him not; let us go home at once."

Just then a blow from Hugh levelled Robin to the ground; and Lettice, leaning over him, said tenderly:

"Art hurt, dear Robin?"

The blood was gushing from a blow on the temple; and after binding up the wound, and an hour's repose, the two sorrowfully turned their faces homeward.

"Thou seest, Robin, that thou hast a deadly foe in Hugh Digby, who will hurt thee if he can," said Lettice.

"It is for thy sake, sweet one, he hateth me, because he seeth that thou lovest me."

"Thou wilt avoid him, Robin; let him not bring thee into a quarrel, for when the blood is hot, none knoweth what men will do."

In a few days we find the forester at the lodge, seeking for an interview with Lettice.

But she would not see him, and the mother went forward to meet him.

"My daughter Lettice feareth to see thee, Master Digby, after the scene at the fair, and sendeth me to hear thine errand."

"I am here, Mistress Kenworthy, to sue for her pardon; her fair face haunteth me night and day, and the sight of Robin Heathcote, standing ever in my way, enraged me."

"Thy fancy for my daughter is all in vain, for she hath been betrothed to Robin Heathcote since sixteen years of age."

"Only take my message to her, and ask her to forgive my hot temper."

Leaving him alone, she went up to Lettice, and returned with the gentle answer:

"That Lettice hath no bad feelings of anger or revenge towards Master Digby; she wisheth him well, and only beggeth to be let alone."

He turned away with a mortified air of sullen pride, resolved not to give up the pursuit of the village beauty.

Continuing to annoy the young girl, Geraldine heard of it; and, sending for Hugh, reprimanded him sternly, and bade him beware of consequences if he persisted in his persecution.

"Thou knowest that Lettice is the betrothed of Robin Heathcote; if, therefore, thou art a generous man, thou

wilt cease thy pursuit, and leave Lettice to the one that she so truly loveth. But remember, Hugh, that if this is still continued, the Earl shall be informed of it."

Hugh had a dark, revengeful nature, and this reprimand from the young lady was not soon forgotten.

For awhile he abstained from further annoyance, but at length commenced again, sending gifts and notes, always returned, however, much to his angry mortification.

We will turn awhile now to Master Berkeley, much depressed by the news which Ralph had brought from the metropolis.

He saw the clouds gathering around the true people of God. England's trial was coming, and he felt that the call of the humble followers of Christ was to crowd beneath the covert of the Saviour's wings, and there to prepare for the coming fiery trials that awaited them.

He is frequently at Granby Lodge now, for he has promised Elizabeth that he will see her frequently. She has heard much of the impending troubles, the new laws, the persecutions of the humbler classes, the imprisonment of the bishops, the silencing of the preachers of righteousness; and knowing Walter's unflinching fidelity, she trembles for her beloved.

They have spent a pleasant hour together, and Elizabeth can scarcely bear to see him depart.

"I have none upon earth but thee, Walter; and if the hand of power toucheth thee, what becometh of one so frail and feeble?"

"The Lord directeth all our ways, my love; He will put nothing upon us that we are not able to bear. Let us walk close to Him, living just day by day, and we shall be at peace."

She leaned her head upon his shoulder, and he laid one hand gently and caressingly upon the bended head, while with the other arm he supported the trembling form.

"Heaven bless thee, sweet one, and strengthen thee for all that is to come; and if we are never to pass our lives together on the earth, may we meet where there is no more parting."

"Amen! Walter; but come often; thy visits are so cheering, so strengthening to my poor weak heart."

Rising now, he bade a cheerful farewell, saying "that he would come soon again," and in another minute was out upon the piazza, and soon mounted, Elizabeth watching his retreating figure until entirely out of sight.

CHAPTER XV.

QUEEN MARY'S BONFIRES.

THERE was much singing of *Te Deum* in the kingdom when the Church was proclaimed reconciled to the Pope of Rome. Then it was that the slavish Parliament put its neck under the Queen's foot, and other bonfires followed soon. It was a dismal New-Year. Thirty citizens, men and women, privately receiving the communion from their minister, Master Rose, were haled to prison. In the last of January the bishops had commission from the Cardinal to try all preachers and heretics that lay in prison.

Eager to let loose the fiery laws, Gardiner summoned that very day Bishop Hooper, Master Rogers, and others in the church of St. Mary Overy. Lord Marmaduke Fitzhugh stood with others at the church-door to see the prisoners come out.

Just as it was growing dark, they were remanded to prison until nine the next morning; and as they came forth, Bishop Hooper looked back and waited a little for Master Rogers, whom he cheerfully addressed, saying:

"Come, brother Rogers, must we two take this matter first in hand, and begin to fry these fagots?"

"By God's grace we will," answered Rogers.

"Doubt not," returned the good bishop, "but God will give us that."

And so they passed on, hand in hand, much cheered and pressed by the people.

Next day they were re-examined, condemned, and degraded. The sheriffs had much trouble to guard them to a place of concealment, where they kept them until dark, hoping that the throng would disperse ere they crossed the bridge at Newgate.

But that was no easy task; for about eight o'clock there was a loud cry that the prisoners were coming, when the people along the route came out hastily, bringing their candles, shielding them from the wind by their hands, and calling, in excited voices, words of good cheer to the bishops.

"They thought to do a deed of darkness in the dark," said Heding, who was standing by Lord Marmaduke, "and to smuggle them across the bridge under cover of night, and so had all the lights put out; but if they 're ashamed of their work, let them abye it!"

"God speed you, Master Hooper! God save you, Master Rogers! the blessing of God be on you, and all like unto you!" said several voices in the crowd.

"The same to you all, dear friends!" responded the voice of the good bishop, as he passed. "The Lord have you all in His holy keeping!"

Several covered their faces and wept, as the good man disappeared in the darkness.

A man enveloped in a cloak, who had stood close by Lord Marmaduke during the scene, now accosted him:

"Is this Lord Marmaduke Fitzhugh?" inquired the stranger.

"It is; and thou?"

"Bernard Gilpin. I have seen thee at Lyndhurst more than once; dost remember me?"

"I wot that thou art Master Berkeley's friend; is that so?"

"Thou sayest truly; and how fareth the good man?"

"Well in health, but sorely pressed in spirit."

"Heavy days are these, young man," sighed the godly minister, "when it behooveth us to try our spirits daily, and to live very near our Lord and Master."

"Where tarriest thou, good master?" inquired the young nobleman.

"At the little inn on the other side of the bridge."

"That cannot be; my mother will gladly welcome one of our Lord's dear servants."

Hastening across the bridge, Marmaduke settled the bill, took up his portmanteau, and, linking arms with the minister, recrossed the bridge. Seated in a quiet room, their conversation was carried on until a late hour in the night, Master Gilpin telling what he had seen and heard.

"I was present," said he, "at the great convocation, held at St. Mary's Church in April. And, truly, it was

a stirring sight when these great and good men, Bishops Ridley and Latimer, were brought up before their enemies. Going in great pomp through the streets to Christ's Church, the doctors of the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford attended service there, when the choir sang a psalm, and after that a collect was read.

"Then they dined with the Mayor of the town and others.

"After which they all went in a pompous procession to St. Mary's Church; and the commissioners, to the number of thirty-three, sat on seats before the altar in their scarlet robes. First they sent for Dr. Cranmer, who paid his respects to them with much humility, standing with staff in his hand. Then certain articles were read to him, asking him if he would subscribe to them. He read them over seriously three or four times, and said 'that they were all false and contrary to God's word, and therefore he would not subscribe to them.'

"Then came Dr. Ridley, who, hearing the articles read, immediately replied that they 'were false,' and in bold, decided tones refused subscription. Last of all, came in Master Latimer, with a handkerchief and two or three caps on his head, his spectacles hanging by a string at his breast, and a staff in his hand, but was allowed to sit down on account of his infirmities. After denial of the articles, when Wednesday was appointed for disputation, he alleged age, sickness, disease, and lack of books; complaining that he was permitted to have neither pen, nor ink, nor any book but the New Testament, then in his hand, which

he said he had read over seven times deliberately, and yet could not find the Mass in it; neither 'marrow, bones, nor sinews of the same.'

"Dr. Weston angrily replied, that 'he would make him grant that it had both marrow, bones, and sinews in the New Testament.'

"To which Master Latimer said again:

"'That you will never do, Doctor;' and so they put him to silence.

"There was so great a throng of people that some of the beadles swooned, and were carried into the vestry.

"I attended upon the discussion, lasting five days, when most mournfully did these confessors maintain the truth of the Gospel, in much meekness, with profound learning, and in the midst of a host of bitter enemies, the subject of dispute being the real presence in the sacrament."

"Naught is before them but the fagot and the stake," replied Marmaduke; "thus far the humbler classes have been the sufferers, for the nobles generally sail with the tide; but faithful bishops will meet with no mercy."

Next day we find Lord Marmaduke and Master Gilpin walking in the neighborhood of Hoding's dwelling, for Ralph had bespoken the young nobleman's interest in his relative's family.

Entering the house, they found the poor wife in great distress.

"Woe is me!" said Barbara; "they have arrested Gilbert, and carried him off to Bonner's palace; we may

e'en give him up for lost; for he maketh the real presence a net for catching small and great."

Hoding was brought up first, and as was his custom, Bonner asked him "if he believed in the real presence in the sacrament?" to which the prisoner answered meekly, but firmly, that "he did not," and gave his reasons.

Then Bonner, in his rage, struck him in the face with his fist, and tore out a handful of his hair. Hoding bore this patiently, remembering the meek sufferer, who, when buffeted, opened not his mouth.

. . . . . .

In a few days we find Master Gilpin at Lyndhurst, on a visit to his friend, for "the Apostle of the North" had been the bosom-friend of Walter Berkeley for years, and ere he returns to his people at Houghton-le-spring, he is seeking the strength and comfort of his society.

His present field of labor comprises fourteen villages, which had been so neglected that there was scarcely a vestige of Christianity among them. Gilpin set himself diligently to work at once, and, by resolution, diligence, prudence, and perseverance, he finally succeeded, with the blessing of God, in producing a wonderful change, not only in the character of his own parishioners, but of the savage inhabitants of the northern districts. Perceiving him to be a teacher different from all that had preceded him, the people crowded about him, and by his pastoral and affectionate treatment, he quickly gained their confidence, respect, and affection. In these stormy

times, his steady, though mild adherence to the reformed religion, brought him into many dangers and troubles, from which, under Divine Providence, he was often delivered by the favor of Bishop Tonstal. The malice of his enemies was increased by his unaffected piety and holy life, which formed a strong contrast to former rectors. It was therefore determined, if possible, to remove so able a reformer.

. . . . . .

"Welcome, my brother!" said his friend, leading him forward into his study.

"This looketh like a quiet sanctuary in these troublous days, Walter, for I am just from London, where Bonner rageth against the true faith; already numbers are in prison, and the bonfires have commenced to blaze."

"They will not reach thee, Bernard, in thy distant parish."

"Say not so, good friend, for there are enemies who would hale me to prison to-morrow if they could. 'In your patience, possess ye your souls;' that is our attitude, Bernard."

Like Bunyan's pilgrim, Gilpin's visit was much akin to his sojourn in "the Chamber of Peace," for the atmosphere of Lyndhurst was ever that of benediction. Riding over to see Mistress Templeton ere he returned home, his tenderest feelings were awakened for the lonely lady, so cut off from cheerful social intercourse; and on their way back to Lyndhurst, their talk was all of Elizabeth, for

Master Gilpin had known her from the days of early youth.

"We know not what lieth before us, Bernard," said his companion; "but should aught remove me suddenly hence, thou wilt befriend her, for she hath none but me."

"Thou mayest trust me, Walter, for she seemeth to me sacred as thy wedded wife."

The next day witnessed the parting of the friends.

"Heaven knoweth when we meet again, good Walter," said his friend; "it may be at the gate of the golden city."

"The Lord bless thee and keep thee, my brother," was the reply, as they clasped hands for the last time.

He is gone, and we turn back again to the metropolis and its woes.

. . . . . .

Several months have passed by, in which Hoding bore his imprisonment patiently, and even cheerfully. The story of the brave martyr will be told in Marmaduke's own words.

"To the Lady Geraldine Ormsby.

"Heaven be praised that thou art not in London, sweet one, for sore trials await God's people in these dark days. Ralph's cousin, Gilbert Hoding, is under sentence of death, and, for the confirming of my own faith in Christ, I visited Newgate, where I saw Hoding, young Talbot, and Master Rogers, the latter to suffer to-morrow. To hear him talk, one might imagine that he saw the beatific vision, by which he mightily strengthens his brethren.

"Not being allowed to see his wife, he prayed me to give her a kerchief, the only token that he had to send, and to 'bid her,' if she had strength for it, to be by the wayside next morn, on the way to Smithfield.

"Thou mayest be sure that I will take pains to fulfil his request, and take her there myself. There was very tender love between Rogers and his family, and great must be the faith which could sustain him under such heavy sorrow.

. . . . . .

"I can scarcely bear to pain thee, sweet one, with such grievous stories; but I think of naught else. Yesterday was a doleful day, for it was the day when the martyr suffered.

"I went at an early hour to Rogers' house; pitiable was the scene in that once cheerful dwelling. After a few words of prayer, supporting the wife upon my own arm, and followed by her children, we stood in waiting by the dismal road-side. When the martyr came by, I held one of his little children toward him, prompting him to say, 'The Lord will strengthen thee, father,' which, indeed, he did. Ah! sweet one, if thou hadst seen the silent anguish on the poor wife's face, and the sweet submission on his, thy tender heart would have bled at the sight.

"As though to confirm the courage of those who were to suffer after him, Rogers literally bathed his hand in the flame, as though he felt no smart. But, alas! after the translation of that blessed martyr, Hoding's courage

seemed to fail, therefore much prayer was made for him by the brethren in bonds; and at more than one solitary bedside, doubtless, they were assured on his behalf, for he was much strengthened after this. In five days, the lad Talbot, who stood by his brothers, heard all four condemned to die by Bonner. That evening Agnes and I went to Hoding's wife, whom we found in strong convulsions, with many sympathizing women around her; and leaving Agnes with her, I went on to Newgate, and found access to poor Hoding.

"At the first glance I saw by the steady light in his eye that all was right.

"'For a while,' said he, 'I was in great darkness, that I might know that the strength within me was none of my own; but my Friend is with me now, and I shall be with Him forever in the world beyond. It matters naught whether my ashes be scattered by the winds of heaven, or buried in a silent grave. I thank thee, Lord Marmaduke, for what thou hast done for Barbara and the children; thou wilt not forsake them, and when I am gone she will go to her friends in the country. Tell her to read the seventy-seventh Psalm; I know that it will comfort her. See what she hath made for me to wear to-morrow; I call it my wedding garment. Tell her that every stitch showeth her faith. Don't come to Smithfield, Lord Marmaduke; only stand by as I go along. Thou hast risked too much for me already.'

"Most of the night I prayed for him; and next day I

stood near as he came forth. I saw his calm and holy face; as our eyes met, in a voice full of music, he said:

"'The Lord is with me, my brother.'

"When he reached the place, he put his arms around the stake and kissed it; and then, laying aside his worn and tattered clothes, he put on the robe of immortality, and stood firm while they chained him to the stake.

"It was sickening to see the heartless crowd that came to see this good man die. Amid blows and reviling, I pushed forward, and saw there a puff of black smoke and a bright flame leaping up.

"I had one glimpse of Hoding's face, that seemed almost transfigured. I saw no more, for my eyes were blinded with tears and my throat choked with sobs.

"I went home, Geraldine, not to pray for him (for he was within the golden gates of everlasting praise), but to pray for ourselves in these days of fiery trial, for who knoweth, sweet one, whose turn cometh next?

"May we be found steadfast and immovable in that solemn hour!

"Alas! alas! the land is full of horrors, full of blood and fire and smoke.

"Men look at each other with ashy faces and dumb lips; for while Gardiner and Bonner rule, we fear to speak.

"It is a comfort to minister to Hoding's family; to-day I saw them provided with everything that they needed, and on their way to the country, remembering

that 'a cup of cold water given in the name of the Lord shall not lose its reward.'

"Barbara's sorrows are much lightened, for she hath hope; but who would sit in Bonner's seat? for he dwelleth very near the mouth of the pit. While the enemy rageth, let us abide, sweet one, under the shadow of the rock, for we may find it even in this weary world. We dare not look forward to the future, for the storm-clouds are casting their dark shadows over our bower of hope; and we must e'en leave all with our Lord and Master.

"The Lord bless thee and keep thee, sweet one, prayeth one who loveth thee truly and well.

"MARMADUKE."

. . . . . .

As the horrors multiply, we find the Queen's health rapidly on the decline, her distressing maladies still more frequent, doubtless much increased by the state of mind which must have attended these terrible persecutions.

In a secret interview with Bonner, we find her describing the visions of a night of storm.

"Thou knowest not," said the Queen, "what hours of anguish we pass. Last night, during the raging of the elements, our chamber was filled with sobs and groans, and, with eyes closed or open, we saw naught but imploring eyes and hands uplifted, which way soever we turned in our misery. Must it be that our pen signeth the death-warrant for our own subjects, entailing such woe upon humanity? Must it be so?"

"If thou art truly an obedient servant of the holy Church, thou wouldst trample on human feelings until they are extinct; for knowest thou not that as Queen of England, thou art called upon to exterminate the enemies of the holy Church — sympathy for such, is disloyalty to God."

"Alas!" replied the Queen, "it is a weary road that we are called to travel."

"These thoughts are sore temptations," replied Bonner, "and heavy penances alone can rid your Grace of their satanic power."

Subservient to her spiritual guide, the Queen submitted willingly to penances prescribed by a bishop of the Church, who was thus striving to crush out what remained of a woman's heart.

Terrible, indeed, must be that iron system of priestcraft which lays its cruel hand upon the freedom of the human will, and on the warm throbs of human affection, bringing both into slavish subjection to a proud and arrogant priesthood.

Heaven defend our free land from such a domination in any form!

"There is life yet," said Bonner to his colleague, when discussing the Queen's state of mind.

"There may be," replied Gardiner; "howbeit, there are signs of dying; such treatment as we propose worketh slowly. Queen Mary is not what she was when she was crowned, and with the King to aid us, we are sure of tri-

umph; for the silly, love-sick Queen hath no will but his."

Thus worked the mystery of iniquity in that gloomy period — no less a mystery now than then. And so the bonfires raged, and the poor bigoted Queen thought that she was doing God service in burning heretics.

CHAPTER XVI.

SEED WATERED BY BLOOD.

THROUGH months of long confinement and wearisome debate, the two good Bishops Ridley and Latimer had withstood all the bitter persecutions and taunts of their enemies, and yet remained firm as a rock. But they are travelling towards the end. The members of the court repaired to St. Mary's church, and, seated on a high throne trimmed with cloth of tissue and silk, the lords summoned Dr. Ridley to appear before them, who was placed at a framed table, a good space from the bishops' feet, which had a silk cloth cast over it, the place encompassed in a quadrate form, partly to keep off the press who came in to see the end. After a long disputation, ending in another call to recant and yield to the authority of Rome, which was firmly refused, sentence of condemnation was passed upon Dr. Ridley by Lincoln, Bishop of London, and after he was committed to prison, Master Latimer was sent for. Having passed through the same forms with great intrepidity, the aged bishop refused to deny his Lord, and was likewise condemned and sent to prison. They had reached the end at length, and the next step was degradation from the sacred min

istry. When called upon by the Bishop of Gloucester to take off his cap and put on the priest's surplice, Dr. Ridley replied "that he would not;" remaining unmoved, the said surplice was put upon him, with all the trinkets pertaining to the Mass. While they were putting on the vestment, he vehemently inveighed against the Romish bishop, calling him "anti-Christ, and this apparel too foolish and abominable for a device in a play;" insomuch, that the bishop bade him "hold his peace, or he should be gagged." But Dr. Ridley replied that, "so long as his tongue and breath would suffer him, he would speak against their abominable doings, whatsoever happened unto him for so doing."

But when they came to the place where Dr. Ridley should hold the chalice and wafer-cake, (called singing-bread,) they bade him hold the same in his hands; but he refused, saying: "They shall not come into my hands, for if they do they shall fall to the ground for me." Then one was appointed to hold them there, while the bishop read a certain thing in Latin, touching the degradation of spiritual persons, according to the Popish law.

Then they put a book in his hand, and read another thing in Latin; the effect thereof was:

"We do take thee the office of preaching the gospel, &c.," at which words Dr. Ridley gave a great sigh, looking up towards heaven, saying:

"O Lord God, forgive them this their wickedness."

Having arrayed him in the Mass-gear, they then pro-

ceeded to take it off. When all was taken from him, saving only the surplice on his back, as they were reading and taking it away, Dr. Ridley said unto them:

"What power be you of that you can take from a man that which he never had? I was never a singer in all my life, and yet you will take from me that which I never had."

The degradation being over, Dr. Brooks called the bailiffs, delivering Dr. Ridley to them, with the charge to keep him safely until brought to the place of execution.

Then Dr. Ridley said, "God, I thank thee, and to thy praise be it spoken, that there is none of you all able to lay to my charge any open or notorious crime, for, if you could, it would surely be laid on my lap, I see very well."

Wonderfully were these noble confessors sustained throughout all their sufferings, blessing Jesus that they were deemed worthy to suffer death for His glorious name.

The place of execution was appointed on the north side of the town, in the ditch near Baliol College; and for fear of any tumult that night in attempting to hinder their burning, the Lord Williams was commanded to be there assisting, sufficiently supported.

Everything being in readiness, the prisoners were brought forth.

Dr. Ridley had a fair black gown, furred and faced with foens, such as he was wont to wear as bishop, and a tippet of velvet, furred likewise about his neck, a velvet night-cap on his head, and a corner-cap upon the same,

going in a pair of slippers to the stake, between the Mayor and an alderman.

After him came Master Latimer, in a poor Bristow frock much worn, with his buttoned-cap and kerchief on his head, all ready for the fire, a new long shroud hanging over his hose down to his feet, which, at the first sight, stirred men's hearts to pity these noble martyrs, drawing strong contrasts between the honor in which they had always been held, and the calamity which had befallen them.

As Dr. Ridley passed Bocardo, looking up to where Dr. Cranmer lay, he hoped to have seen him at the window, and to have spoken farewell words. But the good man was too busy with Friar Soto and his fellows disputing together, so that he could not see him. Then, looking back, he espied Master Latimer coming after, saying:

"Oh, be you there?"

"Yea," answered Latimer, "have after as fast as I can follow."

So, following a short way off, at length they reached the stake, one after the other, when Dr. Ridley, entering the place first, earnestly holding up both his hands, looked towards heaven; then, shortly after, seeing Master Latimer, with a wondrous cheerful look, he ran to him, embraced and kissed him, and comforted him, saying:

"Be of good heart, brother, for God will either assuage the fury of the flame, or else strengthen us to abide it."

Then he went to the stake, kneeled down by it, and

prayed earnestly, Master Latimer kneeling behind him, earnestly calling upon God. After they arose, they talked to each other a little; then Dr. Smith preached a sermon, denouncing them as heretics. At many of his false accusations, they lifted up their hands and eyes to heaven, as though calling upon God to witness.

Dr. Ridley, on his knees, begged permission to speak a few words for Christ's sake, which being rudely refused, because he would not yet recant, he arose from his knees, and said, solemnly:

"So long as the breath is in my body, I will never deny my Lord Christ and His known truth; His will be done in me." And ended, in a loud voice, "I then commit our cause to Almighty God, who will indifferently judge all."

Master Latimer added a few meek words, when they were commanded to make themselves ready, which they promptly obeyed.

Dr. Ridley took his gown and tippet and gave them to his brother-in-law, some other of his apparel of little worth he gave away, the remainder being taken by the bailiff He also gave away many small things to gentlemen standing by, many of them weeping pitifully; to Sir Henry Lea a new groat, and to several of my Lord Williams's napkins, nutmegs, pieces of ginger, his dial, and such things as he had about him, and happy was he who got a rag from the noble martyr. Master Latimer gave nothing, but quietly suffered his keeper to pull off his hose and other array, which was very simple, and being

stripped to his shroud, he seemed as comely a father as one might well behold in his venerable old age. Then Dr. Ridley being in his shirt, stood upon the stone, holding up his hand, and said:

"O, heavenly Father, I give unto thee most hearty thanks, for that thou hast called me to be a professor of thee, even unto death; I beseech thee, Lord God, have mercy on this realm of England, and deliver the same from all her enemies."

Then the smith took a chain of iron and fastened it around their waists; and his brother brought a bag of gunpowder and tied it about his neck, doing the same for Master Latimer.

Then they brought a lighted fagot and laid it at Dr. Ridley's feet, when Master Latimer said:

"Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as, I trust, shall never be put out."

When Dr. Ridley saw the fire flaming up towards him, he cried with a loud voice:

"Into Thy hands I commit my spirit;" and afterward repeated this often, "Lord, Lord, receive my spirit."

Master Latimer, on the other side, cried out as loud, "O Father of heaven, receive my soul!" receiving the flame as though embracing it. After he had bathed his face and hands a little while in the fire, he soon died, with little or no pain. Thus departed on wings of fire this aged servant of the Lord, Bishop Latimer, whose

laborious travels, faithful life, and constant death, the whole realm of England yet delights to honor.

But Dr. Ridley suffered exquisite torture, for the fagots being green, would not burn. It moved hundreds to tears to see the horrible sight,—some taking it grievously who held their lives so dear; some pitied their persons, who knew that their souls had no need of pity.

Gone they are from this world of sin and sorrow, but its rewards they have now; for the Church for centuries hath remembered those holy confessors in her holy chants whenever she sings,

"The noble army of martyrs praise thee."

What reward remaineth for them in the day of Christ's glory, when he cometh with his saints to raise the dead, we cannot tell; for "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." This we know, that they suffer no more; for they are with the multitude that John describes in the Apocalypse.

"I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held.

"And white robes were given unto every one of them. These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

The crowd have dispersed, save a very few who linger around the sacred spot; the charred remains lie dishon-

ored on the ground; their ashes, mingled with their blood, blown by the winds of heaven like holy seed throughout the realm, for true it is, that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church."

News hath reached Lyndhurst of these dreadful scenes, and we find the dwellers at the castle deeply moved at the terrible recital; for the names of Ridley and Latimer were dear as household names in every Protestant home.

The intense sympathy of the Earl's family found expression on the following Sunday, when, in their secret worship, they remembered those in prison for conscience' sake in the heartfelt prayers of their service-book. Hugh Digby was present, a witness to this unmistakable community of feeling, and so were the dwellers at the Lodge—Lettice shedding floods of tears at the recital of the sufferings of the noble martyrs. There is much talk in the servants' hall of the scenes at London, and Hugh, seated among them, is generally silent.

Passing Master Berkeley's study, the door is open, and hearing voices within, he stands concealed, an earnest listener to the conversation.

"She may well be called 'bloody Queen Mary,'" said Geraldine, "to put her pen to paper for such dark deeds of foul murder. Satan hath filled her heart, and who knoweth what cometh next?"

"Their blood crieth to heaven," was the reply; "and terrible will be the inquisition when the Lord cometh in His majesty to avenge His slaughtered saints."

"We are poor blind mortals, Master Berkeley, for who can fathom the mystery of God's dealings with His Church?"

"Thou mayest well say that, daughter, for here are two godly men burned at the stake for maintaining the truth of the Gospel; and Gardiner and Bonner, notorious for their ungodly lives, running riot over God's heritage, the Queen of England, in her blind bigotry, upholding the same."

Just then, the master perceiving the open door, arose and closed it, Hugh passing on with a budget of intelligence for future use.

Father Gulielmus is on a visit to Englewood, a genuine member of the Spanish Inquisition, sleek, subtle, cruel; and we find him in Father Alphonso's chamber, deep in a secret conference.

"The Queen is urgent concerning Bonner's instruction to the priests," said the former, "meaning that they be enforced, for the spirit of resistance to the Church must be crushed throughout the realm. How dost find the people of thine own parish?"

"Obedient, generally, save the Earl of Carrington's family, who do not attend Mass, or in any way conform to the Church."

"Why not proceed against them? we have plenty of the humbler people as warnings to their class. We must have a notable case among the nobles; thus far we have attainted none."

"We hesitate in dealing with the Earl's family, for they have ever been loyal to the throne of England; and in the late disturbances, Lord Algernon Ormsby, the eldest son, took an active part in the defence of the Queen."

"It is well to have warnings in every county. Are there no humbler families that need watching?"

"We have a paid servant in the Earl's family. He is gathering intelligence; but Bonner and Gardiner have their hands full enough already, when the time cometh we shall have fuel for the fagots. I have my eye on one family already."

Ere Father Gulielmus leaves Englewood, Hugh is summoned to meet him; and, receiving additional charges and liberal compensation, the priest returned to court and the forester to his work.

The winter months rolled on, dark, dreary, dismal, for, during the chief part of Queen Mary's reign, there was a series of inclement seasons, with so much rain as greatly to damage the harvests. In this dismal winter, Bishop Hooper suffered a cruel death, being in the flames three quarters of an hour, but maintaining his patience and firmness to the last. Early in the spring, after a long and tedious trial, Archbishop Cranmer joined the noble army of martyrs, holding the hand in the flame that, in a moment of weakness, had signed his recantation. Many others followed, for now the enemy raged against the little flock. Worn out with these dreadful scenes, Mar-

maduke came to Lyndhurst to rest his weary spirit among the friends that he loved.

"Thou lookest pale and heart-sick, Marmaduke," said Geraldine, as, seated by his side with clasped hands, they met once more.

A wan, sickly smile passed over his manly features, as he replied:

"It were hard to wear a cheerful face, sweet one, when seeing almost daily such sights of horror. I was present at the martyrdom of the good bishops, and the memory of Bishop Hooper's tortures are with me day and night. Then I have seen women, and even children, in the flames, and have passed much time in going among the survivors of these martyred ones; so that all pleasant images seem blotted out of memory; and I come, sweet one, to thy dear side for one blessed glimpse of holy charity."

With spirits broken by this constant communion with suffering, Marmaduke bowed his head between his hands and wept.

Geraldine laid her fair hand on the manly head, saying, tenderly:

"It is good for thee to weep, love. Heaven bless thee, my own dear Marmaduke! But art thou not exposing thyself to danger in this open sympathy with the reformed faith?"

He raised his eyes a moment, to fix them on Geraldine's face, as he replied:

"It may, perchance, be so; but how could I hold

back my sorrow and my help from such sufferings as these?"

Tarrying a few weeks, the tints of spring, with their enlivening beauty, were on the landscape, and the two spent much time in wandering amid dear familiar scenes, communing of the past and the future, their spiritual life deepening as it flowed on through channels of sorrow and adversity. It had been a season of refreshment and strength to both.

"Heaven defend thee, sweet one!" said the young nobleman, as he bade adieu to Geraldine.

"I can scarcely say farewell, Marmaduke, for my heart forebodeth evil to thee, love, in that city of blood, and fire and smoke."

"We are the Lord's, Geraldine; and He doeth all things well. Let us trust Him evermore."

Marmaduke passed slowly out of the hall and down the avenue, Geraldine returning to Master Berkeley in the study, where a few words of sweet, confiding prayer from the good man quieted her trembling heart.

CHAPTER XVII.

SNARES FOR THE MAY QUEEN.

THE skies are bright and smiling, the hawthorn hedges are in full bloom, and the sweet spring birds sing just as cheerily as though no heavy pall of sorrow hung over the realm of England. The May-pole stands in the spot where it has been for many years; but there is no coronation in this dreary season, no flowers and gay streamers adorn the old memorial of by-gone happy days. Some few children are seen in the early dawn going out to gather the May buds, for in that blessed season of our existence, sorrow sits but lightly, and the simple pleasures of childhood fill up the vision of their sweet hopefulness, and so the little ones only join the winged songsters in singing the May song.

"I wonder why we don't have a queen?" said a little girl, passing by the May-pole.

"They say that there is too much trouble in London to think of such things now," replied another.

"But that is not here," said a third; "and I think we might have one happy day."

"Let us play Queen," said the first speaker.

And away ran the second to gather the children to-

gether; and, with horn and hautboy, they soon assembled to get ready for the sport.

Quickly the little hands trimmed the lower part of the tall May-pole; and, in their ordinary dress, the children crowned little Betsy Primrose as their Queen; and Master Berkeley smiled sadly as he passed the spot, to see them dancing just as merrily around the May-pole as though no martyrs' fires burned that very day at Smithfield.

"Let them sport while they may, sweet lambs!" said the good man; "it were a pity that they should know of the woes of England."

And so he took a seat under a large tree to watch their merriment, the children all the happier for the blessing of the good rector.

Hugh visits once more at the lodge, for he had ceased to persecute Lettice with his addresses, and is more gracious than usual to the family, thus gaining somewhat of their confidence, and throwing them off their guard in his presence. He is even more civil to Robin, and sometimes speaks to him about the day when Lettice and he will dwell in the neat little home that Robin is trying to improve for her sake. Unsuspicious of evil, they are misled by Hugh's changed conduct, and hope that he has ceased to be an enemy.

Lettice is fond of reading, for Master Berkeley has taught her carefully, and Hugh surprises her occasionally in reading heretical books.

"What hast thou, fair Lettice, in thy hand?" said the

forester, one day, seeing her on the settle at the door of the lodge.

"A good book that Master Berkeley hath lent to me," was the reply.

"Wilt favor me with some of thy reading?" said Hugh; "for I am but a poor scholar."

Lettice then proceeded to read, and Hugh cast down his eyes in malicious triumph, as she read outspoken heresy.

"Dost wot that these are forbidden books, Miss Lettice?"

"So I have been told; but there are none here who would report of poor humble Lettice; for what do I to make an enemy?"

"The Queen is bound to root out heresy from the land, and perchance she might hear of Mistress Lettice."

On another occasion, he found her reading the service-book of King Edward, and Hugh remarked quietly:

"Dost wot that this book is suppressed throughout England?"

"Yea, truly; but our wicked Queen findeth them not all, I trow."

"What wouldst thou say an' I tell thee that there are some who pray for the Queen's death?" inquired the forester.

"I marvel not that it be so; for Queen Mary is a bitter curse to the Reformed Church, Master Digby."

"Dost wot that the worshippers in the turret could all be attainted by order of the Queen?"

"For what, Master Digby?"

"For denying the doctrine of the Mass, and partaking of the Lord's Supper in the turret."

Lettice turned a startled look upon Hugh's face, that remained stolid under the innocent gaze, as she asked hastily:

"What art thou, Master Digby? Art thou a Papist?"

"My joining in the worship up there is my answer, Mistress Lettice; I am not so devout as thou art, albeit, a follower of the true Church."

In a few days after this interview, a cage was sent to the lodge for Lettice, containing a sky-lark, with Master Digby's humble duty.

"Do I keep it, mother?" said the young girl.

"Thou mayest, I trow; for the forester seemeth to visit thee now as a friend only, and it is not well to make him an enemy."

Returning thanks by the boy, she hung up the cage outside of the lodge-door, but the sight of the poor drooping bird touched the tender heart of Lettice, and we find her bemoaning its confinement.

"It will never sing, mother; see how it droopeth," said the young girl. "I cannot bear to see the sweet bird shut up in that little cage, when it belongeth to the bright blue sky."

And taking the cage out to a field not far off, she opened the door, and in a few minutes the bird was free; and first commenced a low, sweet carol as it sat upon the grass, and

then soaring upward, singing its loudest, clearest notes, was soon lost in the fleecy clouds.

"Thou art free, sweet bird," said Lettice; "and I shall be happier all day now that thou art in thine own home."

In a few days Hugh was passing the lodge-gate, and seeing the empty cage, stopped a moment to inquire:

"Hast lost thy bird, Mistress Lettice?" asked the forester.

"I could not see it mope, Master Digby, and so I gave the bird its freedom."

Hugh's countenance fell, and a dark frown settled on his brow, as he replied:

"Thou wouldst not thus have tossed away Robin Heathcote's gifts, I trow."

"I am grieved that thou art wroth, but liberty is sweet, and the bird hath a right to its own blue sky; thou wouldst have rejoiced hadst thou heard the carols as it rose upward."

"Who gave to thee the ring-doves, Mistress Lettice? Thou has not set them free."

She blushed, as she replied:

"They do not pine so for the open sky as doth the sky-lark."

"Good-day, Mistress Lettice!" and the forester turned away to brood darkly over his mortifications.

Lettice seldom went away from home now without meeting Hugh, who had again changed his conduct towards the young girl, renewing his addresses. Meeting

Lettice just coming out of the castle, where she had been on an errand for her father, he escorted her.

"Whither so fast, Mistress Lettice? Canst thou not stop one moment?"

"My father is waiting, Master Digby, and bade me return quickly."

"Just one moment, Mistress Lettice;" and, taking the young girl's hand, Hugh led her to a seat under one of the forest-trees, where she was compelled to listen.

"Thou must not scorn me, Mistress Lettice," said the man.

"I do not scorn thee; pray let me go."

"Not until I tell thee how I have tried in vain to think of aught but thee. Thou art in my thoughts day and night; and Robin Heathcote shall not call thee wife."

"Let me go, Master Digby! thou frightest me!"

"I tell thee, Lettice Kenworthy, if thou art *not mine*, Robin shall *never* call thee wife!" and the dark eyes shot out gleams of anger from beneath the knitted brow.

"What doest thou to Robin? he hath harmed thee never."

"He standeth between thee and me, Lettice; were it not for thy love of Robin, thou mightest be mine."

"Never, Master Digby;" and Lettice rose suddenly to her feet; "were there no Robin Heathcote, I could love thee never."

"I pray you, why not, fair mistress?"

"Our natures are too far apart; there is naught in thine to draw my woman's heart."

Hugh drew in his breath, and his white teeth gleamed savagely between his half-closed lips, as he said, in low tones:

"Beware, Lettice Kenworthy, how thou makest an enemy of one who loveth thee madly!"

"I fear thee not, Master Digby; there are those around me who will protect me from thy violence."

"Thou art even now, Lettice, in the hands of a powerful foe; thou knowest not what thou defiest." Then hissing in her ear in low, sharp tones, he continued: "What wouldst thou say an' I tell thee that at any moment I could bring thee under the fiery law of the Church? Cast off this poor, mean rustic, and give thyself to a true man, able to defend thee, and thou art safe; but refuse, and Hugh Digby is thine enemy, and thou art lost."

Even meek Lettice Kenworthy could glow with honest indignation; and, standing firmly, replied:

"Shame upon thee, Master Digby, so to threaten a defenceless woman, and so to insult me with thy base proposals! Turn from one so true and noble as Robin Heathcote to mate with thee!—thou knowest not the depth of love that filleth my heart for Robin. I would not listen to thee to save my life!"

"Be it so, Mistress Lettice; thou hast chosen thine own lot."

Bursting into tears, she sat down one moment, folding her hands meekly on her lap, and saying:

"Thou canst not harm me without the will of my Father, and He will give me strength to bear whatsoever cometh." Turning away, she added, "May God turn thy heart, Master Digby."

Father Gulielmus is here again, for Bishop Bonner is urgent to have the Queen's commands obeyed. Accordingly, on the following Sunday, they were read at St. Jude's, Father Alphonso giving notice that he was about going on a general visitation throughout his parish, warning the people that they must come to Confession and the Mass, on pain of the ecclesiastical laws punishing disobedience. Father Gulielmus is a stern adviser, "for," said he, "it is necessary for the peace and prosperity of the Holy Church, that examples be made of the disobedient in all ranks of life; of the humble, to intimidate offenders, and of the higher ranks, to keep them also in a state of wholesome fear."

Accordingly, we find Father Alphonso on a visit to the lodge, in company with Father Gulielmus. Addressing himself especially to Lettice, he inquired, sternly:

"Dost thou in obedience to the laws issued by our godly Queen attend upon Confession?"

"That I do not, and by God's grace, never will."

"What hast thou to say against the wholesome rules of the Church?"

"There is naught in the New Testament concerning such Confession."

"Hast thou no sins to confess, silly girl?"

"Many, every day; but not to an earthly priest. Our High-priest is in heaven; to Him I confess, and from Him obtain absolution."

"Dost thou, as an obedient child, attend upon the service of the Mass?"

"God forbid that I should partake of idolatry."

"Dost thou deny that the real presence abideth in the sacrament of the altar?"

"I deny it all; for what sayeth your own creed? that Christ doth perpetually sit at the right hand of His Father, both body and soul, until He come again. Now tell me, is He not in heaven our Advocate to make prayers for us unto God His Father? If that be so, He is not here upon earth in a piece of bread. If He did offer His body once for all, why make you a new offering? If with once offering He made all perfect, why do you, with a false offering, make all imperfect? If He should be worshipped in spirit and in truth, why do you worship a piece of bread? If He be eaten and drank in faith and in truth, if His flesh be not profitable to be among us, why do you say you make His flesh and blood, and say that it is profitable for body and soul?"

"You are a bold young heretic, with a flippant tongue," said the priest. "I pray you, where learned you this heresy?"

"From our godly minister, from the New Testament, and from the service-book of pious King Edward."

"Dost mean to abide in thy heresy?"

"By God's help I will, even unto death, if needs be."

"I give you one month to consider your rash conduct, Lettice Kenworthy."

"It will be the same, Father."

Leaving the same direction with the parents, the priest turned to leave the lodge, Father Gulielmus in threatening tones muttering something in Latin, which they took to be a curse.

"I have seen spirits as brave as that young fool tamed," said the priest; "if we had but the chambers of the Inquisition in England, as we have in Spain, we could soon exterminate heresy."

Woe filled the once happy hearts of the dwellers at the lodge, and finding the calamity that threatened them, Master Berkeley and the Lady Geraldine were there to comfort them.

"Thou must have a secret enemy, Lettice," said the lady; "or why should they single thee out from among those who will not conform?"

"I have one, Lady Geraldine, the forester at the castle; he hath persecuted me long with his addresses, and having repulsed him at length somewhat sharply, he warned me of his enmity."

"If that be so, he leaveth the castle at once," was the quick reply; "but Father Alphonso hath never seemed a harsh priest, perchance we may intercede for thee."

"I hope for nothing, Lady Geraldine; for there was a priest with him with a face like marble and an eye of fire."

"Thou art young and tender, Lettice, for such an ordeal," said the lady; "but the Lord will uphold thee."

"Thou art one of the Lord's own lambs," said Master Berkeley, "and He will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

Committing the trembling family to the blessed Master whom they served, the two took their leave, with hearts deeply solemnized as they realized how near the fiery law was coming.

The Lady Geraldine lost no time in communicating the alarming intelligence to the Earl, who sent at once for the forester.

"Knowest thou, Hugh, aught of the troubles at the lodge?"

"I have heard that Mistress Lettice is under the censure of Father Alphonso."

"Dost know why the priests singled out that sweet young girl? There were others more offending than she."

"She is a determined heretic, my lord."

"And what art thou?"

"A member of the true Church, my lord."

"What callest thou the true Church, Hugh Digby?"

"The Church of Rome, my lord."

"Then how camest thou here in my service? I supposed that thou wert one of us."

"There is other work beside tending upon deer and playing with rooks, my lord."

"And thou hast been a spy then all this while?"

Just then Geraldine entered, with an eye glowing with indignation.

"Is it true, Hugh Digby, that thou hast betrayed Lettice Kenworthy?"

"What meanest thou, Lady Geraldine, by betraying? Father Alphonso seeth that she cometh not to Mass."

"He knoweth the same of others. This is thy dark work, Hugh Digby, for thou art the declared enemy of Lettice, and none other would have harmed the fair young girl; thou art a very monster of iniquity. Send him away, my lord, for he is not fit to tarry beneath this roof another night."

Bowing low to the young lady, he replied, with a sneer:

"This suiteth me exactly. I have done my work at Lyndhurst, I have all I need; the knowledge of the turret, the heretical books, the contempt of the Mass, evil speaking of her sacred Majesty the Queen,—I have what I came for. I am needed elsewhere just now; but thou wilt probably hear from me again, 'my lord.'"

Directing the steward to pay his wages, the Earl sought Master Berkeley's study, deeply agitated by the revelations concerning the forester.

"We have had a spy among us," said the Earl, "and I doubt not in the service of the Church of Rome. We are wholly in his power, and he leaveth us in white anger with the Lady Geraldine."

"The Lord reigneth," said the good man; "the very hairs of our head are numbered. Let us trust our Mas-

ter. Duties are ours, my lord; events are under His control."

The month travelled on, day by day, hour by hour, minute by minute; and Father Alphonso is at the lodge again.

"I came for thy decision, Lettice Kenworthy," said the priest.

"It is just the same, Father," said Lettice, meekly, while her parents sat by, with blanched faces.

"Dost know, thou child of Satan, what followeth disobedience, when the Church layeth her commands upon thee personally?"

"Imprisonment; perchance, a fiery death.

"Dost know the anguish of burning fagots around thy tender limbs?"

"It is but for a moment, Father; then followeth an eternal weight of glory."

"Who told thee that it was but for a moment? Some have suffered tortures for nearly an hour; couldst thou endure that?"

"My Lord and Master will strengthen me according to my day."

"The choice is thine own. I leave thee to thy folly."

The priest passed out; and throwing her arms around her mother's neck, Lettice wept long and bitterly, for theirs had been a blessed home of sweet affection, to be rudely invaded now.

Robin had watched the priest's departure; and coming into their midst, he learned the terrible news.

"Who hath wrought this dire misfortune?" said the young man, dismay on every feature.

"None other than the forester, Robin," was the reply; "he hath been discharged from the castle; but it hath been discovered that he hath been a spy all the while."

"Then it behooveth us all to walk very closely with our Lord," said Robin, "for who knoweth how soon the enemy may be among us? But come, Lettice, let us take one of our quiet walks."

Side by side, the two, with slow, sad steps, travelled down the green lane that led to the lake; and, seated on its banks, they strengthened each other's hearts in prospect of coming sorrows.

"We have had some pleasant dreams, Robin," said the young girl. "It may be that they are never fulfilled in this weary world; but there is a land 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest.'"

"Yea, Lettice; and we shall meet there, and dwell together forever in the presence of our Lord."

"How many times we have sat here together," replied the young girl, "when we had not an earthly care, and knew naught of sorrow."

Returning home by his own humble dwelling, Robin stopped by the side of the fence, and said:

"It is beginning to look very pleasant, Lettice; I have planted strawberry-beds, and currant and gooseberry bushes; they are all thriving; and the beautiful roses in the front yard were planted all for thee, love."

Tears filled the sweet, blue eyes, as she replied:

"Alas! Robin; much I fear that I shall never dwell in this dear little cottage; but that must be e'en as the Lord willeth."

Day by day they met, a kind of silent agony filling each young heart, as they felt that each day might be the last.

They are returning from one of these sorrowful walks, and are startled by the sight of a carriage standing at the gate, and Dorothy coming to meet them, her face white with anguish.

"Oh, Lettice! Lettice! my darling, they are here!"

"Who, mother?"

"The priest and the Queen's officers; there is no help; thou must go;" wringing her hands with the excess of her grief.

Attended by Robin, Lettice entered the lodge, and there sat Father Gulielmus and two officers. Rising on his feet, the priest proceeded to read the warrant, summoning the young creature to London, to be examined on the charge of heresy.

Ralph sat rocking himself in his anguish, his face bowed between his hands, Dorothy groaning in the depth of her trouble, and Robin with arm thrown around Lettice, who, nearly fainting, leaned her fair head upon his shoulder.

"You cannot, must not take her," said the young man, almost frenzied; "she is mine, my Lettice, my betrothed."

"A warrant from the Queen cannot be disobeyed, young man," was the reply of the priest.

"Must I go now?" inquired the faint voice.

"Without further delay," was the quick reply.

"May I not get a change of clothing?"

"One of the officers will attend you to your chamber-door until you get what you need; but you must be speedy, young woman!"

Hastily attired for her journey, she concealed her service-book, a pencil, and some paper about her person, and then, with faltering steps, came down the stairs, and throwing her arms around her father's neck, she said:

"God bless and keep you, father dear; pray for me in my hour of trial."

And then turning to her mother in silent anguish, they stood folded in a last embrace, from which Robin, with trembling hands, released the poor fainting girl, and then, kissing brow and lips convulsively, he said:

"I must place thee in the carriage, love," and carrying her in his arms, he placed her on the seat and sat down by her side, until she revived enough to know who was near her.

"Farewell, Robin; we shall meet in a better world, comfort my dear parents, and be a son to them in the place of the daughter that they have lost."

Pressing the last kiss upon the sweet face of the May Queen, he left the carriage. One officer mounted the seat with the driver, the other entered the carriage with the

priest, and the driver, giving a loud crack of his whip, that seemed to rend the hearts in the lodge, the carriage drove off, and Lettice was seen no more. It were vain to tell all that the poor girl endured in her long journey to London, for Father Gulielmus, by persuasion and by threats, sought to move her resolution; but through all she maintained her firmness; and, wearied with her toilsome journey and the excitement of the last few days, it was a relief to be left alone in her cell when she reached her prison. There was a mattress on the floor, with a single blanket for a covering, a stool, and a crucifix hanging on the wall. After having partaken of some prison-fare, she laid herself down upon her hard, thin mattress, to think of home, of heaven, of Jesus; and so the poor persecuted girl fell asleep.

Early in the morning one bright ray of sunshine streamed in through a crack of the small window, and Lettice was comforted with the thought that it spoke of a Father who cared for his sorrowing children.

"If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him;" and, so clasping her hands in silent devotion, Lettice fed upon that crumb from her Father's board.

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We will return a moment to the sorrowing group at the lodge, and find Robin hurrying to the castle with the sad intelligence.

"Lettice is gone, gone!" said the young man to the Lady Geraldine; "and we shall see her no more."

Sitting down on the first chair, he burst into tears, and the lady inquired:

"What meanest thou, good Robin?"

"The Queen's officers, with Father Gulielmus, have taken her to London, on charge of heresy; and the cruel Bonner will show no pity to our lamb."

Geraldine's face blanched with terror; and, raising her eyes to heaven, she said:

"The days of woe are coming upon us. Lord, have mercy! Lord, strengthen us!"

In trembling, disjointed words, Robin told his woful tale; and the Earl, more than ever convinced of the necessity of leaving the kingdom, dispatched Algernon the next morning to London, to draw out his money from the banks.

"Thou must make great speed," said the Earl, "for Hugh Digby hath doubtless betrayed us all, and there is no time for delay."

They immediately set themselves to hastily packing up all that could be conveyed away, and large boxes filled with plate and other valuables were buried in the cellar; Godfrey, the old butler, and Jennie, his wife, alone being acquainted with their locality, for the Earl had entrusted them to their care, if the day should ever come that the family could return to England. He furnished them also with keys of entrance to the castle, should it be confiscated, that they might now and then obtain entrance. Ralph was dispatched to the coast to make inquiries con-

cerning the time of crossing the Channel; and the sweet quiet of Lyndhurst was at an end. But was there peace and happiness in the court of England, in the heart of Queen Mary? Let the wakeful hours of the dreary night answer, when the visions of remorse haunted her with their accusing voices.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LADY MAGDALEN'S DIARY.

I HAVE not much to write now, good Geraldine, that would please thee; but it is somewhat of a relief to pour out the real feelings of the heart. It hath been a dreary winter, storms, persecutions, and famine distressing the lower classes, and giving rise to insurrections. I have no heart in any of the terrible scenes that are acted at Smithfield; but I dare not say so.

"I cannot endure the sight of Dr. Weston, and am glad that he is no more my Confessor. It is said that the other day he was talking with one of the Protestant martyrs, who said, in reply to some accusations, 'We have the Word;' to which the cruel man replied, 'But we have the sword.'

"I was present when the Queen sceptred the cruel acts concerning Protestants; and every feeling of my soul was in revolt against the deed.

"In one week, Prebend Rogers, Sanders, Doctor of All-hallows, Dr. Rowland Taylor, and Bishop Hooper were all burned at Smithfield; howbeit, the latter, though a staunch Protestant, was loyal to the Queen, for, in some writing that he left behind, he said:

"'When Queen Mary's fortunes were at the worst, I rode myself from place to place, to win and stay the people for her party.'

"I am not alone among Catholics in my aversion to these horrible laws, for at the end of the week the King's Confessor preached before the court a sermon against the wickedness of burning the Protestants, and said that 'the English bishops learned not in Scripture to burn any one for conscience' sake.'

"This good and faithful sermon brought an order from court to stop the burning for five weeks, which raised hopes of future mercy.

"The King of Denmark hath written a letter to Queen Mary, claiming Bishop Coverdale, the translator of the English Bible; thus one good man hath been saved.

"The Queen hath dreadful nights. After the martyrdom of bishops Ridley and Latimer, she had terrible attacks of her malady, and several times I have passed the night in her chamber. Can a woman in such a state of mental suffering be able to govern a kingdom, or be accountable for much that is done in it? for it is true that she lies sometimes for weeks without speaking.

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"The King hath taken his departure from England, having been suddenly summoned by his father to receive the Emperor's resignation of the crown. This is another grief; and yesterday the court moved in state by water to Greenwich Palace. Utterly crushed and broken, the

Queen has struggled to attend to public business; but her health has given way under the attempt, and she will probably be seen no more at council.

"It is well believed that Queen Mary is no more sovereign of England, but King Philip; for nothing is done without consent of the King's ministers.

"Many who know Queen Mary well say that 'she had been a worthy princess, if as little cruelty had been done under her as by her,' for to King Philip is attributed most of the cruelty of Queen Mary's reign. The Queen is still very ill, the autumn having been very unhealthy, owing to the incessant floods of rain.

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"Bishop Gardiner is dead, and the Queen is greatly afflicted, for he hath managed her business as a financier well, her expenditures never having exceeded the revenues of the crown during his lifetime; but I have no love for him, nor respect either, for I have personal reasons to believe all the stories which are told of his immoralities; nor do I think Bishop Bonner any better.

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"Since the opening of the new year, the Queen hath appeared once more in public, pale as a corpse, and looking ten years older than when last seen. Truly, we are in the midst of doleful days.

"I am heart-sick, Geraldine, of the atmosphere of this gloomy court, and whenever I find the opportunity, seek the blessed Gospel in the chapel. Can these around us

indeed be followers of our meek and loving Saviour, whose whole life and bitter death-agony were all of love? His words fall upon my spirit like refreshing dews in the heat of controversy and strife.

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"Alas! alas! another victim. Archbishop Cranmer suffered yesterday. Many are sentenced to the fires now without the Queen's signature.

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"I stood by the window this morning, looking out upon the lovely landscape, for it is the sweet spring-tide. The fresh green grass, the lovely foliage, the sweet flowers, the fragrant air, the calm, blue sky, the melody of singing birds, and the gentle ripples of the silver Thames, all proclaim the dawn of the most joyous season of the year, so tranquil all in the world of nature, so dark and gloomy in the world of our humanity.

"The Queen seemeth revived since her retirement to this charming home, dresseth plainly, amusing herself, when able, by walking with her ladies among the cottages of the poor, and often, unknown to them, relieving their wants.

"I am frequently her companion, and it bespeaketh a kindly feeling in my heart for the wretched Queen, when I see her extreme love for children, finding her often selecting the most promising, to give them the benefits of education. I have no doubt that in her youth she lavished her narrow income on her numerous god-children

and infant protegées. I learn from this that there must be yet some tender, womanly feelings lurking somewhere in the poor Queen's heart; but what can have cast such a pall over her Christianity, and even over her humanity, Geraldine? Can it possibly be her creed? But is not her creed mine? what then?

"We spent this morning with the invalid Queen in her broiderie-room, for she is skilful with her needle. Sometimes I try to soothe her by my lute, for she seemeth pleased with my songs and hymns; but her Grace is never cheerful.

"Father Gulielmus hath been much absent this season, on business in the counties, and so I am obliged to confess to Dr. Weston; I can assure you, good friend, as seldom as possible.

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"The priest hath just returned, and I have heard the doleful tidings of the arrest of poor Lettice, the sweet May Queen.

"Ah me! I much fear that this is held out as a warning to the dwellers at Lyndhurst; it seemeth as though there were safety only in flight. Can I do naught for the poor girl? Those of high rank are generally spared if they can gain access to the Queen, who has used her influence with Gardiner on their account, but now that he is gone, what hope we from Bonner? Alas! alas! sweet Lettice. I scarce can write it, Geraldine; but does Lord Algernon ever speak of me? I cannot bear to think of

being forgotten, and yet it seemeth to be laid upon us both. Do not tell him that I inquired for him, but I see none at court like unto thy brother, Geraldine. Heaven guide and defend you all; for you are well beloved by your Catholic friend, and woe is me! if harm befalleth you. My hope hangeth now upon the fact that Bonner and his assistants have so much work in the metropolis that they will not proceed to active measures very soon in the counties.

"Write soon to thine own true and loving friend,

"MAGDALEN."

This letter found Geraldine in the midst of sorrow, for Father Alphonso, obedient to Bonner's orders, was on a visitation throughout his parish.

We find him at the castle inquiring for the Lady Geraldine and Master Berkeley. Invited into the study, the priest took his seat, and drawing out a paper from his bosom, said slowly:

"With your permission, I have some instructions to read from Bishop Bonner, sent to all the rectors of the realm, also a letter from the Queen to the bishop, containing articles which she commandeth both him and his officers to see put in execution." Then with a voice of lordly authority, he read the whole, the two quietly listening, without comment, but raising their pious hearts to Heaven for guidance and strength. Closing both documents, the priest continued, addressing Master Berkeley:

"Dost thou in obedience to the laws of the holy Church attend upon Confession; or rather, didst thou confess to thy superior before Lent? and after that and due preparation by prayer and penance, didst thou attend upon the sacrament of the altar at Easter?"

"I did neither, father," replied Master Berkeley, "and by God's help, I pray that I may never commit such abominations in His sight!"

"May I inquire thy reasons for the same?"

"I find it not contained in Holy Scripture, that we confess our sins to mortal men — there is but one priest, and that is the 'great High-priest' of our profession, the Lord Jesus Christ."

"Holy Scripture telleth us to confess our sins one to another."

The good man smiled. "Yea, verily, in the private intercourse of Christian friends — that referreth not to priests."

"Dost thou not hold to the real presence of Christ in the holy sacrament of the altar?"

"Believe that sinful men create the Saviour of mankind! — no, Father Alphonso, no! I meet my Lord in spirit there, but in no sense a corporeal presence."

"It hath been said, moreover, that thou hast in thy possession, read thyself, and lend to others, books containing heretical doctrines — is that so?"

"I own the writings of many good and holy men who stand up for the pure doctrines of the faith of

Christ, — I read such, and lend them to others, as I find occasion."

"It hath been said, moreover, that, contrary to the laws of the land, thou dost hold heretical services, using the proscribed service-book of the former reign, and administering the sacraments."

"That is all true; and in doing so, I obey a higher law, which, as a minister of the Gospel, I dare not slight."

"Dost thou mean to continue in open rebellion against the laws of the holy Church?"

"Whatever is not contained in Holy Scripture, by God's help, I will not practise."

"I give thee two months to consider thy decision in this matter, and may the Holy Virgin guide thee into the true Church!"

Then turning to Geraldine, he said:

"It seemeth grievous that one so fair as thou shouldest be a heretic. What sayest thou to all these questions? Stand up and answer."

With a firm, calm voice, she replied:

"I confess to no mortal man, but to God only, receiving pardon directly through Christ. I believe in no bodily presence in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, attend not upon the Mass, read my Bible with prayer for the Holy Spirit's guidance, worship neither Virgin, saints, nor pictures, and receive the Lord's Supper at the hands of my beloved and faithful minister, Master Berkeley, as one duly authorized to administer the same."

The priest was deadly pale, as he inquired:

"Dost thou mean to persist in disobedience to the laws issued by the Queen's ministers?"

"Whatever is found in Holy Scripture I desire to obey; whatever is not there, to reject."

"Thou wilt communicate the orders to the Earl's family," said the priest, turning to Master Berkeley. "In two months I come for an answer, and then," raising a warning finger to Geraldine, and speaking in a low voice, "thou wilt know, proud heretic, the power that thou darest to resist. Be warned in time!"

"Thou harmest me not without permission of my Father; and if He willeth it, He strengtheneth me to bear it all."

It was a sad and serious group that gathered that evening in Master Berkeley's study, talking over the events of the day.

"What lieth before us?" said the good Earl.

"Just now it seemeth that we are called upon to stand up manfully for the truth, and to wait patiently upon the Lord."

"Let us e'en call upon Him now, good friend," said the Earl.

Bowed before the mercy-seat, they sought for grace and guidance, each one blessing God that night for the comfort of His presence. The months rolled speedily by, and at the appointed time the priest was at the castle again. Master Berkeley received him alone.

"We have the same answer to give," replied the good man; "and may the Lord defend us."

"I must do my duty," said the priest, as he wrote down the names of the Earl's family, for all united in their adherence to the Reformed faith.

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"We must hasten our departure," said the Earl, "for there is no safety here for one of us. None of the nobles have suffered yet; and it would strike terror into their ranks if one should burn; so thinketh Bishop Bonner."

In two or three days a man arrived by post-horses from London, with a letter from the Lady Magdalen, written in great haste.

"Fly, Geraldine! fly! Father Alphonso hath been here; he and Father Gulielmus are in close confidence. I have heard all that hath happened at Lyndhurst. Yours are marked names, especially the Lady Geraldine and Master Berkeley. There is no safety but in flight. Alas! alas! Heaven keep thee! Adieu, my well-beloved, writeth MAGDALEN."

Fortunately, the Earl had taken all precautions concerning means with which to go abroad. Ralph was dispatched immediately to the coast, the packet engaged, and the packing went on rapidly throughout the day. The next night was the one fixed for departure. The carriages were not to start from the castle-gate, but about

a quarter of a mile distant from the castle, for there were fears of spies.

Geraldine and the Countess went from room to room of their blessed home, taking leave of each familiar spot, and wondering if they should ever see dear Lyndhurst again, for even the hoarse cawing of the rooks, seeking their shelter for the night, was musical to their ears; Geraldine saying to her mother, "Even the poor rooks are safer than we."

"Say not so, Geraldine. Remember the sparrows, for our Father careth for them; and 'even the hairs of our head are numbered.'"

The last day passed sadly, for all felt that every moment of delay was one of danger. The last meal had been eaten almost in silence, and the shadows of evening late in the autumn had fallen around the household. The trunks had been sent off in a wagon by themselves, under the care of Ralph, who was to wait for the family at the landing; and, in travelling attire, all were waiting for the signal to depart. Lord Algernon went to the front window to see if it was really dark, when he perceived a carriage driving rapidly up the avenue, and, stopping at the entrance, the driver opened the door, and out stepped two men, wrapped in cloaks, and roughly clad. Asking to be conducted to the Earl, the elder advanced; and all felt that the day of doom had come indeed. Reading the warrant which he held in his hand, it declared his errand, which was to convey the Lady

Geraldine Ormsby and Master Walter Berkeley to London, as prisoners, on the charge of obstinate heresy.

A deep, dead silence at first fell around them; and then, the Countess throwing up her arms, with one loud wail of anguish, threw herself upon Geraldine's bosom, clasping her close in her arms, and crying, "You cannot, must not take my darling, my Geraldine! What hath she done?"

"She is an enemy of the Holy Church, and is scattering the seeds of poison in Father Alphonso's parish. Bishop Bonner hath a place for such; but we have no time to waste."

The Earl, stepping forward, released Geraldine from her mother's arms, and, laying his hand in blessing upon his child, he said, with upraised eye, "The Lord defend my child! and He will, He will! Be comforted, my love."

The children clung to their sister with bitter sobs of grief, first clasping and kissing her dear hand, then turning, with the same innocent caresses, to Master Berkeley, and then down on their knees before the officers, who were almost unmanned by the sight.

"Take them away!" said Geraldine to Mistress Hastings. "I cannot bear this; it will destroy me to see these dear, precious children!"

Algernon called his father aside.

"I must not leave my sister," said the young nobleman. "Thou wilt take the rest; I stay in England to watch events around Geraldine."

One more agonizing farewell to father, mother, Mistress Hastings, and the weeping servants, and, led by Algernon, she was lifted into the carriage, by the side of Master Berkeley, who, in speaking his last farewell, said:

"The Lord reigneth; serve Him faithfully, and He forsaketh us not."

After a hasty embrace of those he loved, Lord Algernon mounted a horse, which he had ordered to be in readiness, and the party drove off, leaving despairing, sorrowing hearts behind, the Countess lying on her husband's bosom, in the abandonment of her grief.

"We have need of fortitude, my love," said the Earl, "for there is much before us to-night. Let us seek for grace where it may be had."

Bowed down at the mercy-seat, in a few heartfelt words the Earl commended his family to the care of their common Father, praying for strength to bear all their trials, not forgetting to pray that the Queen's heart might be softened toward her afflicted subjects.

CHAPTER XIX.

EXILES FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE.

STUNNED by the calamity that had so suddenly befallen them, the family at Lyndhurst, for a while, seemed almost incapable of action; but Godfrey, the old butler, told them that there was need of great speed, for Hugh Digby had been seen lurking about the neighborhood through the day.

"Come, my love," said the Earl, "there is no time to be lost; we had better depart."

Throwing on her travelling-cloak, mechanically she obeyed her husband; and the children, accompanied by Mistress Hastings, followed, with trembling steps and beating hearts.

They were obliged to go on foot for about a quarter of a mile, for fear of detection; and, out in a night of storm, the suffering family bade adieu to their happy home, stopping but a moment as they passed the lodge, to bid adieu to Dorothy in her loneliness.

"Heaven bless and keep thee, my dear lady!" said the good woman, as she kissed the hand of the Countess; "these are sore days of sorrow for God's suffering people, and we need a strong arm on which to lean. It is a dark

night for these dear lambs to be turned out of their home."

"Farewell, Dorothy; may we meet in happier days," said the good Earl, as they passed out of the gate of his ancestral home.

Lucy, the youngest, seemed almost paralyzed by fear and grief, and Godfrey, who accompanied them to the carriage, took her up in his arms, for she was scarcely able to walk. Covering her with his heavy cloak, he tried to protect the poor shivering child from the beating storm; but the wind blew, and the rain descended on the heads of the defenceless exiles, for it was impossible to hold umbrellas. They hurried on in the darkness until they reached the carriages waiting in a lane for them. Seated within their shelter, the mother took Lucy in her arms, for she was shuddering with grief and terror.

"Oh, sister, sister!" murmured the dear lamb, as she lay upon her mother's bosom, "shall we never see her more?" Sibyl sat weeping silently in a corner of the carriage, not less deeply grieved than her more demonstrative sister. On through the dark hours of the stormy night they travelled sorrowfully, until the dawn of a gloomy day found them at the landing. On board of the packet, the Earl called Ralph to his side, saying:

"You will stay at the lodge, Ralph, as long as it is safe; but I doubt not that Lyndhurst will be confiscated, and then where will you go, my good friend?"

"To London, my lord, where we can be near our blessed child. My cousin, John Opdyke, will take us in."

"God bless and comfort you, Ralph, in your hours of sorrow!"

The man took the Earl's hand, and, pressing upon it a respectful kiss, he said:

"You have been a good and faithful master, my lord, and your dear children the sweetest in the land. May God defend you all, and bring you back to England in happier days!"

Taking a last farewell of each, Ralph stepped on shore, and stood at the landing, watching the course of the packet as she pitched and tossed on the stormy waves.

"May the good Lord protect them!" said Ralph, "for it is a fearful time to breast the sea."

As long as there was a glimpse of the vessel, he stood on the watch, and then turned sorrowfully homeward. Seated in the cabin, the poor children listened in mortal fear to the howling of the storm, the creaking of the masts, and the loud voice of the captain, giving orders through his speaking-trumpet. The vessel pitched and labored on the stormy sea, and the Earl knew that there was danger for their little craft. The Countess held Lucy in her arms, alarmed at the deep shuddering and heavy sobs of the poor child, while the Earl folded Sibyl, in her more quiet grief, to his bosom. The captain stepped down one minute into the cabin to see his passengers.

"We shall weather the storm, my lord," said the man; "I have outrode harder tempests than this." And going up to Lucy, he took her little hand, and said, "Don't be

frightened, pretty one; the wind is beginning to lull, and we are half-way across the Channel." Then giving orders to the steward, the captain returned to the deck; and the children were somewhat quieted when they found that breakfast was getting ready.

"Dost remember, Lucy," said her mother, "who it was that stilled the stormy waves on the Sea of Galilee?"

"It was the Lord, dear mamma; it seemeth as if He were saying now, 'Peace, be still!' I wonder if He is in the prison with Geraldine."

"He is just as good, just as near as then, my Lucy; only let us love and trust Him always. Geraldine is His own child; and He is with her just as He was with Paul and Silas."

Just then the steward brought in the comfortable breakfast, and the tired, hungry voyagers partook with grateful hearts, the man waiting upon the table. After the meal, the steward said to the captain:

"I trow that the prayers of the good Earl went up through the storm last night, for they touched not their breakfast until he had said grace."

"It's a sight better to have Paul than Jonas on board of a ship in a storm," was the reply.

The tempest, that had lasted so many hours, was steadily abating, and the sun was trying to break through the dark clouds. Mounting to the deck, the two little girls, holding their parents' hands, stood admiring the white caps that crested the dark green waves, Edward, with less

timidity, enjoying the picture. The shores of England were now out of sight, the white cliffs of Dover seen no more, and in the outlines before them they beheld the coast of France.

"Exiles, indeed!" said the Countess, as she stood leaning upon her husband's arm, with tearful eyes, discerning the outlines of a foreign country; then turning in the direction of her native land, she pointed toward England, and continued, "and there are our darling Geraldine, our beloved son, good, faithful Master Berkeley, and sweet Lettice Kenworthy; there, in the hands of cruel enemies."

"Yes, Emily, and in the hands of the Lord, too," was the Earl's reply.

But they are troubled about Lucy, for she seems to have received a severe shock in the late scenes through which she has been passing, having violent nervous chills, that rack her tender frame, succeeded by fever and debility.

They are nearing the land, and after having rested a couple of days at Havre, set out for a winter sojourn in the city of Amsterdam. And here in this Venice of the north, the children of the household find much to interest and attract them. Edward is never tired of travelling over its ninety islands, and has soon learned to thread his way over its two hundred and ninety bridges. They have taken rooms on one of the finest streets, called Keizer's Gragt, and the children never cease wondering why it is that all the streets border on canals, where boats are continually passing to and fro with their freight of humanity

Many an hour does Edward sit upon the great Amstel Brug, with its thirty-five arches, watching the large ships as they pass under the central arches of the bridge, his thoughts wandering back to Lyndhurst and its blessed surroundings, the metropolis, and the prisoner in the Tower.

The Earl has engaged the services of a tutor for Edward, who is now a youth of seventeen; Mistress Hastings instructing Sibyl, and Martha Troth, who came over with them, acting as lady's-maid.

Near enough to a Protestant Church, they enjoyed the blessed privilege of a pure worship, and forming the acquaintance of the good minister, Dr. Reckefus, the exiles gathered around them a circle of Christian friends, who comforted the weary pilgrims. They have heard from Algernon: Geraldine has not yet appeared before the council; Lyndhurst has been confiscated; the dwellers at the lodge have gone to London; Godfrey, the butler, and his wife living with Robin Heathcote and his mother.

But Lucy does not seem to rally, growing daily more slight and pallid, more loving and patient. The best physicians are consulted, but are unanimous in the opinion that the mortal shock of the one night of suffering has shaken the citadel of life, and the dear lamb will never be well again.

They live a sad and suffering life in this friendly city, for their thoughts are ever with the prisoners in the metropolis. Edward is occupied with his studies, Sibyl with

hers, but Lucy, incapable of mental exertion, receives her daily crumbs from the Master's table at the hands of her mother, and the dear child daily grows more lamblike and heavenly. News from England is of the most alarming character, for martyrs are almost weekly led to the stake, and none are safe whose faith is open and avowed; but here in the land of the Reformers, the exiles are secure and comforted by the sympathy of the people.

Early in the spring we find them on their way to Switzerland; taking a cottage on the borders of Lake Geneva, where, in sight of the glorious mountains, they have constantly before their eyes the loveliest features of landscape. As Lucy can bear it, they take excursions up the mountain, resting at night in chalêts by the wayside, and the children are much benefited by this change of scene. Though the parents' hearts are full of dark forebodings for their daughter's fate, they do not allow the language of despondency to reach their children, but tell them that they hope much from Lady Magdalen's intercession with Queen Mary, for she hath pardoned many nobles; and so with the sweet buoyancy of youthful spirits, they yield to the blessed whispers of hope, and every night and morn, on bended knee, their prayers of childish faith go up to heaven for their "own precious sister Geraldine in her prison-cell."

"Mother," said Lucy, one day after the Gospel reading, "didst thou mind our dear Lord's words about praying?"

"Which words, my love?"

"'If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it. I think them over all the time when I pray for sister. See what He saith, — 'anything!'"

"Yes, love; but we must pray according to the will of God."

"Mother," said the child, "there are no ifs and buts in our Lord's words. He saith '*anything*,' and '*I will do it;*' and so, mother, I pray every night and morning that He will bring Geraldine safely out of the dark prison back to us once more. And I know that He *will* do it. Won't that be a happy day?"

The mother's eyes filled with tears as she listened to these words of trusting, simple faith from the lips of her child, and said to herself that, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."

As the spring days rolled on, the children spent much time out of doors, gathering the flowers on the hill-slopes, and learning the wild songs of the Swiss mountaineers. Seated on these mountain-slopes, with their children around them, the flocks reclining so peacefully on the heights, the shepherds singing their national airs, the blue skies overhead, the mountains in their grandeur towering so far above the villages below, the parents could scarcely realize that just across the channel were such scenes of blood and fire and smoke, such wails of sorrow and anguish in once happy England; for ever in the deep recesses of their hearts were sounds of the muffled bells

of mourning and woe. Dearer, more precious than ever was the word of God, for there they realized the blessedness of the saints' inheritance, for if they were indeed suffering for conscience' sake, they had the promise that their Master would never leave them nor forsake them.

There could be no joy mingled with their present cup of suffering, but there might be peace; and so there was.

Nothing could be more lovely than the evening hour spent on the gallery of their cottage, singing their sweet hymns of faith and hope; the sun sinking behind the mountains, flooding sky and mountain and lake in tints of glory, the whole face of nature one of hallowed peace. It is one of those blessed evenings, and all are gathered there, Lucy reclining in her mother's arms, and all singing the hymn they love so much:

"Brief life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no evening,
The tearless life is there!

"O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners,
A mansion with the blest.

"That we should look, poor wanderers,
To have our home on high;
That worms should seek for dwellings
Beyond the starry sky.

"To all one happy guerdon
Of one celestial grace;

For all, for all who mourn their fall,
Is one eternal place.

"There grief is turned to pleasure;
Such pleasure, as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know.

"And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.

"The light that hath no coming,
The health that hath no sore,
The life that hath no evening,
But lasteth evermore!"

And so the exiles sing their evening hymn in a strange land, far away from home and friends, and the dear familiar objects of their love.

"Mother," said little Lucy, "shall we know each other in heaven?"

"I think so, my love, for Dives and Lazarus are spoken of as knowing each other in the world of spirits; and the Apostle speaketh of presenting his spiritual children to the Lord, and how could he do that if he did not know them?"

"Then, if I never see my sister Geraldine here, I shall meet her there, dear mother."

"Doubt it not, my Lucy; and the sweetest of all is, that we shall be forever with the Lord."

The dear child lay for some minutes in perfect silence,

her sweet eyes fixed with an earnest gaze upon the glories of the sunset hour, as if trying to pierce beyond the golden clouds into the far-off land of rest. The same silence fell quietly around the family group, doubtless all hearts filled with the same deep emotions.

. . . . . .

We turn again to the weary traveller on her sorrowful journey to London, for, in sad converse with Master Berkeley, and with a heart in deep communion with her Lord, she spent the dreary hours.

But they are at length in the metropolis; and, stopping at one of the landings on the Thames, one of the officers is sent forward for a barge, while the other remains in charge of Geraldine. Obtaining permission, Lord Algernon entered the carriage, and, drawing his sister's head upon his bosom, he whispered:

"Be comforted, my precious one! the Lord will not leave thee nor forsake thee, Geraldine!" And, stooping down his head, he continued, in low tones, "Take this," at the same time slipping a roll of paper and a pencil into her hand beneath her cloak, which she quickly dropped into her pocket; "we will pray for thee, dearest, and the Lady Magdalen will intercede for thee with the Queen. I shall stay in England to watch events around thee; and now farewell, and may God defend thee!" One long, agonizing embrace, deep, stifled sobs, and a fainting form lay insensible upon his arm.

The officer came forward to carry her; but Lord Algernon said:

"I pray you, good friend, let me carry my sister to the water!"

And, taking the sweet girl in his arms, a few steps brought him to the barge, where he deposited his precious burden.

"Be good to her," said the young nobleman, as he placed a sum of money in the officer's hand, taking his name and address.

Placing himself beside her, the man supported the form that could no longer support herself; and Master Berkeley in the carriage poured out his soul in a few brief words.

"O Lord, wilt thou not arise and speedily avenge the cause of thine own dear people?"

Standing on the shore as long as the boat remained in sight, Algernon turned away at length; and the barge shot silently under one of the arches of the bridge, and was seen no more. Led up the steps to the Tower, Geraldine was conducted to her lonely prison; and, throwing herself down upon her hard mattress, she took out of her pocket her little Testament, which she had brought with her, and read:

"Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid, in my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."

"If this is my rough and thorny way," said the sufferer, "give me grace to bear it."

Master Berkeley was conveyed to another prison, where Lettice was confined; and, wearied with the excitement of the long journey, sought repose. But the Master that he loved was with him, and the sweet hours of communion were blessed and holy in that lonely cell.

Algernon hastens to acquaint Lord Marmaduke with the sad news; and closeted together at his aunt's, Lady Ashton, they spent an hour of deep affliction, talking of the late sorrow.

"My hope is in the Lady Magdalen," said Marmaduke; "I will lose no time in acquainting her with the news."

Without delay, a note is sent to the Queen's maid of honor.

Clasping her hands in anguish:

"It is even as I feared," said Magdalen; "what can I do? The Queen is too ill to be disturbed, and I dare not approach her without consent of her physicians. O Geraldine, my own dear friend, Heaven defend thee! for thou art a lamb among lions."

Marmaduke hastened with her answer to Algernon, and the two were in despair. But the brother has found the officer who was kind to Geraldine, and bribing him heavily, who gave half to the jailer, he contrived to convey a comfortable bed, with a pillow and warm covering, for the prisoner, with her brother's love, and performed the same kind office for Master Berkeley.

Inside of the mattress sent to Geraldine, Marmaduke had concealed a letter, but sewed up; it was for days ere

she imagined that there might be something hidden there. At length she saw that one end was sewed with a coarse, black thread, different from all the rest; and taking a pen, she succeeded in ripping the stitches, and to her joy, discovered the letter and a service-book of the Reformed faith. She knew the writing, and pressing it to her lips in transport, she read:

"To MY OWN WELL-BELOVED GERALDINE:

"Thou art in the lion's den, sweet one, and so was the saintly Daniel of olden times, when the Lord stopped the lion's mouth; and so was Peter, when the angel opened his prison-door. The Lord hath His own way of deliverance, and I can well believe that He will not give thee to the fiery flames. Thou knowest not, dear love, what prayers are made for thee, day and night. It is true, that thou art in a lonely cell, but do not forget the heavenly hosts that encamp around the Lord's people at all times, for 'the chariots of the Lord are twenty thousand, and the Lord is among them,' near to thee, my Geraldine. I have strong faith for thee; keep fast hold of the hand of the Lord, and He will never leave thee, nor forsake thee. I will be near thee when thou comest before the council, but a stronger than I will be there; He will stand by thee, and give thee wisdom and strength for the trial. Trust Him with all, and when thou prayest for thyself, forget not thine own

"MARMADUKE."

Geraldine went for days in the strength of those few cheering words.

We find her ever and anon tracing out her thoughts in her lonely cell.

"Would that I could hear from the dear exiles; this is a sore and grievous trial, for who knoweth whether I shall see them ever again. I wonder where they are; sometimes my father talked of Holland, sometimes of Switzerland; but wherever they may be, the Lord is with them, as He was with His people in the wilderness.

. . . . . .

"I believe that it is Sunday; I know it by the bells ringing the people to Mass. Alas! alas! for England; but I keep my Sunday here with my blessed Testament and my service-book, and many precious hours I spend alone with these — what should I do without them? Lest I should lose them, I hide them within my mattress. They tell me of a land where there is no more sorrow nor sickness, no sin, no strife, no death, nor cruel parting from those we love, — no persecutions, no fiery flames of bitter hate, but where all is love, and blessedness, and everlasting peace."

CHAPTER XX.

FOR THY DEAR SAKE.

SEVERAL weeks have rolled around, and Lettice in her lonely cell had learned more of her Lord and Master than in all her life before; strengthened each day for that trial which she knew was shortly to come. Her touching beauty had softened the heart of her jailer towards the prisoner, for he was the father of a daughter just of the same age, and when Lettice turned her deep blue eyes upon his face, there was something that looked out of their tenderness that went down into the depths of his rough nature. Occasionally we find him stopping to speak a word to the young girl, sometimes telling her of a new arrival, or secretly giving her a manchet in the place of her hard prison-fare.

He has just given her a piece of intelligence that has added another drop to her deep cup of sorrow.

"Didst call him Master Berkeley, good friend?" said Lettice, with tearful eyes.

"Yes, that is his name; a minister from Lyndhurst, so said the officer that brought him."

"Heaven defend him!" said the young girl, with

clasped hands, "for there will be no mercy shown to such a brave spirit as good Master Berkeley."

"There was another," continued the jailer, "who came with him; but she was a noble lady, and was committed to the Tower."

"Could it be the Lady Geraldine Ormsby?" said Lettice, with a trembling voice.

"That was her name, I think," replied the man.

Left alone, her heart went out in earnest prayer for the holy man and the Lady Geraldine; so deeply absorbed by the sad news, that she was scarcely conscious of the opening of the door of her cell, until Father Gulielmus stood before her.

"May the Holy Virgin guide thee, daughter," said the priest, "for to-morrow thou art summoned before the council."

"I am ready, Father," answered Lettice.

The priest looked into the calm and holy face of the young speaker; but there was no fear there.

"Knowest thou what will be the end if thou dost not renounce thine errors."

"I know, Father, and I am ready, the Lord being my helper; for all these weeks that I have been waiting for the summons, I have spent in prayer and thinking of the holy word; and I remember what St. Luke saith:

"'For I will give you a mouth and wisdom, which all your adversaries shall not be able to gainsay nor resist.'"

"Dost think that thou art able to bear the agony of a fiery death?"

She turned her innocent eyes full upon the speaker's face, as she said:

"Many of the saints of the Lord have sung hymns of triumph in the flames; and so may I, humble Lettice Kenworthy."

"Thou hadst better recant, thou silly girl."

"Deny the Lord that brought me, Father? Never!"

"Thy death be on thine own head, thou wicked reprobate, thou child of hell!"

"Thy word maketh me not one of these."

The priest closed the door; and Lettice sought for strength where it might be had at all times, but ere closing her eyes in sleep, made an entry in her diary.

"I am summoned before the council, and I am strangely calm; it must be the Lord that strengtheneth me, and He will be with me to the end. I am only a simple-hearted country girl, but my strength and wisdom cometh all from God. I can see the winter stars through my little window; how solemn they look in the dark blue heavens, and how beautifully they speak of the Father that has made them all. The Lord be with me on the coming morrow!"

At ten o'clock next day, the sheriff made his appearance, and led Lettice into the court. The council-chamber was hung with red cloth, and the benches for spectators were filled to overflowing. For a moment Lettice shrunk back at the sight of so many strange faces, and a faint tinge of color mounted to her pale cheek as she was led forward to the stand.

A murmur ran through the assembly, as, standing in her helplessness, a wan, sad smile passed over her features, at the recognition of Lord Fitzhugh among the crowd; but all the color has suddenly vanished from her cheek, and her full blue eyes are opened wide, while, with clasped hands, she leans forward, crying, "father! mother!" and then falling heavily, is caught by the sheriff. Seated for a moment, a glass of water revives her, and she is allowed for a while to remain seated. For six weary hours, with short intervals for refreshment, they kept that fragile prisoner before them; and all the time she never quailed, nor evaded their endless questions.

Bishop Bonner was the examiner; and throughout the whole investigation showed no relenting towards the prisoner, other members of the council likewise putting queries to her.

"What sayest thou, silly wench, concerning the sacraments? how many are there?"

"The Scripture speaketh only of two — Baptism and the Lord's Supper; the five others are the inventions of the Romish Church, I trow. The Church of Rome giveth us not all the sacrament, for the laity have only the bread, and that not after the manner ordained by Christ, for He broke the bread and gave it to His disciples; but the Church of Rome giveth not bread, but a wafer, and that not broken, but put whole into the mouth by the priest. The priests only drink the wine, to which the people have the same right, for the Gospel saith, 'And He took it

cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it.'"

"Where learnest thou all this prating?"

"In the good sermons that I have heard, but most of all in the Word of God."

"What sayest thou to the sacrament of the altar? dost thou believe that the bread and wine become the very body and blood of Christ?"

"Nay, truly; for, if Christ being alive could hold His own body in His hand, and give the same unto His disciples, then were it no true human body, for a natural body cannot be in two several places at the same moment of time. Moreover, if the bread of the host be verily the body of Christ, then did He eat His own body, and that is contrary to reason and to Scripture. Thinkest thou that a piece of bread should be turned by a man into the natural body of Christ? which bread doth corrupt, mice often eat it, and it doth mould, and can be burned."

"Dost confess thy sins to the priest, that thou mayest obtain absolution?"

"Nay, in truth, I do not. I confess to the one great High-priest, who has passed into the heavens, and who there intercedeth for me and all sinners."

"Prayest thou not unto the Holy Virgin Saint Mary, the holy angels, and the saints?"

"Nay, truly; that is not in Scripture, for the Saviour saith: 'And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son:'

but never a word of whatsoever ye shall ask St. Michael or St. Anne."

"Cease thy prating about Holy Scripture; that is not for ignorant and unlearned women."

"And yet the holy book saith that, 'the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein.'"

"Thou art a bold heretic, truly — with Scripture at thy finger-ends — but canst thou contradict what the Lord Himself sayeth of the sacrament, 'This is my body'?"

"I grant that; and doth He not also say, 'I am the vine,' and 'I am the door'? — and St. Paul saith, 'Our fathers drank of the rock that followed them, and that rock was Christ;' and in the book of the Corinthians, He affirmeth that 'He had fed them with milk;' and yet none of you say that this meaneth just what the letter saith."

"Thou art a bold and obstinate heretic, young woman," said the bishop; "and thy saucy tongue must be silenced."

After consulting with the council for a few minutes, without further questioning, Bonner turned to the accused:

"Lettice Kenworthy, the court demandeth if thou wilt put thy name to this paper, and hold to all things therein contained?"

"Let me read the paper, my lord bishop, and then I will give mine answer."

The bishop did not wish to grant her request, but Lettice steadily refused to sign anything in the dark. At length the council permitted her to read it. It contained a

promise to abjure all the doctrines of the Reformed faith, and to submit to such a penance as the council should lay upon her. She refused at once to sign the paper. Then the bishop warned her, in that case she must be prepared to submit to the capital sentence.

"I am ready," said Lettice, in a clear, sweet voice, which was answered by a wail of sorrow from among the crowd, and Dorothy was taken to a window of the council-chamber by Lord Fitzhugh.

"You may sentence me," continued Lettice, "to what you will. I wot that ye have power to kill my body, but my soul ye cannot touch — that is Christ's, who knoweth well how to keep it, and to His blessed hands I commit myself, body and soul."

The bishop then passed sentence amid a deathlike silence.

"The court hath found Lettice Kenworthy guilty of all crimes whereof she stood indicted, and sentence her to death by burning on the spot called Smithfield, on the first day of May next ensuing."

The prisoner bowed her head when her sentence was pronounced, and then said, as she arose:

"I summon you, reverend Father, to a court from whence there is no appeal, where you will be doomed to a worse fire if you repent not."

She was very weak; and the sheriff was about to extend his arm, when Lord Fitzhugh came forward, and, taking the arm within his own, he said, with bitter feeling:

"They have done a wicked deed this day, which will be required of them at the day of judgment."

A pair of fierce black eyes gleamed on him through the crowd, and a voice, only too familiar, hissed out:

"Lord Fitzhugh is imprudent to make such like speeches here."

It was Hugh Digby, who speedily disappeared; and a pale, haggard woman, leaning upon her husband's arm, was seen pushing her way through the crowd, that divined her to be some near relative to the prisoner, and made way for her approach. Stretching out her arms, Lettice received her mother's drooping form, and, locked in a close, agonizing embrace, there was scarcely a dry eye near, as the poor woman wailed out:

"Lettice, my darling, has it come to this?"

"Be comforted, mother dear; the anguish will be short, and then the crown of glory."

"Oh! the burning! the burning, Lettice!"

"Think not of that, the Lord will be with me; remember the three children of the fiery furnace. I can bear it all for His dear sake."

The sheriff stepped forward, and, releasing Lettice, said:

"This must be shortened; make your farewells quickly."

Clasped first to the mother's, and then to the father's breast, Lettice passed on, her beautiful golden hair escaping from the coif, and a few straggling locks streaming over her shoulders.

And now she is alone once more in her gloomy cell, the jailer having a bowl of caudle ready for the poor exhausted girl.

"Thou art very kind, good friend," said Lettice, with a smile, "for I am faint and weary with this long day of trial."

"Thou mindest me of my own daughter, Betty," said the jailer; "and I could not be hard upon thee, for thy time is short."

"Wouldst do me one favor before I suffer?"

"What wouldst thou, Mistress Lettice?"

"That I might see Master Berkeley ere that day."

"I will think of it; perchance it may be so."

The jailer turned away, and Lettice was left alone; and thus she writes:

"The sentence hath gone forth, and I am to die in the fresh bloom of my youthful days. The end of my weary pilgrimage is coming; the gate of the holy city is almost in sight. Welcome be the end of the way, for mine hath lately been a rough and thorny road. However sharp be the end, I can bear it all through Christ, who strengtheneth me. My heart is travelling back to Lyndhurst and our once blessed home. I see my good mother busy with her household cares; but I shall never more say, 'Mother, can I help you?' nor hear my father ever and anon speaking his kind words when she was tired. My pretty ring-doves, I shall never hear their sweet cooing again

There is my own dear Robin, too. Alas! alas! he will miss the May-Queen when his daily toils are over, and he sits alone where we used to sit, upon the settle at the door of the lodge, and dream of our future home of peace and love. Ah! how we used to spin our shining orbs of happiness and hopes; but they have melted into thin air in the very morning of our lives. When the winter storms blow fiercely around the lodge, they will sit around the fire, my mother with her knitting, my father with his book; but I shall be away where there are no biting winds, no raging storms.

"I am going back in thought to that bright morning, nearly four years ago, when I was crowned the Queen of May. I remember, when all around me were so full of the merriment of young spirits, I saw the crown of glory that Master Berkeley preached about the Sunday before. Alas! alas! our dream is all ended, and I must tread a fiery path to heaven, and leave Robin all alone. May Jesus strengthen him, and bring him safely home to heaven. I shall watch for him at the golden gate of the holy city.

"My soul is loosening from the earth. I see nothing now; I want nothing now but Christ, and to be with Him in glory. I love my Lord and Saviour every day more deeply, more truly; it will just be a short, swift, fiery passage, and I shall be with Him for ever and ever. I know that I shall have strength to bear that last trial, for it seemeth not so fearful now as when I first began to think

that I might join the martyrs. I am strangely calm; what can it mean but that Jesus is with me? and I am willing to drink the cup of suffering for His dear sake."

Opening her Testament, Lettice read:

"Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you.

"But rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings; that, when His glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy.

"If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye, for the spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you."

"This is great comfort," said Lettice, as she closed her book, and spent a short time in earnest, fervent prayer, and then lay down to rest, for "so He giveth His beloved sleep."

. . . . . .

The tidings of the constancy of the May-Queen reached the Lady Magdalen; and we find her impressions noted in her diary.

"What meaneth all this? Here is this young and timid girl endued with grace to resist the powerful adversaries of the council, and ready to suffer a death of agony, rather than deny what she counteth as the truth.

"I have looked in vain through the New Testament to find one word that containeth the burning of one whom we call heretics.

"I am sorely troubled in spirit. I want to know the truth. I will pray, not to the Virgin, nor to the saints; some being, higher, stronger, must help me. I will e'en go to Jesus, to the Lord Himself. The priest forbiddeth me to read the Testament; but was it not given to man? and ought we not to study it, that we may know God's will? But if I read, I shall disobey the priest, and that is disobedience to the Church; but here I am met by the command of the great Apostle, — 'Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think that ye have eternal life!' If I do not obey that command, I shall never know the truth. I will read, the Lord being my helper.

. . . . . .

"After matins this morning, I returned to the chapel, and first of all, I began to search for the truth concerning Confession. I read all the book of Matthew, searching for that one doctrine; it was not there. I prayed all the time, 'Lord Jesus, teach thy poor blind servant.' It hath taken me a week to search for that one doctrine; all I find is, 'Confess your sins one to another!' That cannot mean the priest. And all through the gospel and epistles we are commanded to bring our sins to the feet of Jesus. And St. Mark saith:

"'Who can forgive sins but God only?' And yet the priest telleth me that there is no access to heaven but through these heaven-appointed intercessors. Can it be that men like unto Bishop Bonner can prevail with God? Not if He is a holy God, for we are told that 'if any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of His

Can that revengeful, cruel, impure spirit have communion with the meek, the pure, the loving spirit of our Lord? It cannot be—it cannot be! But there are some holy priests; and, if ordained of heaven, they may plead before the throne for me. I know naught against Father Gulielmus, and I may still confess to him."

. . . . . .

Much darkness mingled with the light struggling in Magdalen's soul, for, as yet, she saw faint images of men, as trees walking.

Father Gulielmus was a keen discerner of human souls, and seeing that much was amiss with the Lady Magdalen, prescribed a course of reading of the ancient Fathers of the Church, the lives of holy saints, and frequent attendance upon the Mass.

Her visits to the Confessional became still less frequent, but those to the lectern in the chapel more constant and devout; but her spirit was deeply depressed on account of the uncertain fate of her well-beloved friend; and thus she writes:

"Geraldine is in the Tower, in the hands of that cruel, malignant Bonner. Can it be that one so good, so lovely, so dear to many hearts, will be given to the devouring flames? O Lord God, Thou hearer of prayer, let my feeble cry reach Thy mercy-seat. Spare her, good Lord; spare her precious life. Save her from the hands of the cruel and the bloody. Hear, hear my prayer, for Jesus' sake."

CHAPTER XXI.

BEFORE THE COUNCIL.

THE Lady Geraldine has been two months in the Tower; close confinement and prison-fare are telling upon her physical frame. They have been two bleak winter months, when the stormy season of rain and howling winds beat around her prison. From her little window she can look out upon the Queen's garden on Tower Hill, and it is a great relief to the monotony of her daily life if she sees now and then a human being walking on the hill. She wonders if they have friends in any of the London prisons — what are their names? — what are their sorrows? — have they fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters? or are they alone in the dreary world? Her fate is a sad one, but what is theirs? Every heart knoweth its own bitterness, but the Lord knoweth it better. "He will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax." He is a sympathizing brother, "touched with the feeling of our infirmities." Sweet to feel this in her lonely cell; and Geraldine is learning that lesson day by day. The ringing of the church-bells tells when it is Sunday, but Geraldine has no desire to obey their call, for their summons is to the abominations of the Mass.

But in her solitude she has the comfort of the blessed Word of God, and many a time does the jailer stop at the door to hear the sweet hymn from the voice of the Lady Geraldine. It is her favorite, and has comforted many a weary pilgrim.

"Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
"Come to me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest."

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

Hath He diadem as Monarch
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow — many a labor,
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past."

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Angels, martyrs, prophets, virgins,
Answer, Yes!"

But there is a visit from Father Gulielmus.

"Art thou in a better state of mind, daughter, than when last I saw thee?"

"Better, Father, every day, as regardeth my trust and confidence in Jesus; but no more inclined to recant than at thy last visit."

"Thou art summoned to appear before the council to-morrow, proud girl."

"Thou frightest me not, Father, for there is One who hath promised to be mouth and wisdom for me."

"Thinkest thou to withstand the whole assembled council?"

"They cannot harm my soul, Father; and the rest I have long since given into the hands of the Lord, to suffer all His blessed will."

"Canst thou endure what cometh after the fiery flames of the stake?"

"I know what cometh, Father, — the 'joy unspeakable, and full of glory.'"

"Cease thy vain boasting, for thou wilt find ere long that all thy hopes are on the shifting sand."

The priest has gone; and Geraldine is writing in her diary.

"Step by step I am travelling in the martyr's road: but the Lord is with me. He comforteth me with His blessed presence. 'If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him;' and if I am called to pass through fiery flames to heaven, it will be a short, swift journey, and then I shall be forever with the Lord. How vividly dear Lyndhurst stands before me to-night; its grand forest-trees, the growth of centuries, the graceful deer, the placid lake, the pleasance with its wealth of flowers, the rooms in the dear old castle; the dearest of all, Master Berkeley's study, where we have so often studied and prayed together. I see his study-table, my own chair, the sweet organ, the library, the stand where he always hung his cap. But I shall see them never more; they are as buried joys.

"My blessed mother, with her sweet and holy piety; my honored father, so truly good and noble; dear Edward and thoughtful Sibyl, and gentle, loving Lucy,—where are you all? I may see Algernon in the council-chamber, and he may find some way to tell me. It does not seem so terrible to look forward to as I at first supposed. By God's grace, I will stand firm, and leave all the rest with my Lord and Master; for what saith St. Peter?—'And who is he that will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good?' 'But, and if ye suffer for righteousness' sake, happy are ye; and be not afraid of their terror, neither be troubled.' That is my comfort; may I remember it to-morrow."

At an early hour in the morning, Lady Geraldine is astir, fortifying herself with passages of Scripture, and spending her first moments in earnest prayer. The jailer has just entered with her breakfast; and, pitying the prisoner, he said:

"Didst hear of the sentence of Lettice Kenworthy?"

"I hear naught but what thou bringest, good friend."

"I have not told thee before, because thou hast grief enough of thine own; but now thou art summoned to the council, I tell thee as a warning, that Lettice Kenworthy is sentenced to die on the first of May ensuing. That cometh of her obstinacy."

"The sweet May-Queen, on her coronation day! she will be twice crowned then, I trow. But her firmness will be my example, not my warning, good friend."

The sheriff is here, and under his charge Geraldine is conducted to the council-chamber, where a great crowd has assembled to witness the trial of a noble lady. Hitherto bishops, ministers, and the humbler classes have stood before that dread tribunal; and this is the first among the nobles that has been cited to appear. At the first glance of those eager faces, Geraldine's heart sank within her, the swift blood for a moment rushed to the pale cheek, and then receding, left it like marble. But there was a look of lofty heroism upon her lovely face, and a dignity in her whole deportment that impressed the beholders, the spectators near the door respectfully standing aside to let the noble prisoner pass.

The court sat apart within an enclosure, where there was a table covered with scarlet cloth, the chamber hung in the same manner. In the president's seat sat Bishop Bonner; on his left, Dr. Weston. Several abbots, priors, and other ecclesiastical dignitaries made up the remainder of the court. The spectators sat facing the court, and as Geraldine turned toward them for a moment, she perceived Lord Marmaduke and her brother in the crowd. An answering look of recognition passed over her countenance as she met the welcome glance of love, assurance, and resolution upon the manly countenance of Lord Marmaduke. For eight weary hours, with very short intervals for refreshment, they kept the fragile prisoner before them, and all the while she remained calm and unmoved. Twice did Master Selden, the doctor in charge of state prisoners, interfere, ordering wine to be given her, and once she asked herself for a glass of water. Lord Fitzhugh was near enough to hear the request, and seeing a small table near her with water and glasses, he filled a tumbler himself, and stepping forward, handed it to the Lady Geraldine. With a look of unspeakable love, she received the water, and with trembling lips drank the cool draught. We will give a specimen below of some of the endless questions put to the prisoner.

"What thinkest thou of the sacrament of the altar?" said Bishop Bonner.

"I believe not in the doctrine of the Mass, for I look upon the death of Christ as a full and all-sufficient sacri-

fice; 'in which He hath by one offering, perfected forever them that are sanctified.' He himself is a Priest forever; who, being raised from the dead, dieth no more; and who, through the eternal Spirit, offered Himself, without spot, to God."

"Dost thou believe in the dignity of the priesthood?"

"Not as the Church of Rome would have it. Tell me what thou claimest."

"First, the Church teacheth that by five words the priest maketh the body of Christ; secondly, that immediately after consecration, the priest lifteth the body of Christ, placeth it and handleth it with his hands; therefore, the dignity of priests passeth that of angels; because there is no power given unto angels to make the body of Christ; so that the least priest may do on earth what the highest angel cannot do in heaven. Wherefore, priests are to be honored before all kings of the earth, princes, and nobles. For a priest is higher than a king, happier than an angel, maker of his Creator. What sayest thou to this holy doctrine?"

"That thou speakest awful blasphemy, giving to sinful men the power belonging to God alone; seest thou not, instead of there being one Christ, holy, harmless, undefiled, thou makest multitudes at the same moment, and teachest that at the last supper Christ eateth himself: a monstrous mass of idolatrous blasphemy! I believe in nothing that can so belittle my Lord and Master."

"What thinkest thou of the blessed Virgin? Dost thou devoutly pray to her?"

"I believe just what the Bible teacheth, and no more; she is the mother of our Lord, but nowhere in the Scriptures are we taught to look upon her as a mediatress, for 'there is but one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus."

"What sayest thou concerning the services required by the Church of Rome?"

"I abjure them all — indulgences, relics, penance, beads, Ave Marys, Pater nosters, palms, candles, decorated images, incense, holy-water, christening of bells, Agnus Dei; I abjure them all as a part of the superstitious idolatry taught by an apostate Church."

"Hold thy impious tongue, thou bold and brazen heretic! According to the laws of the Holy Synod of Trent, I am bound to treat thee as a vile infidel, for thou hast uttered heresies condemned, rejected, and cursed by the Church; and, in obedience to her holy laws, I likewise condemn, reject, and curse thee, Lady Geraldine Ormsby, as one unworthy to live."

"Thou canst not curse my soul, Bishop Bonner, for that is Christ's, and no man can pluck me out of His hands, I trow."

The examination of the day is over, and the two young noblemen keep close to the Lady Geraldine, who is completely exhausted. Nearly falling, Marmaduke stepped forward to receive her in his arms, while Lord Algernon, in the press of the crowd, contrived to slip a folded paper beneath her girdle.

The sheriff, with his staff, is ordering Lord Marmaduke to release the prisoner.

"I defy you all," said the excited young man; "she is mine, and I will hold her in spite of your threats."

At that moment a large company of armed men, all masked, rushed forward, the strongest receiving the Lady Geraldine, a posse closing around him, Lord Marmaduke calling out, "Make for the carriage! be speedy!" at the same time dealing heavy blows right and left; aided by another company, to keep off the Queen's guards, of which there were but few at hand. In a few minutes Geraldine was in the carriage, with one of the men, and Lord Algernon and Marmaduke by her side, unconscious of all that was passing around her. "Drive off!" thundered Lord Fitzhugh, and at full gallop the horses started. But by this time a large squad of cavalry were in hot pursuit, gaining every moment upon the carriage, which two of the guards have reached, another party heading the horses. It is a desperate moment; and Lord Fitzhugh, firing his pistol out of one window, has laid the guard low, while the man within the carriage has fired without effect from the other window. Two of the guards have mounted the carriage-box; and, seizing the reins, the fugitives are soon surrounded, and the unfortunate lady, still insensible, is in the hands of the captors; Lord Fitzhugh opening the carriage-door, was soon lost in the crowd with Algernon. The return was the work of a half-hour's ride; and, arrived at the gate to the Tower,

Geraldine is conscious now; and in low, sad tones, she murmurs: "He has done his best, and failed; Heaven defend him!"

The interest centred chiefly around the fair prisoner; and in the throng, which had again gathered around them, Marmaduke, seizing one of the masks, and a cap and cloak of his companion, mingled with the multitude; for it was dark now, and the young noblemen were both out of reach of their pursuers, Algernon having mounted one of the horses ridden by one of the Queen's guards who had mounted the carriage-box. But Marmaduke durst not be seen in public now, for he is a marked man, as one who has presumed to defy the Queen's laws, in attempting the rescue of a prisoner of state. Assuming the disguise of a priest, he does not venture out in the daytime, and has taken up his abode with Ralph's cousin, only going home late at night to see after his mother and sister, who tell him that there is a warrant out for his arrest, and that the house had already undergone a thorough search.

We will follow the Lady Geraldine to her lonely cell. She has undergone a day of terrible excitement, and the jailer's wife has sent some hot caudle and a manchette to the sufferer.

She is preparing for her nightly rest; and unfastening her girdle, the folded paper drops upon the floor.

She glances hastily at the name below; it is her mother's. Kissing it, with floods of tears, she reads, dated far back:

"We are still in Amsterdam, but there is no real improvement in our darling Lucy; we have the advice of the best physicians, but I much fear that there is little hope. It is a comfort to be where one can serve God in the pure worship of the Reformation. We have the visits of a godly minister, and around us a small circle of Christian friends. Edward is occupied with his studies, under the care of a tutor. Sibyl, with Mistress Hastings, a dear and faithful friend in the days of our adversity. Lucy we feed only with the milk of the Gospel. Since the terrible night of our flight from England, she has never recovered from the shock, gradually growing weaker and more heavenly, so that I do not look to bring her home when we return to England. Every night thy father and I talk of our lost one, — our own beloved Geraldine. We hear of the terrible scenes at Smithfield, and are almost afraid to ask the names of the martyrs, as they follow each other home in their fiery chariots. We build much on the Lady Magdalen Tresillian, for we know how dearly she loveth our darling child; and we hear that she hath much influence at court She is in our thoughts when first we wake, and the last when we lie down to rest. I hear her sweet voice every hour of the day; I see her as she moved about at Lyndhurst, and then I see her in that lonely cell — how changed she must be! but I know that the Lord is with her; may He bring her safely through. And dear Master Berkeley, and Lettice too, how often we talk of them

how we pray for them! Lord, Lord, have mercy upon England!"

Geraldine closed the precious letter.

"Oh, mother, mother! shall I ever see thy dear face again? And Lucy, dear lamb, must we give thee up? But, perchance, she may meet me at the golden gate of the holy city, for my footsteps are treading rapidly in the martyr's pathway to the skies."

Next morning the prisoner was very ill; and the jailer calling in Master Selden, the physician pronounced her sick with nervous fever, which might be of long duration.

Summoned once more to appear before the council, the good physician declared her unfit to leave her bed, suffering severely with wasting fever and great debility.

Lord Algernon has heard the sad news; and appealing to Magdalen in her behalf, by her intercession with the Queen a nurse was allowed, and Algernon sent Dorothy to wait upon her.

"Is this the Lady Geraldine?" said the poor woman, as she looked at the wasted form of the once beautiful girl.

"Come here, good Dorothy," said the lady, drawing down the one familiar face from Lyndhurst; "it hath been so long since any one hath kissed me. Three weary months have I pined here, but I bear it willingly for His dear sake; for you know, Dorothy, that I could never deny my Lord."

The good woman's eyes were full of tears, as she replied:

"Alack! that I should live to see thee thus in this dark and gloomy prison; but these are doleful days in England."

"How fareth good Ralph Dorothy?"

"Sorely pressed in spirit, my lady, for the time is rolling round that taketh away our darling child."

"Hast seen Lettice, Dorothy?"

"Not once since the day of trial. What care they for a mother's grief!"

"How camest thou in London?"

"The castle is shut up by the Queen's officers, and we came here to be near Lettice, and are staying with John Opdyke, a connection of mine."

"Dost know aught of Godfrey and Jane?"

"They are with Mrs. Heathcote, a good thing for her, poor woman, for she is very ailing; the butler has private keys to the castle, and they sometimes go in late at night to look after the furniture; the people around the neighborhood have given out that the old castle is haunted."

"All is changed, Dorothy; we were a happy people at Lyndhurst before Queen Mary came."

"There will never be peace in the land while she liveth; but thou art talking too much, I trow; it will hurt thee, dear Lady."

Bathing the burning face and hands, gently combing out the tangled hair, and putting on a change of raiment,

Dorothy took her place by the invalid, administering the remedies left by the physician, Geraldine following her kind nurse with her loving eyes until, wearied with the excitement of the day, she fell asleep.

But her disease was wearing and tedious, reducing her physical frame and spirits almost to childishness.

Father Gulielmus has been several times to see when the invalid will be able to appear again before the council, and Dorothy, scarcely able on the last occasion to restrain her indignation, said:

"Alack for the Lady Geraldine! I trow that never more will she stand before that court."

Advancing to the side of the prisoner, the priest addressed the poor wasted form that lay there in its helplessness: "I trust that sickness hath brought down thy proud spirit, daughter."

Geraldine turned her languid eyes upon the priest, and bursting into a fit of weeping, replied:

"What have I to be proud of, Father?"

"Art ready to return to the bosom of the Holy Church?"

"I am there already, Father; and the Lord give me grace to abide therein."

"Thou art bringing down destruction upon thy head with thine own hands, thou silly wench."

"The hairs of my head are numbered, Father," replied Geraldine, a wan smile passing over her features; "and thou canst not harm my soul."

CHAPTER XXII.

SPRING VIOLETS.

THE court are now residing at Richmond Palace, and the Lady Magdalen finds much to admire in the beautiful grounds that surround the royal residence. It is the fresh spring-time; and accustomed to early rising at Englewood, we often meet the young maid of honor enjoying an early stroll in the gardens of the palace before many of her companions have left their rooms. The cuckoo, that harbinger of the bright spring, is proclaiming its advent, and the thrush, too, is singing her sweet morning song; charming sounds to one who hears so much of the discordant notes of human passions.

There is another, fond of these early strolls, the Queen's page, who has discovered from the windows of his own room the rambles of the Lady Magdalen, and who often meets the young maid of honor, whom he so passionately admires.

"Thou art abroad betimes, Lady Magdalen," said the page, who joined her one morning in the pleasance.

"Who can sleep when the birds are calling us from every tree, Sir Piercie?" was the reply, "for this is the loveliest hour of the day, when the sweet music of nature

calmeth the thoughts that are wont to trouble us in these weary days." Inviting the page to be seated, she perceived that he held a bunch of violets and a hawthorn branch in his hand.

"Where didst find those sweet violets, Sir Piercie?" asked the lady.

"Just at the foot of the garden, in a shady spot," replied the youth. "Wilt accept the flowers, lady?" bowing low before the maid of honor.

She took them, with a gracious smile, enjoying their fragrance, and replied:

"Wilt do me a favor, Sir Piercie?"

"Ask what thou wilt, fair lady; I am thy servant to do thy bidding."

"Supposing there were great danger?"

"I would brave all to serve thee, lady."

"There lieth a noble prisoner in the Tower, to whom I would send some of these sweet violets, the Lady Geraldine Ormsby. She hath been confined there for several months, and languisheth now with a low fever. Would that I could send her some spring buds, for I know that she pineth for one glimpse of nature."

"How wouldst thou reach the prisoner?"

"Through thee, Sir Piercie. I have the Queen's ring, with her queenly name inside, which she gave unto me. If thou wouldst present that, saying that thou bearest a message from the court, I wot that thou canst see the Lady Geraldine."

"I count it an honor to do thy bidding, lady. When wouldst thou send them?"

"To-morrow, if thou canst, not later; bring them to me at this same spot in the morning, and I will give thee directions. I have other plans, Sir Piercie," whispered Magdalen, looking round to see if there were listeners. "The Lady Geraldine must not be given to the fiery flames; and if I can save her, by God's help I will."

"Command my time and my courage, lady, for they are thine; proud am I to serve thee, and to rescue her."

"Heaven guide us! but I must leave thee now; good morning, Sir Page."

The Lady Magdalen turned away, and the page stood looking after her as long as her graceful form was in sight, for Sir Piercie Arundel was one of the numerous admirers who worshipped the fair lady at a distance. Placing her flowers in a small vase of water, Magdalen could scarcely restrain her tears, for the violets reminded her of a shady dell at Englewood, where they bloomed in such abundance, and where she had so often wandered with Lord Algernon in the days of happy girlhood, and plucked the fragrant flowers together; nor less did the hawthorn remind her of the sweet Queen of May, now under sentence of a fiery death.

True to appointment, Sir Piercie was at the place of waiting; and the Lady Magdalen, tying the flowers with a piece of blue ribbon, placed them in a small tin box, and delivered them to the page, putting the ring upon

his finger, with the Queen's name inside, — *Maria Regina.*

"Try to find out the temper of the jailer," said Magdalen, "for this is of importance for the future; and give him this sovereign, it will doubtless help to smooth our way for us."

In high spirits, Sir Piercie took his departure, and hiring a boat, was soon at the stairs that led to the Tower. Arrived at the gate, there was some difficulty in passing the guard; but as soon as the page showed the Queen's signet, he was allowed to pass on. Coming to a second gate that led directly into the Tower, there was more delay; and the jailer seeing a small box in the hands of the page, he was obliged to display its contents. The sovereign, however, prevailed; and the jailer said:

"Take thy flowers to the Lady Geraldine; she lieth very low, and I wot that it were a hard case to deny the small gift of a few violets to one who will never more see the bright blue sky."

Directed to the room where she languished, the jailer opened the door, and introduced Sir Piercie. "A messenger from the court," said the man, perceiving at a glance that the prisoner was somewhat startled at the sight of a stranger.

Stretched on her bed, the Lady Geraldine lay white as the pillow on which she reclined; turning her languid eyes to the visitor, she said, in a low voice:

"What wouldst thou, good master?"

"I bring thee just a few fresh flowers of the early spring, sent by thy friend, the Queen's maid of honor."

Dorothy opened the little box, and taking out the violets and the hawthorn, she laid them in Geraldine's hand. Smelling their sweetness, she burst into a flood of tears.

"They mind me, Dorothy, of the shady nook at Englewood, and the hawthorn-buds of that bright May-day nearly four years ago."

Sir Piercie looked at the lovely sufferer with a heart touched with compassion, and was not ashamed to weep.

Pale, emaciated, and sorrowful, there was still a look of holy serenity about Geraldine's features that went straight to the heart.

"What shall I say for thee, lady, to the one that sent these flowers?"

"Tell her, good master, that I have suffered hours of anguish in this room; there are more ways of being tried in the fire than at the stake, I trow; and here the dross of sinful nature is being daily consumed;" and then brightening, she continued, "and tell her that I have known such peace and joy as can only be greater when I pass the gate of the holy city, and join the shining ones on the other side; my body is weak and wasted, so that I look not to pass through the door of my prison but to my quiet rest; but my spirit each day becometh more calm, more trusting, because I draw nearer to my Lord and Master."

The jailer was moved, and Sir Piercie hailed the signal.

"Have you such things as give strength to the weak, good woman?" said the page, addressing Dorothy.

"It grieveth me sore to tell thee nay, good sir; the doctor saith that the fever hath all gone, but the weakness still remaineth."

"But I do not suffer, good Dorothy; and it were better to pass away gently to my heavenly rest than through fiery flames."

"Thou must not die thus, fair lady," was the answer; "thy friend will intercede for thee, for she hath much favor with Queen Mary."

Sir Piercie has gone, and untying the ribbon, Geraldine said:

"Take these sweet flowers, Dorothy, and put them in that cup of water; we must enjoy their beauty as long as we can keep them."

Dorothy did as she was directed, and Geraldine lay, turning the ribbon around her fingers, when she perceived that it was lined with the thinnest white ribbon. Looking closer, she saw that there were stitches, and handing it to her attendant, she said:

"Take a pin, Dorothy, and rip off that lining; there may be something between."

And so it was; for in between lay a slip of the thinnest white paper, and Geraldine saw that there was writing, and read in small, legible letters:

"To my own Beloved Friend: I send thee my greeting with these sweet spring flowers, bidding thee to hope and trust. Our Father careth for these, but not less for thee, my own. I cannot tell thee what I plan for thee, but thou wilt be free once more. The page that bringeth this is faithful and true, and will do much to serve me. Hope, then, and pray, and I trust that ere many days thou wilt be clasped once more by thine own true

"Magdalen."

"What meaneth the Lady Magdalen, Dorothy?" said the reader.

"She planneth thy deliverance, lady," was the hopeful reply.

Next day came an order from the Queen to the jailer, to see the Lady Geraldine Ormsby supplied with all that her physician deemed necessary, and from that day, a more generous regimen was allowed, and the invalid began to recover strength. The breath of the fresh spring is stealing in through the open window, and Geraldine daily inhales its reviving power. Seated on her stool in sight of the gardens of the Tower, she is charmed by the songs of the spring birds, for one has built on a tree not far from her room, and early in the morning she is awakened by its joyous music.

"It seemeth as if it built there just to comfort me, Dorothy," said the prisoner; "near enough for me to see the little mother take care of her children."

. . . . . .

We turn once more to the Lady Magdalen's diary.

"The monotony of our daily life hath been somewhat broken by visits between the Princess Elizabeth and the Queen, for they seem to be quite reconciled now. The Princess entertained Queen Mary one morning after Mass with a grand show of bear-baiting; which, forsooth, did not much please her Grace, for never hath she countenanced by her royal presence such cruel sports. Her ladies say that she never hunted even in her youth; and never swore, which cannot be said, I trow, of the Princess Elizabeth; for truly, her coarse jests and unwomanly oaths are quite disgusting.

"We had a concert in the evening, at which the best minstrels in the kingdom gratified the musical tastes of the royal sisters; but neither bulls, bears, nor badgers were baited for diversion.

"But in the midst of all the court gayety, my thoughts were with the prisoner in the Tower, and are busy constantly with plans for her deliverance. Oh, Geraldine, my early friend, would that I could serve thee! I find that I can have a helper in Sir Piercie Arundel, and will soon take my second step.

. . . . . .

"Sir Piercie hath seen the Lady Geraldine, but so wan, so wasted, that my heart bleeds for the dear captive, and all night long I was visited by dreams of the prisoner, as we were in the days of our sweet childhood and early youth.

"I have succeeded in obtaining an order from the Queen for a change in her daily regimen; for I find that much of the cruelty practised toward prisoners cometh not from the Queen, but from Bishop Bonner.

"The persecutions are still carried on without the knowledge of the Queen, for she is too ill to be disturbed now by any public business; but Bonner waiteth not for the Queen's warrant when he kindleth fires at Smithfield, and so the council heap on the fagots with none to hinder. I must be speedy with Geraldine, for who knoweth how soon she may stand again before the dread tribunal.

"We have had famine and burning fevers, succeeding the cold, wet seasons that have visited the kingdom.

"The land is full of superstitious fancies, and many look upon these things as judgments from heaven for the torture of the Protestants, forgetting that the professors of each faith suffer alike. But gloom and superstition cloud the minds of the English people generally. Apparitions of strange fires have been seen by many persons in the neighborhood of London, on Finbury Fields, Moorsfield, near the windmill, and at the dog-house; and persons are seen hovering about these places at night in dumb terror, believing these to be the spectra of the horrid fires which had consumed the Protestant martyrs; a kind of strange fascination rooting them to the spot.

. . . . . .

"We rowed yesterday on the Thames, in sight of the Tower. From Sir Piercie's description, I fancied that I

could see the window of Geraldine's prison. I tremble when I hear of her constancy, and ask myself every day and hour what it may cost the hapless prisoner.

"That must be heroic faith which can defy the flames of the fiery stake. But what must that church be which can consign holy men and tender women to a fiery death for conscience' sake?

"Can it be the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ? What says the Apostles of our Lord?

"'Charity suffereth long and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.'

"'Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things;' and furthermore, we are told to 'love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous;' and again, 'Be kindly affectioned one to another.'

"How would this sound at Smithfield, as an introduction to the burning?"

CHAPTER XXIII.

MASTER BERKELEY'S CONFESSION.

THE summons has come at length, and the good man is cited to appear before the council. They have had much cruel work to do, and therefore the delay in this case. But during the weeks of suspense he had been fortifying himself for the trial, and writing letters to numerous friends, exhorting them to steadfastness in the faith. He has received several visits already from Father Gulielmus, but has maintained his principles with a meek firmness, that has greatly excited the anger of the priest. As usual, the council-chamber was crowded with spectators, and when the prisoner in his meekness and dignity appeared before them, the silence with which he was received was an eloquent declaration of the impression made by his demeanor. It is true, that the face was worn and thin, that the broad expansive brow was pale as marble, but the eye retained its holy light, and the mouth its sweetness; for in that noble form dwelt the Holy Spirit, His presence manifest in every glance. Bonner commenced the interrogations, and Master Berkeley soon had an idea of what he must expect, from the haughty and sarcastic manner with which he opened the examination.

"Thou art charged, bold man, with grievous crimes against the Holy Church, and art called before this august council to answer for the same."

"I am aware of the fact; but I claim the right of knowing my accusers."

"That thou wilt not; and I doubt not ere the close of this day thou wilt be thine own accuser. Thou art charged with holding to the doctrines of the Reformers in the reign of the last king."

"That is true in every particular, my lord bishop."

"Thou shalt answer for thyself."

"I am ready, the Lord being my helper."

"What sayest thou of tradition which the Church holdeth to be of equal authority with the Holy Scriptures?"

"I answer in the words of Scripture: 'Why do ye transgress the commandments of God by your traditions?' They also command us to 'Call no man Master,' (in spiritual concerns,) to 'try the spirits,' and to 'beware of false teachers.'"

"Thou art an ignorant fool, I trow; but what sayest thou to prayers and service in Latin?"

"I answer in the words of Scripture, for St. Paul saith, 'If I pray in an unknown tongue, my spirit prayeth, but my understanding is unfruitful;' and, writing to Timothy, he says, that, 'From a child hast thou known the Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus.'"

This was answered by hisses in various parts of the chamber, which outrage was unchecked.

"How many sacraments dost thou acknowledge in thy wisdom?"

"I receive two only as instituted by our Lord, — baptism and the Lord's Supper. The five set up by the Church of Rome are not found in Holy Scripture. Even these two she hath corrupted, giving only the wafer to the laity; not bread, as our Lord appointed, not broken, as He did, but laid whole upon the tongue. She denieth also the cup to the laity, when our Lord said to His disciples at the last supper, 'Drink ye all of this.'"

"What sayest thou to the doctrine of the Holy Mass?"

"I regard it as abominable idolatry, and most absurd presumption for a sinful man to pretend that he createth the body of Christ, and that whenever the Mass is celebrated that a sacrifice is offered upon the altar; for the Scriptures teach that the death of Christ was a full and complete sacrifice, 'in which He hath by one offering perfected forever them that are sanctified.'"

Several voices now shouted, "He speaketh blasphemies! he speaketh blasphemies!" Some hissed and derided the speaker so that he was obliged to stop.

When the confusion had somewhat abated, Bonner proceeded with his questions.

"What hast thou to say to the elevation of the host?"

"That it is a direct violation of the Second Commandment, which the Romish Church has endeavored to sup-

press; and in many of their manuals they leave it quite out."

"Holdest thou to the doctrine of purgatory?"

"In no wise, my lord bishop, for the Scriptures declare that, 'If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' The Scriptures speak nowhere of cleansing or purging after death. I deny the power of the Pope to dispense indulgence and to sell the treasury of merits, it being a great scandal to pay monks and friars for these prayers; for the saying is well known that by 'no penny, no *pater noster*,' the Church of Rome enricheth herself."

"Stop his mouth! stop his mouth!" called out several voices in the chamber, which roused up so many revilers that for a season no one could be heard to speak for the confusion.

"What sayest thy blasphemous tongue concerning the Virgin and the Saints?"

"The Scriptures speak of her as the mother of our Lord's humanity, and 'highly favored among women;' but nowhere to be worshipped, for, when His mother and His brethren stood without, desiring to speak with Him, Jesus answered, 'Who are my mother and my brethren?' and, looking round upon his disciples, He saith, 'Behold my mother and my brethren; for whosoever shall do the will of my Father who is in heaven, the same is my brother, sister, and mother.'"

"What sayest thou to the forms and ceremonies of the Holy Catholic Church?"

"That most of these are naught but childish mummery, which would make it appear that the Son of God came down from heaven to give men subjects for dramatic shows; for what else is the rocking of a cradle at Christmas-tide, and the service of the *Tenebress* on Good Friday, and the silly processions of the priests?"

"I have scarcely patience to let thee utter one more word of thy blasphemies; but will ask a few more questions. Dost thou deny the truth that men may merit and deserve at God's hand great rewards by fasting, prayer, and other good works?"

"I deny it wholly, for the Scriptures tell us that we are justified by faith only, simply on account of the merits of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Human merit is but filthy rags at the best."

"Is it true that thou hast heretical books in thy study, which thou readest thyself, and lendest to others?"

"I have the writings of holy men of God, who defend the glorious doctrines of the Reformation, and expose the abominations of the Church of Rome. I read myself, and lend the same."

Now arose such a din of voices, each trying to be heard in taunting and reviling the prisoner, that for a few minutes it were vain to attempt to speak. Then turning round towards the spectators, he raised one hand to heaven, while his whole face was in a glow of indignation, as he said, in loud, clear tones:

"O Lord, have thou mercy upon England, who turneth a deaf ear to thy holy word, and mocketh those who defend its truths!"

"We have need of no more questions," said Bonner, "for truly this is as bold a heretic as hath stood before this holy council."

The next step was to hand him a copy of the articles which he was required to sign. After reading them, he said, firmly:

"I will not subscribe to them, for they are all against the Scriptures, and contain all the abominations of Popery."

"I am sorry for you," said Dr. Weston, "because I see such stubbornness in you; but, seeing it is so, we must of necessity proceed."

Then he read the sentence of condemnation, which was written in a long and tedious process of words, concluding thus:

"They, therefore, John of Lincoln, James of Gloucester, and Edwin of London, did judge and condemn the said Walter Berkeley as a heretic, to be degraded from the holy priesthood and all ecclesiastical order; declaring, moreover, the said Walter Berkeley to be no member of the Church, and therefore committed to the secular powers, of them to receive due punishment according to the temporal laws; and furthermore excommunicate him by the great law of excommunication."

Led away by the sheriff, the noble confessor was re-

manded to prison, many more deeply impressed by his firm deportment than they cared to express; the malice of the council greatly increased by his calm resolution.

As he passed out of the council-chamber, a person in the garb of a priest passed near to the prisoner, and whispered, in a low voice, "Be of good cheer, the Lord is with thee!" Master Berkeley started, as he recognized the features and voice of Lord Fitzhugh; but in a few minutes he was lost in the crowd. In a few days, he submitted to the sentence of degradation at the hands of Dr. Brooks, in the presence of the vice-chancellor and many of the heads of the University of Oxford.

Sustained by the Lord, whom he served in these days of trial, there were still some bitter drops in his cup of suffering when he thought of Elizabeth Templeton, in her loneliness, for none had she on earth but Walter Berkeley, and we find him transcribing some thoughts for her.

. . . . . .

"The trial is past, and I have only now to await the day of martyrdom for the sake of our dear Lord.

"I was wonderfully strengthened on the day of trial, and I know that the Lord who was with me then will not forsake me in the last extremity. I see thee, my Elizabeth, in thy loneliness, and my heart bleeds for thee. But time is short, my love; its trials will soon be at an end, and eternity is long with all its weight of glory — our hopes are all there, garnered up in heaven. Thou must not think of the fiery death, but of the blessed transi-

tion, not of the stake and its terrors, but of the crown of glory; for when thou readest this, I shall be with the noble army that surrounds the throne. Thou knowest not the power and sweetness of Holy Scripture until thou needest its support, as I do now; for how can I tremble when I read such passages as these? 'When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.'

"'Fear not, for I have redeemed thee. I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine.'

"This is strong consolation — may it be thine, love, when thou art in the waters of affliction, as they will be mine in the fires of martyrdom, for they cannot hurt the ransomed soul. This sweet hymn of St. Bernard is full of holy peace and comfort. I give thee below a few lines:

"And martyrdom hath roses
Upon that heavenly ground,
And white and virgin lilies
For virgin souls abound.

"And after fleshly scandal,
And after this world's might,
And after storm and whirlwind,
Is calm, and joy, and light.

Exult, O dust and ashes,
The Lord shall be thy part:
His only, His forever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!"

"Let this be thy hymn, my love; and when thou singest the beautiful lines, think of me, for I shall be singing higher, holier hymns. Thine aunt will not tarry much longer on her sorrowful journey, and I wot that thy loving soul will soon burst its prison to be with thy Lord. I shall look for thee, Elizabeth, at the golden gate, for the children of the resurrection will know each other in that blessed land. The vision on the mount of transfiguration showeth what the other world will be, for there were our dear Lord, Moses, and Elias, in their glorified forms; Peter, James, and John, in human flesh, all in blessed communion together, in that heavenly cloud; so keep up a good heart, mine own Elizabeth, and we shall meet where there are no more tears and sighing, no more sin and death, and where we shall sing together the song of Moses and the Lamb."

. . . . . .

After a few days longer, Master Berkeley was summoned again to hear his sentence, which was to be burned at Smithfield on the first day of May ensuing. Bowing to Bonner, who pronounced his sentence, he said, in impressive tones:

"I thank thee, my lord bishop, for thy notice of release from this troublesome world." And, raising his eyes to heaven, with clasped hands, he added, "And thee, O Heavenly Father, that thou dost deem me worthy to

wear the crown of martyrdom for the sake of thy dear Son."

Turning away with a calm step of dignity, he was led by the sheriff back to his prison-cell, where, doubtless, angels ministered unto him, as they have ever done to God's faithful servants in their days of trial.

CHAPTER XXIV.

TIDINGS FROM THE EXILES.

LORD ALGERNON hears constantly from the exiles. A sad letter has just reached him from the Countess.

"We are still in Switzerland, in the midst of the most charming scenery that one could imagine. The good minister of the church that we attend has consented to hire his little carriage, suitable for these mountain roads; and on every fine day we take our pleasant rides. Indeed the fresh air seemeth Lucy's life, for whenever bad weather confineth her to the house, we observe a manifest loss of appetite and strength; and so we nearly live out of doors. On one occasion, anxious to ascend higher, we left Lucy and Mistress Hastings at a chalêt in the mountains, and, attended by a guide, on the backs of mules, ascended the heights. Nothing could exceed the grandeur, not only of our journey upward, but of the magnificence when we reached the summit. It was sunset, and the snow-capped mountains tinged with a roseate hue, the shadows creeping over the lower slopes, the sounds of the Alpine horns answering each other from the shepherds on their way homeward with their flocks, often enlivening

the solitudes by their wild mountain songs, all made an impression which I shall not soon forget. We stayed all night at one of the chalêts, where we were entertained with mountain fare and Swiss hospitality, for which the Earl paid liberally. It was very delightful, Algernon, in that lovely chalêt, surrounded by an humble band of Christians, to hear thy father pour out his heart in prayer, and join in singing their beautiful hymns. Thou wouldst have been amused couldst thou have seen the surprise on the features of the mountaineers, when they found that an English earl, exiled for conscience' sake, had tarried beneath their humble roof.

"'We are descended from a family of martyrs,' said Gaspard Le Roux, 'and so we are brethren in faith and hope.'

"Clasping the warm hand of Christian love, we parted, members of one family in Christ; and, as we rode on through these hills and valleys, I thought of the old Vaudois, who, with a spirit stronger than the sword, and loftier than despair, endured their great trials, the whole heroic region filled with the memory of their deeds.

"We found our Lucy very happy in the possession of a pet lamb, which she was caressing, and which she named Fan, after her fawn at Lyndhurst. Taking it inside of our carriage, we drove home, our dear child talking sweetly all the way to her pet. Edward is growing finely, so much like his father, and improving under the care of the minister who directs his studies. We have delightful

music in the evenings, for Sibyl is learning to play on the lute, with Mistress Hastings for her teacher, Edward on the regals, and the governess on the virginals. We sing together our hymns of faith, and we know, Algernon, that there is One in our midst who heareth and blesseth us.

. . . . . .

"I have just read thy last letter with such dolorous news. The tidings of Geraldine's firmness filleth my heart with anxious fears, but still I have hope while I pray for her. Alas! alas! good Master Berkeley and sweet Lettice; must it be that they are called to pass through fiery flames home to heaven? What will the Queen of England say when the Lord maketh inquisition for the precious blood of his own saints? And what must that religion be which can doom the brethren of our humanity to the stake for opinion's sake?

"We all shed tears of anguish when thy father read thine account of their heroic constancy under their dreadful trials; the Lord be with them to the end. Lucy does not improve at all; indeed, she wastes daily, slowly, but surely—the rose-tints have all faded from her cheek, and the sweet light of happy childhood from her eye; but there is a holier light beaming there, a more angelic smile around her mouth—her little hands are nearly transparent, and she is now so feeble that we bear her to the carriage and nurse her in our arms. This morning we sat out in the gallery, while Edward and Sibyl sang some beautiful hymns.

"With eyes closed, and hands folded, the dear child listened, and then said:

"'Mother dear! how good our Lord is! He might have me suffer a great deal, but I am only weak, and you are all so kind, that I scarcely feel that. Mother, I shall never see Lyndhurst again, but it is just as easy to go home to heaven from Switzerland as from England. Do you think that Jesus will receive me?'

"My heart was full to bursting, Algernon, but I replied:

"'Did he not die for thee, Lucy? Did he not say of lambs like thee, "for of such is the kingdom of heaven"?'

"'That is true, mother,' said the child; 'and I know that I love Him, for when I think of going home it is the thought of seing Him that maketh my heart glad. Hast thou heard from Geraldine lately?'

"I answered cautiously: 'We have, my love; and she maintaineth her constancy with great firmness; but I have hope, Lucy, when I pray for thy sister.'

"'From the Queen, mother?' was her question.

"'No, my love; but from the Lord.'

. . . . . .

"I will draw a picture for thee, Algernon, that thou mayest see our family as we live day by day.

"In the morning hour, we meet in our breakfast-room, and then the Earl readeth the morning-service, always remembering thee, Geraldine, and the others imprisoned for conscience' sake. Mistress Hastings plays on the virginals, and we sing together our morning hymn; then we have

breakfast; after which, if the day be fine, the females gather on the gallery, Lucy sometimes reclining on a small lounge, Mistress Hastings and Sibyl at their lessons, Edward in the study with his tutor, the Earl busy with his accounts, which he carefully keeps. Then we all meet on the gallery, Mistress Hastings and I with our work, Edward and Sibyl with their drawing, the Earl reading to us from some good book, while Lucy's bird sings to us in the cage that hangs on one of the slender columns, and she, dear child, learning embroidery stitch, which she is very fond of. I have one little piece that she hath finished, just large enough for a small stool; she is very proud of it, and so are we. Then comes dinner, after which Lucy rests several hours; and after an early supper, we spend our sunset hours on the gallery, where the landscape on the lake is one of sweet and tranquil beauty; the sun in his glory sinking behind the mountains, sky and water tinged with golden hues, the little boats like white-winged birds floating upon the bosom of the lake, the song of the oarsmen comes wafted to us with notes of peace and rest from labor, for the evening-star is peeping out, and we feel that man's toil for the day is done. I look in the direction of my native land, and over lake and hill, over plain and city and ocean, I am thinking of dear old England, and drawing contrasts between this quiet, happy country of religious freedom, and that troubled kingdom of intolerance and cruelty. At this quiet hour we are often joined by our kind neighbors — simple-hearted, pious people —

bringing a gift of fruit or flowers for Lucy. If it were not for the deep feeling of anxiety concerning those we love, ours would be a very happy life; but the prisoner in the Tower, and those in the Fleet are ever with us.

. . . . . .

"Lucy is entirely confined to her bed now, takes but little nourishment, and we look for her departure daily, hourly. This morning she called me to her side, and said.

"'Mother dear, I shall not be long with you, and while I can, I want to give a few of my little keepsakes away. Give my necklace to Geraldine when thou seest her, mother, my lute to Mistress Hastings, all my toys and pretty gifts to Sibyl, my lamb and pony to Edward, my books to Algernon, and for thyself, thou hast my likeness and my bird, and my dear father must have my Bible. I know that you will all remember Lucy, and I shall wait for you in the land where the blessed children follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth.'

"Every one is kind to our darling, the good minister, Pastor Gaubert, seeing her daily, and comforting us all by his counsels and his prayers.

"But every day our anxiety increases for Geraldine; for when the Queen is so often ill, we fear much from the bishops by whom she is surrounded. The Lord be with our darling!

. . . . . .

"A week has passed since I penned the last lines. Lucy has gone, sleeping away her sweet life and entering

into rest all unconscious of suffering. The Lord be forever praised for this great mercy! She seemed like unto an angel, Algernon, with that look of deep repose which resteth upon the face of the recently dead. We have naught to remember but a short life of a bright and happy childhood, save these last few months of languishing, but not of suffering; and for the future, we have the blessed hope of meeting her in the land where there is no more parting, for we know of a surety that our Lucy is a blessed child in her Father's mansions.

"We laid our darling to rest in the churchyard of the village, beneath the shade of green trees, where birds may sing over her grave. Four young girls of the neighborhood, clad in white, carried her to the grave, strewing flowers over it ere they turned away. We were careful that everything was so arranged as to make it easy for removal when we return to England.

"A number of the villagers attended the simple services held at our house, and the good minister used our own burial service in King Edward's service-book, in committing her precious dust to the silent grave. But we are lonely, Algernon, every day feeling the void more keenly which her departure hath made around us. Sibyl is deeply grieved, for there were strong ties of love between the two; and I often find her weeping over some treasured memorial of her sainted sister. I send some of her beautiful hair, Algernon, which I wish thee to have set in four brooches,—for Geraldine, for Sibyl, for Mis-

tress Hastings, and myself. Thou smilest in sad wonder at the mention of Geraldine's name; but, my son, I plead the gracious promise, believing that 'Whatsoever ye shall ask believing, that will I give.' I know not *how* it may be, but the Lord can make the way, and link together all the circumstances, and I will trust Him; so I have never quite lost hope of seeing my Geraldine. See that Ralph and Dorothy are comfortable; they have no home of their own now, and their small means will soon be exhausted. I should be grieved to see them dependent on their Cousin John. Give my love to thy aunt, the Lady Mary, and tell her to be kind to my child for her sister's sake, if she ever hath the opportunity.

"If the day should come when we all will meet again, who can tell the rapture? The Lord hasten it in His own good time. God bless and keep my children evermore, prayeth their mother."

CHAPTER XXV.

TRIED IN THE FIRE.

THE weeks, and now the days, are hastening on. The spring birds are filling the air with their melody, and the flowers are perfuming it with their sweet fragrance.

April is passing with her smiles and tears, and May is stealing on with her robes of beauty. Lettice knows it, and is preparing for her last fiery ordeal. We will glance over her diary and read her thoughts, not surprised to see the letters sometimes defaced by blinding tears, when she writes of the crushing of her earthly hopes.

"The coronation day is stealing on, Robin, and I am thinking of thee every hour as the day approacheth.

"I know that thou wilt be lonely, for thou lovest me truly, purely, fondly, as I love thee. I must not be forgotten as the silent years roll on, when I am in the better land, and so I give thee something to do for me, that thou mayest keep me ever in thy thoughts. There are my two beautiful roses in the garden, watch them for me, and bring in my tender plants that cannot bear the winter; be kind, too, to my pretty ring-doves. But, most of all, comfort my father and mother; be a son to them, Robin,

as thou wouldst have been had I lived. And every day draw nearer, nearer to thy Lord; thou knowest not what a friend Jesus is, unless thou couldst be in straits like mine. I love the Lord so well that I am content now to leave all that I had hoped for on earth, just to be with Him forever. I trow that it will pay me for all my sorrows if I only hear Him say, 'Well done, good and faithful servant.'

"Sometimes I lie awake for hours, and then such visions of the New Jerusalem and all its glory pass before me, that I am often sorry when the morning cometh. I see its jasper walls, its gates of pearl, its river of life, and the blessed ones who walk upon its blissful shores. I hear the ravishing music of the angels, and, Robin, in my visions, I see the Lord, the crucified, the risen Lord, and He smileth on Lettice. Canst thou wonder that I am ready to loose from earth and flee away to heaven? I have cut off two locks of my hair, — one for thee, and one for my parents. I wish that they could be set in brooches; but that must be left for thee. My service-book is for thee, Robin, and the clothes that I leave behind for my parents; they are worn and soiled, but they will ever be dear for the sake of her that wore them. And now, good Robin, one more last charge. On the first day of May of each passing year, tie a knot of blue ribbon round a branch of May-buds, and hang it over thy door in memory of Lettice."

. . . . . .

And now she writes to her parents:

"To Mine own Dear Father and my Mother.

"The days are flying swiftly by, and Lettice will soon be no more on earth. I write my last words to my dear parents, that they may know how I am comforted in my lonely prison, for I am willing to suffer all for the sake of my dear Lord; and He comforteth me with the blessing of His presence. I see thee, mother dear, at the lodge, when we were such a happy family. Why should the Queen of England come in to disturb such a home of love? Alas! much I fear that the dark, revengeful heart of Hugh Digby hath brought me here, for he hath said more than once, that, 'If I would not be his, Robin Heathcote should never call me wife!' but the Lord hath allowed it, and I must not murmur, if I am to mount to heaven on wings of flame, as many others have done before me. I pray thee, good mother, not to grieve too sore for me, for never was I so blessed as now I am, when, over the dark river, I catch a glimpse of the holy city, and hear the songs of the shining ones. Neither be too much cast down when thou knowest that, on the first of May, I am to enter upon mine inheritance. If thou shouldst hear, good mother, that I was to be advanced to some high seat of honor, wouldst thou grieve? and that is what I am called to on the first of May. If I leave my earthly company for the high court of angels, we ought to rejoice therein, and not to weep and lament. If

I suffer for Christ and His truth, I know that He is on the other side of the fire; and ought I not to hasten to Him? Wherefore, most dear parents, rejoice with me, for in a few weeks I shall be singing with the angels of God. I trow that one look of love from Jesus will pay for all the sorrows of the way. Do not count that you have lost your child because she is singing with the blessed ones around the throne; but hasten to come to me, in the land where sickness and cruel queens can part us never more. Be good to Robin for my sake, and should he lose his mother, take him home, if thou goest back to Lyndhurst. He will be a good and loving son, I trow; and when you are both growing old, he will help you to bear life's burdens, and will soothe you in your hours of sickness and trial. But it is time to retire now; and every night ere I close mine eyes in sleep, with folded hands, I repeat the simple prayer of childhood which thou didst teach me, mother, when I was a toddling wee thing, for they are the sweetest words now that linger in my memory. And now, mine own dear parents, I pray you that you would forgive me all wherein I have grieved you. Keep fast hold of Christ, till you know and love Him better than any friend in this evil world. May He send us a happy meeting in His blessed mansions, prayeth your own well-beloved daughter, LETTICE."

The prisoner is much disturbed by visits from the priest, who in vain seeks to shake her constancy.

"It were vain, Father, to urge me to recant and save my life," was her steady answer, "for I have weighed time and eternity, the poor dying body and the never-dying soul, and my choice is made."

"Thinkest thou, silly wench, that thou canst endure the torture of devouring flames?"

"Not I, Father, but Christ who dwelleth in me; that is my hope, and I can die for Him who died for me."

"Take then the reward of thine obstinacy," said Father Gulielmus, as he closed the door of the cell.

The jailer has come with her last supper, for to-morrow Lettice is to suffer.

"Wilt grant me one boon, good friend?" said the young girl.

"What wouldst thou, mistress?"

"That I might see Master Berkeley ere I suffer; it cannot bring trouble upon thee, for who would know it?"

"It is a small boon, Mistress Lettice, and at twelve o'clock, when all is quiet in the Fleet, I will bring him to thee."

The good minister is here at the appointed time, and Lettice is seated on the side of her lowly bed, her golden hair streaming over her shoulders.

"Can this be the sweet May-Queen?" thought the master, as he took the wasted hand within his own.

"We thought not to meet thus, Lettice," said the master; "but the Lord hath put high honor upon us, in calling us to suffer for His truth."

"What thinkest thou of to-morrow, Master Berkeley?"

"I am ready, Lettice, to go forward; and thou, my child?"

"I have had some dark hours, Master Berkeley; for sometimes the flesh quaileth at the thought of the torture, but my trust in the power of Jesus to help me is unshaken."

"Our time will be very short, Lettice; just a few hours remaining for earthly sorrow, and then cometh the exceeding weight of glory. I doubt not that thy guardian angels are here to-night, and will be waiting for thee to-morrow, when the spirit passeth the bounds of sense."

"Look, Master Berkeley at what my mother hath sent me; I call it my wedding-dress;" (and she pointed to a long white gown that hung upon a peg in the room;) "she will never more make another for Lettice, poor mother! Wilt thou pray with me a few minutes, Master Berkeley?"

Bowed down together, the good minister of St. Jude's poured out his heart in prayer for Lettice and himself, that the Lord would be with them to the end; for the parents, for Robin, and for Elizabeth, that they all might be comforted in the hour of their sorrow, and be able to give up to God those whom they so fondly loved; then for Geraldine in her prison, and last of all, for the Queen herself, that her heart might be changed, and that she might repent, and yet be forgiven for her dreadful crimes.

"And now, Lettice, be of good cheer," said the master; "be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might"

"I have given up all, good master — father, mother, Robin; and now I have naught but Christ; but Him I have forever."

"Good-night, Lettice — the day is at hand — God be with you! We meet to-morrow."

The door closed, and Lettice composed herself to sleep, resting sweetly as an infant through the solemn hours of the night.

Walter Berkeley is making his last entry in his diary.

. . . . . .

"To my Well-beloved Elizabeth.

"Just on the borders of the celestial city, I write to thee, my love, bidding thee to be of good cheer, and not to sorrow for me as for one without hope; for of this I am well assured, that all 'who sleep in Jesus will He bring with Him' when He cometh in His power to raise the dead, and gather home His saints. Keep fast hold of Christ; love Him every day more deeply, more truly, and He will never leave thee nor forsake thee, for He loveth His own with an everlasting love. Would that I could tell thee what blessed tokens of His love I have had in this lonely prison, where I have had none but Jesus.

"All that I leave behind is thine,—my books, my organ, my pictures, all the contents of my two rooms, save the furniture, which belongeth to the Earl. To-morrow, God helping, I expect to be at home for evermore, where I shall look for thee, Elizabeth, and then we shall be parted never more. This is the hymn that I wish thee to sing, my love,

for it hath much comforted me, and is the last that I sing on earth:

"'Holy city, happy city,
Built on Christ, and sure as He,
From my weary journeying,
From the wastes, I cry to thee;
Longing, sighing, hasting, crying,
Till within thy walls I be.
Ah! what happy, happy greeting
For the guests thy gates who see!

"'Ah! what blessed, blessed meeting
Have thy citizens in thee!
Ah! those glittering walls how fair,
Jasper sheen and ruby blee.
Never harm, nor sin, nor danger,
Thee can tarnish, crystal sea;
Never woe, nor pain, nor sorrow,
Thee can enter, city free!'

"When thou art singing this, I shall be with the blessed inhabitants of that holy city; that is as sure as that Christ liveth. And now the Lord, whom we love, bless, keep, and comfort thee, and bring thee home to that holy, happy place, prayeth thine own WALTER."

Long before nine o'clock, a crowd assembled at Smithfield to see two heretics burned. Some came from pity to see a young girl suffer, some from revenge; but the chief part came simply to see a sight, as they would have gone to see a royal procession. As nine o'clock struck on the

great bell, the two martyrs appeared, — Master Berkeley led forth between the Mayor and Dr. Weston, Lettice between an alderman and Father Gulielmus. The good minister was clad in a black gown much worn, with a buttoned cap on his head, and a long shroud hanging down to his feet; and Lettice wore a long white garment, falling from her throat to her feet, her head, arms, and feet bare. No fastening confined her golden hair, which streamed over her shoulders and fell around her. She walked slowly, but calmly, her small hands folded upon her bosom. Master Berkeley walked with a firm and steady step, a look of triumph in his fine eye, as he raised it to heaven.

"Be of good cheer, Lettice," said the good man, "there are more with us than with our enemies."

On the roadside Lettice encountered a sight that almost overthrew her courage, for there stood her father, supporting her mother in his arms, and Robin waiting for one last word.

"Just one last kiss," said the mother, as she threw her arms around the martyr's neck, Lettice whispering:

"God be with thee, mother, father mine!" And then turning to Robin, she said, "Jesus is with me, be comforted, Robin; but take away my parents!"

"Art thou here, good friend?" said Master Berkeley, as he encountered the glance of his friend Bernard Gilpin; "it is good to see a friend in this hour."

"I have prayed for thee, Walter, that thy faith fail not; and I see it, my friend, in thy calm, clear eye."

Arrived at the place of execution, the priest urged Lettice to confess.

"To God I will, and have done," was the reply; "to man I will not." Lifting up her eyes, she continued, "O Lord God, I confess that I am a vile sinner, unworthy of Thy grace and mercy. Wherefore, let it please Thee of Thy goodness to forgive me, and look not upon me a sinner, but upon Jesus Christ thy Son, in whose righteousness I stand."

The priest was greatly annoyed; but he did not dare to silence her, for the multitude hung eagerly upon her words. There was a short pause while the sheriff's men, under his direction, heaped the wood in position for burning quickly. Then the sheriff read the indictment of both, in a loud, clear voice. After this they passed a chain around the bodies of each, fastening them to either side of the stake. The sheriff then, with a lighted torch, advanced to set the wood on fire.

"Will ye allow me that I may speak unto the people?" asked Master Berkeley.

"No, miserable reprobate!" answered the priest; "thou hast spoken too much already."

Clasping his hands, and raising his eyes to heaven, the good man poured out his soul in earnest prayer.

"Strengthen us, dear Lord, to pass through the flames unshaken home to our heavenly rest; and do Thou forgive our persecutors for Jesus' sake."

Then stepped forth Master Gilpin, tying the bags of

powder around the necks of the martyrs. The sheriff now applied the torch.

Meanwhile Lettice stood upon the pile of wood, her hands clasped, and her sweet, blue eyes turned up to heaven, while the sun shone down upon her golden hair floating in the breeze. But what meaneth this miracle of grace? Does she feel no pain? for as the flames roar up around her, there seems no tremor of the clasped hands, no change in the rapture of that heaven-lit face, that looked as though it beheld the beatific vision. One stood in the crowd who, in his agony, remembered the same look on that day four years ago, when Lettice was crowned the fair Queen of May, and when she saw by faith the crown of glory — does she see it now? From the very midst of the flames arose the silver voice of Lettice Kenworthy, accompanied by the richer notes of Master Berkeley, singing the *Gloria in Excelsis* — a tall figure, in the garb of a priest, joining the glorious anthem, the concluding words sung faintly:

"For thou only art holy, thou only art the Lord; thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost art most high" — but the remainder was sung in heaven, save by the two rich, manly voices, who boldly sang it to the end. The two slipping out through the crowd, linked arms, supposing themselves unnoticed, but a pair of fierce, black eyes gleamed fiercely in passing them, saying, in a low voice:

"That was a bold act, Lord Fitzhugh; thou mayest pay dear for that chant, I trow."

But there is one agonized sufferer in that crowd, who lingers long around the stake, sitting in his anguish, with clasped hands and head bowed down between his knees, startled at length by a voice that hissed out:

"Said I not, Robin Heathcote, that thou shouldst never call Lettice Kenworthy wife. There is thy lovely bride; go claim her."

Twice crowned, nothing remains on earth of the sweet May-Queen but a few charred bones and the ashes around the stake. Just after sunset, when the place was all forsaken, the figure of a young man is seen there carefully gathering up the remains of the two martyrs in separate boxes, that he may convey them to Lyndhurst. He has sought the afflicted parents with his treasures, and laying them down upon the table at John Opdyke's, he said:

"There is all that remaineth of our sweet Lettice and good Master Berkeley."

"Bless you, Robin, for this!" said the mother; "we will lay them in our garden, where we can know that there is something that once was Lettice."

"Was it not a glorious death?" said Robin, "finishing that grand old chant in heaven."

"But how can we live without her, Robin?" said the mother.

A burst of agonized weeping from the young man was the answer. Robin went next day to the prison, obtaining from the jailer all that was left of the holy martyrs, — the golden locks of hair, the letters, the service-book,

and the clothes; and then on the following day the three sorrowing friends returned to Lyndhurst, and burying the precious boxes at the foot of Robin's garden, it was a great comfort to cherish the sacred spot, and to plant the flowers that Lettice loved on the lowly graves. True to his promise, Master Gilpin sought an interview with Mistress Templeton, who, in her seclusion, had heard but little of the terrible scenes in London; all that she knew was that he she so fondly loved was in prison under sentence of death; and hour after hour she sat watching the road that led to the lodge, hoping for news.

In her accustomed seat at the front window, she saw a carriage approaching; and hastening down, was in time to meet Master Gilpin, who extended his hand.

"What news from Walter, good friend?" said the lady, with an eager look upon her face.

"Thou wilt go to him, Elizabeth; but he returneth not to thee."

Clasping her hands, her eyes distended, she said:

"What meanest thou, good friend?"

"He is at rest forever with his Lord and Master."

"Gone, sayest thou! and no farewell for me?"

"Grieve not for him, Elizabeth; his was a blessed triumph over death, and a glorious entrance into heaven."

"Alone, alone, in this dark world! will he come nevermore?"

With hands clasped tight upon her temples, it was pitiable to see the tearless grief of Elizabeth Templeton,

reading his last letter over and over again, unable to take it all in. Finding how completely she was paralyzed, he took her over to Lyndhurst; and finding Godfrey, hired him to open the castle, that she might visit the master's study, hoping thus to open the flood-gates of grief, and thus relieve the burning, throbbing brain. Going after sundown, they entered the study, Elizabeth seating herself mechanically in his chair, and her friend, opening the organ, played the hymns which they had so often sung together. Slowly the tears, one by one, began to fall, until the barriers gave way, and gasping sobs burst from the breaking heart.

She took the cap from the stand, and said, slowly, sadly:

"Did they burn thee, love? thee, the noble, the saintly minister?"

"It was a short agony, Elizabeth; think not of that—think only of the triumphant chant which he and Lettice sang, for, with the strains of the *Gloria in Excelsis* on their lips, they went home to glory."

"I shall go to him, good master, but he shall nevermore return to me; nevermore, nevermore." And with these words, taking the arm of Master Gilpin, she left the study and entered the carriage, from that day forward spending the remaining hours of her weary life in looking for him who could nevermore come to Granby Lodge. The next morning the threads of memory were all entangled; and, forgetting the martyrdom and its triumph, the one thought of return took possession of her mind, and daily she watched for him she loved.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A SHINING MARK.

HUGH DIGBY had followed closely after the retreating figure of the priest, keeping him in view, until he saw him enter Dunsmore House. Hurrying back to Father Gulielmus, we find him closeted with that wily priest, giving him an account of the discovery that he had made.

"We want a shining mark among the nobles," said the priest, "to intimidate that class. Secure the arrest of Lord Fitzhugh, and thou shalt have ten sovereigns, Pedro."

That was the real name of the servant of the Inquisition.

"Furnish me with authority, and I fail not; for Lord Fitzhugh is a bold, proud man, and it would glad me to see him humbled."

"We have not seen that yet, Pedro, for I trow that in the midst of what thou callest humbling, there is naught seen but steps of calm courage, and naught heard but chants of exultation from the lips of the heretics."

For several evenings Pedro, in company with two officers, kept hovering about Dunsmore House without success; but at length, concealed in the darkness, one night the spy saw the door open, and a tall figure in the

dress of a priest appeared, the Lady Agnes accompanying him to the door, and Pedro near enough to hear him say, in answer to her words:

"God be with ye, sister Agnes."

"It is Lord Fitzhugh," said Pedro.

In the next minute he was in the hands of the officers of the council.

"Take off your hands," said the young man; "I will follow you whithersoever you would bear me, for I have no fear of man, much less such as you."

A long walk at the midnight hour brought them finally to the borders of the river, where, taking a barge, Lord Fitzhugh was speedily conveyed to the Tower.

"Did not the bell ring very late last night?" said Geraldine to the jailer.

"About one o'clock a prisoner of note was brought to the Tower, one of the bravest that I have yet seen cross these prison doors."

"Didst hear his name, good jailer?"

"Lord Marmaduke Fitzhugh, one of the most outspoken of all the nobles in London; but I trow that he has had a stopper put on his bold mouth ere this."

Geraldine turned deadly pale, as she replied:

"Three now in the hands of the council; God in his mercy defend them."

The jailer smiled grimly, as he said:

"I trow thou countest but one, good mistress."

"What meanest thou?"

"I mean that two have suffered, — the one whom thou callest Master Berkeley, and the other Lettice Kenworthy."

"When did that doleful burning take place?"

"On the first day of May; didst not hear the bell that morning?"

"I remember now that I did hear solemn tolling, but I knew not it was a knell for good Master Berkeley and the May-Queen — crowned twice, sweet Lettice! Didst hear how they bore themselves in the flames?"

"Bravely, I trow, for it is said that they sang the Gloria in Excelsis with their last breath, Lord Marmaduke joining in the chant, which perchance hath brought him here."

Covering her face with her hands, she wept long and bitterly.

And thus she makes her entry:

"Never more to suffer! at rest forever! the good minister and the May-Queen—strange that she should receive the crown of martyrdom on the same day that she was crowned Queen of May! Within the shining city, safe for evermore! Marmaduke and I yet in the hands of our enemies — but let us still hold on to Christ, and we cannot go astray, though we pass through fiery flames to paradise."

Next day Geraldine, looking out of her small window,

perceived a long strip of white paper hanging out of one opposite, on which was written in large letters the name of Marmaduke; and thus she knew that he was not far off. Next morning she answered the sign by one with her own name, but quickly withdrawn for fear of detection. In a day or two she hung the sign out again, with the words "Five o'clock," intending that as the hour for intercourse, and thus at that early hour, each looked for the precious words before many were astir. One morning on Marmaduke's strip was found "Hope thou in God," answered next day by "Pray without ceasing." The windows were too far off to distinguish faces, but it was a comfort to know that these suffering hearts were so near to each other.

In a few days, Lord Marmaduke was summoned before the council — no flinching, no trembling in his firm, manly step, no faltering in the clear, manly voice; and Bishop Bonner felt that he was in the presence of a spirit that he could not crush.

The usual questions were put to the young man, not only by Bonner, but by other members of the council, his bold answers frequently interrupted by taunts and jeers and scoffs, which he received with a smile of infinite contempt.

"Throw your jeers at schoolboys," said the young man, "you will find that they move me not, except to pity the men who stoop so low. Grave subjects, such as we discuss, should be met with calm, dignified argument, not

with derision; it must e'en be a bad cause that is met by such like scoffs, instead of disputation."

"You have boldly denied all the doctrines of the Holy Church," said Bonner. "What sayest thou concerning our Lord, the Pope?"

"I will answer in the words of Scripture: this is he 'Who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God.' Hear what the Apostle John saith of him in the book of Revelations: 'And there was given unto him a mouth speaking great things and blasphemies.' And the Prophet Daniel saith, 'And he shall speak great words against the Most High, and shall wear out the saints of the Most High.' This is the Lord, the Pope, who denieth that in Romish books he is called 'The Lord God, the Lord God Almighty.' If this be not blasphemy, where do we find it?"

"Bold reprobate," said Bonner, "the Holy Church hath godly discipline for such as thee."

"Call not the Romish upstart the Holy Catholic Church," replied Lord Fitzhugh, "at one time acting the part of a stage-player with her mummeries, at another, a tigress with her cruelties."

"How darest thou utter such blasphemies?" asked Dr. Weston, starting to his feet.

"Dost thou deny that she claimeth it to be lawful for the good of the Church to torture, burn, or in other ways to kill heretics for the prosperity of the Holy Church of Rome?"

"She hath authority so to do," was the reply.

"From whom, pray ye?" asked Marmaduke.

"From the Lord Christ himself, for the Pope representeth Him on earth; for I acknowledge the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church of Rome to be the mother and mistress of all churches, and I have promised and sworn true obedience to the Pope of Rome, who is Christ's vicar and successor to St. Peter, the prince of the apostles."

"Out upon him for a bold impostor!" said Marmaduke.

It were hard to describe the rage of the Papists as he passed out of the council-chamber, reserved for another hearing.

"Burn him! burn him!" cried out several harsh voices, who gnashed upon him with their teeth, throwing at him apple-cores, pieces of biscuit, or whatever they could lay their hands upon.

By no means daunted, Marmaduke sought the quiet of his room; and next day we find hanging out of his window the words, "Be not dismayed," answered by, "The Lord reigneth."

In a few more days Marmaduke was summoned again, maintaining the same brave spirit, and listening to the sentence which condemned him to a fiery death, he said, in clear tones:

"You may dissolve my flesh, as you have done with many of God's saints, but ye cannot harm my soul; the most that ye can do is to consume my body, but I shall wear it again, glorified and clad in my Saviour's image; that

will be a fearful day, my lords, when you see us in our resurrection bodies, I trow."

In a few days Geraldine was summoned before the council. Calm and unmoved, she listened to the sentence which consigned her to the flames of martyrdom. No time was yet fixed for the day of execution, for the Queen's signature must be had for such victims, and she was too ill to be disturbed with public business. The Lady Magdalen has heard the sad news, and we find her emotions in her diary.

"Can it be that goodness like theirs must be consigned to the flames?

"Lord Marmaduke and my well-beloved Geraldine? I cannot rest until I do something for her rescue. What can I do? Where is my help? There is Sir Piercie Arundel. I will plan; he must execute; and the Lord help us both! Would that I could see the Queen, and obtain a delay of the sentence! I will pray for guidance. Lord help us! for vain is the help of man. Lord Marmaduke was so bold and brave! that wicked Bonner will never lose his hold of such a noble spirit; but the Lord is stronger than the bishop. I cannot sleep until I see the Queen.

. . . . . .

"Mistress Clarencieux pitied my distress, and obtained an audience. On my knees I begged only for a delay of the sentence for both, which the Queen graciously granted, placing her signature to an order written by Mistress

Clarencieux, which I am to send to the council. God be praised for this mercy! for I doubt much if ever the Queen signeth another death-warrant.

. . . . . .

"Sir Piercie carried the order to the council-chamber— he saith that Bonner was white with rage, for he is filled with rancor toward Lord Fitzhugh, but they dare not harm them now, and I will try to release Geraldine from her prison.

"Sir Piercie is eager to execute my plans. I have the Queen's ring and the somnific leaves. The page bought the book for me from a man who keepeth all sorts of curiosities from Turkey. I have heard of the wonderful power of these leaves, and he says that they are almost instantaneous in their action, and produce the deepest sleep for hours. The highly aromatic perfume is so pleasant that one smell of it will lead to a repetition, and once acting on the senses, the desired results follow. The pictures are very curious, and the perfume is bewildering, but not injurious. It is a terrible undertaking, but I must venture.

"This sympathy with heretics seemeth very strange, when it is my own Church that persecuteth; but I seem to be gradually sliding — whither?

"Sir Piercie bought me also a copy of Tyndale's Bible, and now I can read without discovery — so much of Jesus and His work, so little of saints except as fellow-pilgrims, that I am each day more and more perplexed. If they

have so much power in the work of our salvation, what becometh of the work of Christ? for the Gospel holdeth Him up as our only Saviour, our one Mediator. I am drifting away from saints and clinging closer to the Lord Jesus. The murmuring of Aves and Pater-nosters and the whispered absolution of the confessional are fading into forgetfulness. If the Scriptures teach me thus, I must obey, step by step, step by step, holding by the hand of Jesus, until I come into the light; but suppose that this new knowledge separateth me from the ancient Church, what then? I must go, the Lord being my strength and guide. When the Lord saith, 'March,' give me grace to say, 'I go.'"

CHAPTER XXVII.

REMANDED TO THE TOWER.

AT an early hour in the morning, the Lady Magdalen is once more in the pleasance, planning with Sir Piercie the rescue of Geraldine.

"Thou seest these books, Sir Piercie?" said the lady; "they will attract the jailer, first by their curious pictures, and also by their sweet perfume. Thou must pass two ere thou reachest the Lady Geraldine. Thou wilt wear the garb of a priest, and take with thee the cassock and the *cowl* for the prisoner. Lord Algernon will be ready with a carriage at the landing, and once safe with her brother, they will soon cross the Channel, where no harm can reach them. Wait to-night until after the moon is down, and heaven speed thy mission!" Clasping her hands, she added, "If thou failest, Sir Piercie, my life would be shrouded henceforth in sorrow."

The hours of this eventful day dragged on wearily to the Lady Magdalen, and anxiously to Sir Piercie.

About nine o'clock the moon disappeared, and in the darkness of the night the page set forth, taking a barge for the Tower, directing the boatmen to wait for him at the stairs. It was easy to pass the guards at the head of

the stairs, for almost daily priests were allowed to visit the prisoners in the Tower. Showing the ring, he told the guard that a priest would return with him in a short time. He passed on quietly until he came to the first gate of the Tower, where he was sternly challenged by the jailer inside of the grating.

"What wouldst thou, Sir Priest, at this unseemly hour?" inquired the jailer.

The page showed the ring with the Queen's signature, and replied:

"I am on a visit of mercy to the souls of the prisoners; thou refusest not one coming direct from court."

"Pass on!" said the jailer, opening the gate.

"Thou must spend lonesome hours, good jailer, in these gloomy passages; if thou likest, I will leave this book with thee. It is a curious volume, brought from Turkey, with much to amuse thee. After thou hast done with it, thou mayest give it to thy children, if thou hast any."

"It smelleth wondrous sweet," was the reply, as the jailer held up the perfumed leaves to his nose.

"Which way next, good friend?" said the page.

"Take that passage at the head of the next flight of stairs, where thou wilt find Dickon, the fat jailer, who can direct thee farther, if he be not sound asleep."

Obeying directions, he slowly retraced his steps for a moment, and smiled at the sight of the jailer, who, with book in hand, was already showing signs of drowsiness. There was no trouble in passing the next gate, for Dickon

was half asleep already, and was soon satisfied with the sight of the Queen's signet and the curious book. Leading the way to the room of the Lady Geraldine, and unlocking the door, the jailer said:

"Here cometh a priest, lady, to give thee ghostly counsel."

Raising her head from her pillow, she replied:

"It is surely an unseemly hour to trespass upon my privacy, I trow, good jailer."

Locking the door, the jailer retired; and the page drew nearer to the prisoner, saying, in low, hurried tones:

"I come from the Lady Magdalen Tresillian, commissioned to release thee from thy prison, fair lady; but there is no time to lose."

"What wouldst thou, good sir? thine errand is fraught with much danger. I am very weak from long confinement and prison fare, and much I fear that I am not equal to any fatigue."

"Here is thy disguise; the two jailers will be sound asleep when we return. Thy brother, the Lord Algernon, is waiting with a carriage at the landing; and once there, thou wilt soon be crossing the Channel on thy way to thy parents. Rouse thee, Lady Geraldine, all is ready!"

"But we are locked in, good sir; how wilt thou pass through that door?"

"I have prepared for everything; and whilst thou art putting on thy disguise, I will take off the lock."

Speedily the task was done; but the prisoner was

trembling with excitement. Taking a small flask from his pocket, Sir Piercie bade her drink a portion of the cordial; and now all was ready. Taking her hand, they passed swiftly to the first gate, where the jailer was locked in a deep sleep, the little book by his side. From a small vial he poured out some oil into the lock; and quickly turning the key that was inside, they descended safely to the second gate, Sir Piercie almost carrying the Lady Geraldine. The jailer there was seated on the floor, his head leaning against the wall, and the book in his hand. Just as the page was about to oil the lock, the man moved slightly, and gave a loud snore that startled the poor lady; but, seeing all safe enough, Sir Piercie hurried on through the darkness, encouraging Geraldine with the hope that a few minutes more would see them safe within the barge. They have reached the first guard, and are about to descend the stairs, when the light from a lamp, falling directly upon Geraldine's form, revealed two long brown locks of silky hair to the guard, which, in her hurry, she had allowed to escape from the priest's cowl.

"Ho, guards! to the rescue!" called the officer at the head of the stairs, lifting the cowl from the fair head, revealing a profusion of rich brown ringlets falling around the nearly fainting form.

The alarm was speedily answered by echoing voices; and in a few seconds the poor lady was surrounded, and the page, in the darkness, threaded his way safely back to the palace, sorely grieved and disappointed. Holding a

light to the pallid face of the prisoner, the guard continued:

"Thou art a sorry plotter, Sir Priest, for ere I spied the long hair, I saw the trembling steps and the bowed form; and I knew that no such priest had crossed these stairs lately."

Overpowered with weakness and excitement, the trembling girl would have fallen to the ground, had not the officer called for the aid of two others.

"Bring hither a litter!" said the man; "the prisoner cannot walk."

Carried back to her lonely prison, the guards found the jailers fast asleep; and, finding it impossible to wake them, it was seen that they had been drugged. Picking up one of the books that lay near the sleeper, the guard, on smelling it, perceived a drowsiness creeping over him; and handing it to another, he was still more affected. The secret was thus disclosed; and when the men finally awoke, they told the story of the young priest with the Queen's signet and the little books. All were cleared of blame, the visits of priests being a thing of everyday occurrence. Geraldine had indulged the sweet hope of seeing her beloved parents, hope growing stronger as she turned her back upon the Tower; and the dark shadows of disappointment closed now around upon the heart-stricken prisoner, and laid her on a bed of languishing, subjected now to more rigid watchfulness and more severe treatment.

For days she could not drag herself to the window; and Lord Marmaduke was in an agony of suspense, finding that no response came now from the telegraphic signs used so long between the two prisoners.

"Was she dead? Was her blessed spirit with the martyrs around the throne?" He had heard no tolling of the bell lately that announced these days of execution; and these thoughts troubled him day and night.

When she could reach the window at the hour of five, she read, "Just one word," and answered, "Sick and helpless." Next day he wrote, "Say not so," answered by, "Christ is all."

. . . . . .

We turn our attention now to the Lady Magdalen, for no sleep had visited her during that night of great suspense.

By the dawn of day we meet her in the pleasance, where she waited a long and weary hour for news from her messenger. She sees him approaching, but it is not with the buoyant step of success, and laying her hand upon her heart, she said:

"Thou hast failed, Sir Piercie, and where is the Lady Geraldine?"

"Remanded to the Tower, but not for fault of mine, lady. All went smoothly and well until we reached the head of the stairs. The unfortunate lady, in her haste, had allowed two long locks to escape from her cowl, which, under the lamplight, revealed the disguise of the

hapless prisoner. In the confusion that followed, I just had one glimpse of the cowl lifted from the fair head, and the beautiful hair hanging over her drooping form. None thought of me in the hurry, and I escaped in the darkness, meeting Lord Algernon at the appointed place."

Magdalen listened with bowed head and streaming tears, as the page proceeded with his story.

"I have not lost all hope yet, Sir Piercie," said the lady; "for there is a God in heaven who heareth prayers put up in Jesus' name; but I thank thee for what thou hast done, good friend," at the same time extending her hand, which the page held respectfully for a moment, bowing over it, and pressing a hasty kiss upon its whiteness.

The Lady Magdalen started in painful surprise, as the page replied:

'Forgive me, lady, for as the devotee reverenceth his tutelar saint, so at a distance do I worship thee."

"Thou painest me, Sir Piercie; for I have only a sister's love to offer thee."

"Command my service at any time, lady; for I trow that it is great joy to serve thee."

With a deep reverence the page disappeared, and Lady Magdalen returned to the palace, eating but little breakfast on that day of sorrow.

We turn again to her diary.

. . . . . .

"This hath been a day of sore trouble; I had built so surely on Geraldine's deliverance, that when the tidings

of failure came, I was well-nigh overwhelmed with sorrow What hope remaineth now?

"Our refuge is in God only, who heareth prayer. He can bring darkness out of light, deliverance where we least expect it. I will look to Him only. I was grieved also to find that Sir Piercie regardeth me with more affection than friendship.

"Am I to be the source of sorrow to another faithful, noble heart? This I know, that in no case have I raised hopes in the heart of this young man, or any other who hath honored me with his love. I am growing weary of these disquietudes. I can serve Geraldine no further, and my heart is yearning for my quiet home.

"Intelligence from Englewood hath troubled me lately, for my father is not well; his letters are less frequent, shorter, and sometimes wandering and unconnected. I fear that he is more out of health than they tell me. I am seriously thinking of asking leave of absence, for if the Earl is sick my duties are at home."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MAGDALEN AT ENGLEWOOD.

THE Lady Magdalen is about to take leave of the court, for the Queen has placed no obstacle in the way of her return home, and she has obtained an audience with her royal mistress ere she departs. Disease has made sad inroads upon the Queen's appearance, for it is manifest to all observers that not many more days remain of her troubled and disastrous life. She has been kind to the Lady Magdalen, who could not restrain her tears at the sight of the wretched Queen, as she bade farewell to meet no more on earth. But she is at Englewood, and greatly shocked at the Earl's state of health.

"Why didst thou not send for me before?" said Magdalen, as she hung fondly upon her father's arm.

"I did not wish to mar thy pleasures, my child," was the reply.

"Few pleasures are found at court, I trow; for the Queen is in her last sickness, and the court merriment is at an end — indeed, it hath worn a gloomy aspect at all times; but now that I am here, thou wilt have good nursing, father, and we shall see thee walking like thyself again."

Drowsiness and forgetfulness confine him much of his time to his room, and Magdalen often sees him looking anxiously at her as if about to speak, and then turning his head away, as though unable to broach the subject weighing so heavily.

But after a restless, uncomfortable night, we find Magdalen by her father's bedside.

"Hast heard lately from thy cousin Julia, daughter?" inquired the Earl.

"Not since my return, father; I wish much to see her; what sayest thou to sending for her?"

The Earl smiled. "That is just what I was about to propose, Magdalen; for thou wilt be lonesome when—" the Earl stopped, and then continued, "it is well that thou shouldst have company while I am sick."

Accordingly, Mistress Julia Kelson was sent for, and in a few days installed at the castle as companion to the young ladies, Mrs. Ledyard seeking another situation.

It was not many days ere the summons came, for a heavy stroke of paralysis affected the whole right side, prostrating the Earl. He seemed to know his family, but was speechless. On the following day, one more severe followed, and Father Alphonso administered the rites of the Church to the unconscious man, who, surrounded by his family, passed away, leaving his affectionate children to mourn their loss.

At a proper time the Earl's solicitors appeared, and the young ladies found themselves in the possession of a princely

estate. Father Alphonso is very uneasy, for he soon finds that the Lady Magdalen is by no means the faithful child of the Church that she was ere she visited the court of Queen Mary.

The priest has discovered that she is reading Tyndale's Bible, but he durst not interpose his authority for fear of losing his hold upon the grand estate of Englewood, and so we find him using the oily blandishments of a cunning priest.

"Didst love thy father, Lady Magdalen?" inquired the priest.

"Thou knowest that I did love him well, Father Alphonso," was the almost indignant reply.

"Wouldst thou have pained him living, lady?"

"Not for worlds. I gave good proof of that."

"What thinkest thou he would have said to thy reading Tyndale's Bible?"

"I am of age, Father, and I trow that thou wilt not pretend that my reading of the Scriptures harmeth the Earl now."

"We cannot tell; for I trow that he hath not yet passed through the fires of purgatory."

The Lady Magdalen smiled, as she replied:

"Wilt show me the doctrine in the Bible, Father?"

The priest frowned, as he answered:

"Thou wilt find it in the works of the holy fathers, and it hath ever been received as a doctrine by the councils of the Holy Church; thou hast a quick understanding,

Lady Magdalen: just take the traditions of the fathers, and study them well, and I venture to say that thou wilt be confirmed in thy shaking faith."

"I am studying, Father, not the works of fallible men, but God's own word, the light that He hath sent."

It is now the saddest season of the year, and the autumn winds are singing their mournful requiem through the trees around the old castle. The young lady is often found in the apartment adjoining her chamber, where her books, her work, and her music serve to amuse her lonely hours. Viola is a gentle, loving companion, having none of the strength of character that marks the Lady Magdalen, but daily the sisters learn to love each other more truly, for the tie of orphanage has bound them closely together.

It is one of these sad evenings, and ere the lamps are lighted, Magdalen is alone in her favorite room, when a servant enters to announce Lord Algernon Ormsby.

"Send him up to this room," directed the lady.

"I knew that thou wouldst come, Algernon," were her words of welcome, as leaning her head upon his shoulder, she shed silent tears of mingled grief and joy.

"Thou hast passed through hours of sorrow since I saw thee last, sweet one," said the young man; "did thy father leave an interdict against our intercourse, Magdalen?"

"It is such joy to tell thee, Algernon, none whatever — thy faith was the only barrier; for in our early youth he

was fond of thee — as he drew nearer to the better world, these prejudices softened, and he was very good and kind during the last few weeks of his life; and when he spoke of thee, it was ever kindly. But in this hour of happiness, we must not forget our Geraldine; hast heard aught lately?"

"Not one word of her, my love; but from what I hear, I doubt if many more are hurried to the stake; the victims of persecution now are from among the humbler classes, but they would scarcely dare to burn the nobles without the Queen's signature, which she is too sick to write."

"It was a bitter grief when I failed in releasing thy sister; but hope is not all dead, for I trow that the Lord himself will soon deliver our land from its tribulations."

"Thou meanest the death of the Queen, Magdalen, for the hand of disease lieth heavily upon her. But what hast thou here?" laying his hand upon the Bible.

"I have Tyndale's Bible, Algernon. I study it daily with prayer for light, and I find not Father Alphonso's lessons there. The dreadful persecutions did first open my eyes, for how could I believe that to be divine which bore only marks of cruelty and bigotry? The longer I read, the more I drift away from the old Church, for I trow that there was one older than the Romish,—that one where the Apostles worshipped at Jerusalem."

"Thou art coming into the light, love, and thou and I

will walk together after our Lord, and none to step in between us."

Going to the window, he continued:

"It is moonlight, Magdalen; what sayest thou to a walk over to Lyndhurst? I should so like to see the dear old castle."

Throwing on hood and cloak, Magdalen, by the side of her companion, stepped out into the cool autumn air, and walking briskly down the avenue, and along the intervening distance, they entered the grounds of the forsaken home.

Coming in sight of the castle, Algernon said, hastily:

"What mean those lights, Magdalen? seest thou not some figures moving about in the study?"

"It is said to have been troubled by these visitations ever since the martyrdom of Master Berkeley and Lettice; for many have seen these lights moving about, even as far up as the turret."

Drawing near enough to distinguish forms, Algernon said:

"These are no spirits of another world, Magdalen; hearest thou not sweet music?"

"Truly there is some one playing a holy hymn, and there is a woman's form close by the master's organ."

"I will soon make their acquaintance," was the reply, as Lord Algernon knocked at the window.

The figure at the organ arose, and coming towards the window, Algernon recognized the face of Master Gilpin.

"Open the window," said the young man; "we are friends."

In the next minute the two entered through the window into the study.

"Is this indeed Lord Algernon?" said Godfrey, the old butler, as he seized his young master's hand, Jane also pressing forward to greet their young lord. Close by the organ, in her touching loneliness, sat Elizabeth Templeton, whom Master Gilpin had brought again to the study, hoping to unite the broken links of memory. She looked wistfully at Lord Algernon, but no recognition was in the glance.

"Dost not know me, Mistress Templeton?" said the young nobleman.

She shook her head mournfully, and replied:

"I know none but Walter; he is coming. When will it be Whitsuntide? He said that he would come then; but it seemeth a long, long while." Then, turning to the stand, she took his cap in her hand, saying:

"Here is Walter's cap, but where is he? it is so long to wait."

"How camest thou hither?" inquired Lord Algernon of the good minister.

"I am tarrying a few days at the lodge, to attend to the funeral of Mistress Templeton's aunt, and to put her in charge of a proper nurse; poor lady! she cannot be left alone, for she spendeth her life in watching for Walter, thinking it is ever Whitsuntide. A few days since she

wandered away, and was found five miles from home, inquiring for him she so fondly loveth. Wearied with her long journey, she was found at night, leaning against a large tree, asleep, her faithful dog watching by her side."

Magdalen took her seat at the organ, and played one of the master's favorite hymns, all joining in singing the words.

The poor lady clasped her hands, and said:

"Now I am sure that he will come," rising at the same time and looking out into the passage; then seating herself hopelessly, with the words, "Alas! alas! he is not there; but he'll come soon," a tearful smile flitting over her pallid face.

"Come, Elizabeth," said the good master, "it is time to go now."

Quietly she obeyed the summons; but all the while she had held in her hands some late fall flowers.

"Stop just one minute," said she; "Walter loves flowers, and when he sees them, he'll know that I have been here." Jane put some water into the little vase, and Elizabeth smiled as she arranged them so daintily. "He'll be so pleased, dear, good Walter! I am ready now."

Giving her hand to Master Gilpin, she allowed him to place her in the carriage; and, as they drove off, she said, "Good-night! I'll come again, and then he'll be here."

"What a pitiable sight!" said Magdalen. "But the

poor lady is very thin and pale; I do not think that it can be long ere she joineth the good master."

. . . . . .

We will turn our eyes once more towards the court, where Queen Mary lay on her death-bed. The loss of Calais, in the war with France, had so embittered her latter days that she declared "she would die; and if her breast were opened, Calais would be found written on her heart."

In view of her departure from this world, she had recognized the Princess Elizabeth as her successor; and the whole court from that time had deserted Mary's palace, and were seen passing and repassing on the road to Hatfield.

The hand of death was on the Queen throughout the sixteenth of November, her previous sufferings having blunted the agonies of dissolution, for she was composed and even cheerful. Between five and six o'clock, on the morning of the seventeenth, at her desire, Mass was celebrated in her chamber. At the elevation of the host, she raised her eyes to heaven, and at the benediction, bowed her head and expired.

Thus departed Mary, first Queen-regnant of England—the bells that tolled for her decease, eager to ring in the joyful peals for the accession of Queen Elizabeth.

With her reign, passed away the pall of gloom which for five years had hung over the realm, and very few were found to mourn for the Queen; a small number of faithful

maids of honor only to weep for her as a personal friend, but many in their secret hearts rejoiced, and hundreds of sorely persecuted people returned thanks to God for this deliverance.

. . . . . .

"What mean these joy-bells ringing to-day?" said Magdalen, "for it seemeth that we hear them miles off from all the villages."

"It is for the accession of Queen Elizabeth," said Algernon; "the news hath come of the death of Queen Mary, and the proclamation of the new Queen."

"Now heaven be praised!" said Magdalen, clasping her hands, tears of joy raining over her face. "Now Geraldine and Marmaduke are free!"

"Let us hasten to London at once," replied the joyful brother, "that we may be ready to meet them when released from prison, for Queen Mary hath no languishing prisoners, no Smithfield fires now."

CHAPTER XXIX.

"LONG LIVE QUEEN ELIZABETH!"

THE weary days and nights drag on, Geraldine pining in her prison, looking now only for the day that, by a swift, sharp passage, will release her from her bitter woes.

Her bodily strength is rapidly wasting, so that no signs pass now between the prisoner and Lord Marmaduke. The autumn winds are sighing around her prison walls, for it is November, the monotony of her daily life unbroken, save by the visits of the jailer; but amid her deep dejection, her soul holds on to Jesus, willing that He should dispose of her life as seemeth best to His wisdom and His love.

But what is this which fills the air without with such unusual sounds? She raises herself on her bed, and, listening eagerly, hears loud shouts and cries of joy, — what can it all mean? Then the ringing of the city bells, as if London were mad with joy. The shouts approach nearer and nearer, and she hears distinctly the cry of, "Long live Queen Elizabeth!" echoed from voice to voice. The transition was almost too great for her weak

frame; and, sinking back on her bed, she was found fainting by the jailer, who came to open her prison-door.

Unclosing her eyes at length, she said:

"Can it be true? Is Queen Mary dead?"

"It is even so; she died this morning between five and six o'clock, and there are no more such prisoners as thou in Queen Elizabeth's realm."

Just then, turning her eyes to the door, she perceived Lord Marmaduke. Extending her arms, with the words, "Is it thou?" she sank upon his bosom, in a deep swoon of unwrought feeling.

"Is this my own fair Geraldine?" said the young man, looking with anguish at the pale and wasted form within his arms. Pressing a warm kiss upon the pallid cheek, he found it cold and clammy; laying his hand upon the heart, its action was faint and irregular.

"Bring me some wine, quick! good jailer, and thou shalt be well rewarded; but lose no time! I fear that she is going!"

Returning speedily with the wine, Marmaduke administered it in small portions, at the same time bathing the face and hands with cool water; but there seemed yet no signs of returning consciousness.

"Bring Dr. Selden; but be speedy!"

In a few moments, the physician, with a deeply serious face, stood by the side of the patient, holding her hand, and counting the feeble pulsations.

"Just a flickering lamp, Lord Fitzhugh; the joy hath been too much."

Seating himself by the bed, he covered his face with his hands, exclaiming:

"Am I to lose thee now, just in the moment of restoration to the joys of life?"

"It may not be so," was the cautious reply; "a few hours will determine; but I will not leave her."

But Lady Ashton has arrived, who, on hearing the tidings, came with her carriage to the Tower, to take the Lady Geraldine home.

"Is she dying?" said her aunt, leaning over the still insensible form.

"We know not," said Dr. Selden; "but she must be conveyed at once to a more cheerful room; there is no decrease of action around the heart, and that is favorable; have a room ready," turning to the jailer.

"There is one vacant at the end of this corridor," was the reply.

"We will take her at once," said the physician, at the same time cautiously raising the fainting form; "she is as light as a child of ten."

"Let me carry her," said Lord Marmaduke, carefully taking the light burden from the arms of Dr. Selden, and carrying her swiftly across the passage.

Laid upon a comfortable bed, in a light and airy room, the physician looked around hopefully, saying, "This will do!" Administering remedies, the three anxious watchers took their seats in sight of the patient; an hour passed thus seemed an age, as they sat in silent prayer around that bed.

"The action of the heart is more regular," said the doctor, as he sat with his ear close down to her side.

There is a slight motion — one long gasp! The hearts of the watchers almost standing still, as Marmaduke whispered, hoarsely:

"Is she safe?"

"Be silent, my friend; it may be returning life, or approaching dissolution."

Another gasp! and, at a long interval, another! but the watchers saw nothing on the doctor's face to warrant hope. There is a deep sigh now, as if for laboring breath; another, and another, and slowly the beautiful eyes opened, and resting upon the face of Marmaduke, a faint smile stole over the face and played around the sweet lips, as they whispered:

"Is it thou, my own Marmaduke? But where am I?" looking bewildered.

"Thou art free, my love, and here is thine own dear aunt come to stay with thee; thou canst be removed."

"Dear, dear Aunt Mary!" clasping the hand that held her own, "it seemeth almost as if my mother were here."

"She is saved!" said Dr. Selden; "now be careful to administer what I leave; but the first thing is proper nourishment, liquid, of course, such as I order, and give it slowly all night; I will see the patient early in the morning."

Lady Mary stayed all night, but Lord Fitzhugh, seeing that all was favorable, was anxious to see his mother and sister, and turning to Geraldine, he said:

"I will see thee early in the morning, sweet one; now, God be with thee."

"Who doubteth it?" said the faint voice; "for he hath never forsaken me during all these months of suffering; there are other fires, love, beside those kindled by faggots; in such have I walked, and yet not consumed, the dross of nature burning slowly, day by day."

A night of unbroken sleep, sweet as an infant's, refreshed the worn-out frame, and in the morning the doctor pronounced it safe to remove her to Lady Ashton's. Lord Marmaduke was early at the Tower, rejoiced to see the change in the patient.

"It were difficult to believe that the former queen of England lies in state," said Lord Fitzhugh, "to see the exhibitions of joy everywhere, for no signs of mourning appear, save what is seen at the palace."

"Why should the people of England mourn for Queen Mary?" replied Geraldine; "for, in sooth, they can feel naught but joy while they cry out at every corner, 'Long live Queen Elizabeth!' I thought last night of the wives, the mothers and sisters who had dear ones languishing in the prisons of London — what tears of joy, what silent rapture there must have been, as they held them in their arms once more, weak and sick and suffering, but saved. No wonder the bells rang, and the bonfires blazed last night!"

"It made one's heart merry," replied Marmaduke, "to see the people, on my way home, feasting on tables spread

at the doors of the rich, wine and ale flowing freely, bon-fires blazing, and every one frantic with joy. But come, my love, we are eager to release thee from thy prison."

Wrapping her in a soft, warm cloak, Marmaduke carried the light burden down the stairs of the Tower; and, placing her in the carriage, well lined with pillows, in company with her aunt, they drove off to her house.

Two rooms had been prepared for Geraldine, looking out upon the most pleasant prospect from the windows, one furnished as a sleeping-room, the other as a sitting-room, with everything to make them bright and cheery.

"What a contrast!" said the young lady, as she looked around. "But I can never forget the blessed hours in the lonely prison, when I had none but Christ; and His presence was enough."

Comfortably placed in bed, the family physician was summoned, and pronounced the case as one needing care, tender nursing, judicious nourishment, and time.

Lady Mary had withheld all painful accounts from the exiles; and Geraldine was yet unacquainted with the death of Lucy.

"When shall I see Algernon?" inquired the anxious sister.

All the morning Geraldine watched the door. At length a quick step was heard in the passage, the door opened, and Algernon, with the Lady Magdalen, appeared.

"At length, dear brother, we are joining our family

links," said the faint voice, as she hung upon her brother's neck.

"Heaven be praised that thou art with us again!" was the reply.

"And thou, my Magdalen, my own sweet friend, our long, long separation ended."

"To be united in the holy bonds of one simple Christian faith."

"Is that so? Now God be praised for all His goodness! Days of bitter trial to be followed by such tranquil, blessed hours of peace and joy; but when didst hear from our dear parents?"

"We shall look for them in a few weeks, for the good tidings will bring them home."

"All well, Algernon? the family chain unbroken in that foreign land?"

He was silent for a moment, and then replied:

"All but one, — our own pet lamb, our Lucy, is with her Saviour, for on that dreadful night, her hold on life was loosened, which was never regained; when you can bear it, you shall read the letter."

"Truly have we been chastened, Algernon," said the sufferer; "but we shall reap the fruit hereafter."

We leave the Lady Geraldine for a short season, and join the actors out of doors in these first days of a new reign.

The Queen, attended by a magnificent retinue of lords, ladies, gentlemen, and a great concourse of people, made

her entrance into London. On the road, she met a procession of the bishops, who knelt by the wayside, offering their allegiance, the Queen giving her hand to kiss to every one save Bonner, making this exception to show her hatred of his cruelty.

The whole procession was a splendid ovation to the new Queen, greeted everywhere by crowds of people, playing on regals, songs of children, and speeches by many persons.

She graciously noticed everything, however humble, having learned the lesson which Wordsworth taught in later days:

"Of friends, however humble, scorn not one."

As she entered the Tower, her approach was heralded by the great guns; and, majestically addressing those around her, she said:

"Some have fallen from being princes of this land to be prisoners in this place; I am raised from being prisoner in this place to be princess of this land. That dejection was a work of God's justice; this advancement is a work of His mercy. As they were to yield patience for the one, so I must bear myself to God thankful, and to men merciful for the other."

Here she stayed until the fifth of December, holding privy councils of mighty import, endeavoring, among other things, to frame a Reformed Church, being a modification between the Church of Edward VI. and the Hen-

ricon, with herself as supreme head. Meantime, the Queen attended her sister's funeral in person, when Mass was performed, and Queen Mary committed to the tomb, with none to mourn her death, save her devoted maids of honor, King Philip represented by his two servants on horseback. Persecution for conscience' sake was at an end; but Queen Elizabeth was too politic to make sudden revolutions in the Church, concealing her real intentions by trimming her sails slowly, but steadily, for fear of alienating her Catholic subjects.

Very touching now is the appearance of the invalid-all who look upon that expressive face feeling that it told the story of sanctified trials, and "the peace that passeth all understanding."

The sweet eyes turned hourly now towards the door of her room, in eager expectation of the arrival of her dear parents, every stopping carriage and hasty step upon the stairs sending the swift flush to her pale face, and quickening the beating of her heart. The long suspense is ended at length, and the exiles are once more united to their beloved child.

The tumultuous joy of reunion somewhat quieted, the Countess turned an anxious look upon the face so longed for.

"The sweet bloom of youth is faded, my Geraldine," said the lady.

"Yes, dear mother; but in the great needs of my daily trials, I learned such blessed knowledge of the power of

Christ, as I should never have known in the summer breezes at Lyndhurst." Then turning to her sister, she folded her arms around her, saying, fondly:

"Thou art alone, Sibyl; but we must not wish our Lucy back again. And, Edward, thou art a man in size, thou hast learned to look upon sorrow in thy youth, and hast seen that there are some things worth dying for. Mayest thou learn to value a pure faith more than life, dear brother."

In a few days the Earl, accompanied by Lord Algernon, went to Lyndhurst with the remains of his sweet child, and committed them to the family vault in old St. Jude's, Magdalen remaining a few days with Geraldine; and many a happy hour did they spend together communing of the past, and, with brighter hopes, looking forward to the future.

The changes in the worship of the Church progressed slowly, the first decided step towards improvement being taken by the Queen on Christmas-day, when, after morning service, she receded with her ladies from the Mass, an act well received by the people generally, encouraging the Queen to further reforms.

Some of the ejected ministers were restored to their livings, so that the Gospel too was slowly released from imprisonment, and we find our friends, after the opening of the New Year, worshipping again with the Litany, the Epistle and Gospel once more read in English, and a sermon full of Christ preached by Master Lyle in one of the London churches.

CHAPTER XXX.

JOY-BELLS AT LYNDHURST.

SEEST thou those faded flowers, Magdalen," said the Lady Geraldine, producing a small tin box.

"The violets! are they not?"

"Even so, Magdalen; thou knowest not, dear friend, what sweet language they spoke to me, first of remembrance, and then of the tender love of our Father; but the words of our Lord brought the strongest consolation in the days of trial."

"It was that conscious communion with the Saviour so manifest in those called heretics, that led me to draw the contrast between these outcasts and their persecutors; they, so Christ-like and heavenly, so full of love and meekness, and their oppressors, so rancorous and cruel — if we are to judge of a tree by its fruits, the conclusion is clear enough, I trow; and so, Geraldine, as I studied the original, I found whence they obtained the pattern of their lives."

"This is blessed refreshment, Magdalen, shut up alone with thee in such precious communion."

"Blessed, indeed. But I must be thinking of returning home soon, — when thinkest thou to follow?"

"When the spring fairly opens, I shall soon be well again; and then what joy once more to tread the halls of Lyndhurst; but, Magdalen, life wears a much more sober hue than it did five years ago."

"But not less happy?"

"More so, dear Magdalen; for life is so linked with immortality henceforth, that even its joys are tempered by these thoughts; one of the bright prospects of the future is, that I may call thee sister soon."

Lord Algernon is here, and Magdalen accompanies him to Englewood.

Lyndhurst has been restored to the Earl, Lord Algernon has recalled the servants, and is busily occupied in making the castle ready for the household.

Ralph and Dorothy are at the lodge once more, every room filled with the memory of Lettice; but the horrors of her death are fading, and the *Gloria in Excelsis* comes fraught to them now with the raptures of the heavenly choir that caught up the last exulting words, and so they ever think of Lettice singing that triumphant chant in glory.

Tried in the fires of affliction, their hearts are daily rising heavenward, in the hope of an everlasting reunion with their sainted child.

Geraldine is busy now in preparing her spring attire, for her prison-garb was completely worn out, but she kept it still in memory of the days when she was hourly in sight of the fiery stake.

The winter is passing; March, with its bleak winds, confines the invalid once more to the house; but April dawns at last with its smiles and tears and spring-flowers, and the physician has given leave of departure to the exiles.

As Geraldine stood before her parents in her spring robes, with the light of hope in her dark-gray eye, and the soft bloom of health tingeing her cheek, they could not but contrast this lovely figure with the trembling girl that they parted with more than a year ago.

They are expected at Lyndhurst, and the dwellers around the castle are on tiptoe, for they love and honor the family of the Earl. Two carriages convey the party home, and Geraldine is watching for the first glimpse of familiar objects.

"There, dear father, is old St. Jude's," said his daughter, as she pointed to the steeple glittering in the sunshine, and further on appeared the turret of Lyndhurst, just peeping above the forest-trees.

But the carriage is stopping by the roadside, for Geraldine must have a few of the crocuses and snowdrops that are blooming under the hedges, and the song of the thrush and the bluebird is full of the melody of home, sweet home.

The bells of St. Jude's are ringing a loud peal of welcome, for although there is no rector there now, the old sexton took it upon himself to ring the bells, for well he knew that they expressed the joy of the gentry and villagers of the whole neighborhood. Smiles and tears

are chasing each other over Geraldine's sweet face; indeed, tears expressed the joy of all the ladies, as they drove up the avenue; for lining the path that led to the castle, were two lines of villagers on either side of the path, in holiday-dress, the men throwing up their hats, the women and children dropping a courtesy by the roadside, all voices joining in the earnest cheer of a heart-warm English welcome of "Long live the Earl and the Countess of Carrington!" and then another, "Long live the Lady Geraldine!"

They are at the entrance now; the startled deer, throwing up their pretty heads, have forgotten their old friends, and are off in full retreat.

In the hall stand Lord Algernon, the ladies Magdalen and Viola Tresillian on his arm; Master Gilpin, Ralph, Dorothy, and Robin Heathcote, with the servants belonging to the castle.

The Earl raised his hat, with the reverential words:

"God be praised for this blessed hour!"

Amid the blessings of their friends and neighbors, the family passed in through their ancestral halls to the room most loved of all; the concourse without assembled around tables under the trees, where they partook of the bountiful cheer spread for them by the good Earl of Carrington.

Every heart was touched at the sight of the mourners from the lodge, not one dry eye as they looked upon their quiet grief.

"Thou art welcome, dear lady," said Ralph, who spoke

for the rest; "but we miss the dear child who went to London ere thou wert cited, and who came not back with thee."

Geraldine's voice trembled, as she replied:

"Thine is a blessed child, Ralph, for Lettice hath been twice crowned, and dwelleth now where neither storms nor sorrows can reach her more."

"Yes, my lady," said Dorothy, "we know that truly: but we are alone, save Robin."

"How fareth it with thee, good Robin?" said the young lady, turning to the form that, with drooping head, stood by.

"I tarry with these good friends now, lady, for mother is dead, and I have none but these."

Tears filled the eyes that looked upon the bowed head, as she replied, kindly:

"Thou art indeed tried in the fire, good Robin; mayest thou come out purified and blest!"

Geraldine paid an early visit to the study, in company with Master Gilpin. Very touching was the sight of the familiar objects, the organ, the books, the chair, the table, the cap upon the stand, and even the little vase of flowers, looking as though loving hands had been there but recently.

"Who could have placed them here?" said Geraldine; "it must have been lately, for here are violets and pansies and bluebells, all spring flowers."

"The hands of Mistress Templeton," was the reply,

"for I bring her there now and then, hoping to restore the broken links of memory; but, alas! poor lady, she remembereth but one, and him she waiteth for so patiently; all else is a blank."

Geraldine touched the flowers reverently; and seating herself at the organ, played and sang one of the master's hymns with her own sweet voice.

The door opened, admitting the Lady Magdalen.

"This is one of the master's hymns," said the singer. "I wonder, Magdalen, if the spirits of the just made perfect ever visit this lower earth? I wish it were so, for I trow that the presence of good Master Berkeley frighteth me not."

"The Bible hath much to say of ministering spirits, Geraldine."

"Yes, love, I know; but they are angels, a different order from redeemed spirits. And yet I feel as if there may be some kind of communion between our spirits and those we loved so truly; it may be a fancy, but it harmeth us not."

On the second Sunday, the church-bells of St. Jude rang out their joyous call to the worshippers of a true faith, for the priest had disappeared, the changes at court sufficient to warrant revolutions here; and so the altar is gone, incense burns no more, the old communion-table is set up in its right place, the texts of the blessed Gospel appear again upon the walls, and Master Gilpin, with his friend Maurice Lamberton, performs the service as author-

ized by Queen Elizabeth, — not all that they desired, but infinitely better than the Romish Mass of Queen Mary.

Master Lamberton preached the sermon, for his friend had brought him with him, hoping to see him instituted as rector of St. Jude's.

Listened to with deep attention, the sermon had the ring of Master Berkeley's fervent piety; and tears of joy bathed the faces of the worshippers, as once more they heard the glad tidings in the ancient building.

Taking an early opportunity, the Countess and Lady Geraldine, in company with Master Gilpin, paid a sad visit to Mistress Templeton.

On approaching the lodge, they saw the pale face, as usual, seated by the window; but as soon as she perceived the carriage, she hastened to the gate, and taking Master Gilpin's hand, she looked eagerly upon his face, saying:

"Has he come? I am sure it must be Whitsuntide." And, without noticing the ladies, she peered wistfully into the carriage; and then dropping her hands by her side, with a deep sigh, she murmured the same old lament. "I must wait a little longer, a little longer; but he'll come, my Walter, for he always keeps his word."

Taking her hand, Master Gilpin conducted her into the house; and then leading the visitors up to the hapless lady, he said:

"Dost not know these ladies, Elizabeth? they loved Master Berkeley."

"No, in sooth, good friend," passing her wasted hand over Geraldine's face. "I know none but him; but I love them, if they loved my Walter."

The soft brown hair was silvered now, the cheek was thin and wasted, the form frail as a drooping lily; and the visitors looked upon the mental ruin before them with tearful eyes, and hearts full of loving plans, for the sake of good Master Berkeley.

The housekeeper brought in some refreshments, and had a mournful tale to tell of the one absorbing employment of the spirit, that was gradually consuming the mortal frame.

On their ride home, the Countess opened her heart to Master Gilpin.

"She must come to the castle," said the lady, "where she shall have the master's rooms, and a good nurse to take care of her. It is not meet that she should spend such a lonely life; at all events, we can soothe her latter days."

"It will be a grateful work," said Geraldine, "to cherish her for the master's sake. I trow that not long will she be separated from him, poor lady!"

Master Gilpin closed the lodge; and we soon find Mistress Templeton in her new home.

Somewhat bewildered, she walked from room to room, examining everything, and quite cheerful in the consciousness of being in his apartments.

Geraldine was much in her room; and the lady would

sit with hands folded meekly on her lap, listening to the sweet hymn of the *Urbs Beata*.

At its close, she would say, with a wan, faded smile upon her sweet face:

"He is coming now, for he loved that hymn, and told me to learn it; can I, lady?"

But only one verse could she ever sing, and that seemed to be but a fragment of former tender memories.

So touching was the mournful voice, that Geraldine could scarcely control her emotions when thus accompanied.

"He will come," she would say, "if he hears me sing." And then she would raise the window, looking out, and then to the door, singing still; then, sighing sadly, she would murmur:

"Not yet, not yet! Ah, me! so long!"

And thus for hours she would sit in hopeless melancholy, until some new impulse would send her on her fruitless search.

CHAPTER XXXI.

SACRED DUST.

MISTRESS TEMPLETON seemed now to like society, for every day she was in the sitting-room employed with her knitting; very fitful was this occupation, for it was always with a preoccupied mind, and she would rise suddenly, (the nurse following her out into the avenue,) saying anxiously:

"I am sure it must be time; let us go, nurse."

One day she had eluded the watchfulness of her attendant, and could nowhere be found. Through the vista leading to the lake, all through the park, and out into the public road, the search was made, but in vain.

In a few hours, Robin was seen bringing the poor lady home in his little wagon, having found her by the roadside, worn and weary, her lap full of wild flowers, and her strength nearly gone.

"I brought them all for Walter; the sweet hawthorn buds, and the wild roses, all for him."

This was the last weary journey of the wanderer. She placed the flowers in the vase, and then quietly allowed the nurse to lay her on the bed. None knew how far she had rambled on that toilsome journey, but never did Elizabeth rise again. Each day she became weaker, her

appearance more ethereal, and the physician said that "life was but a flickering taper."

Geraldine sat much by her side, singing sweet hymns, and turning her thoughts to the better land, whither she was hastening.

"I saw him last night," said she, one morning; "he was bright and beautiful, he beckoned to me to come; I tried, but I could not reach him; he was in the clouds, lady, and near to him was the Lord Jesus: how He smiled on Walter! I tried so hard to reach him, but I could not, I could not, and then I awoke."

She slept much of the time, but in her waking hours she always had some such sweet fancies to tell to Geraldine. One day she awoke, with an unusually bright smile upon her face.

"I lay awake in the moonlight, lady, and something tapped at my window; it was a white pigeon; it came to tell me that I must go to meet him, for he cannot come all the way, and so I am going very soon, very soon."

And thus the sweet lady wandered — no pain, no suffering, nothing but a broken heart — a yearning broken heart.

Very feeble were the pulsations now, very faint the whispered words, for Elizabeth was in the deep waters of Jordan.

Suddenly unclosing her eyes, she fixed them rapturously upon a distant corner of the room, her hands extended in that direction, with the words upon her dying lips:

"He is there! Walter! Walter! and my Saviour,

our Lord; they have come at last;" and with a sweet smile resting upon her features, she passed away. The weary watcher is at rest, for she has found the lost one in the land of the immortals — with her pale hands clasped upon her breast, a smile of ineffable sweetness rests upon her placid features, a few stray locks of silky hair waving around her marble brow — they are silvered now, and arrayed for the tomb; loving hands have strewed heart's-ease and forget-me-nots, the flowers that she loved, around her sleeping form. Suspended by a black ribbon, hangs the picture of the master, from which she had never parted for one moment, for her first morning and her last evening kiss had been pressed upon that likeness ever since the day that he had presented it, and none could remove it now, for there was another picture of the good man on the study-wall. Rest thee, sweet Elizabeth! thy sorrows all ended, thou art with the Lord.

Master Gilpin was sent for, and attended by Master Lamberton, he came to commit to the silent tomb the remains of Elizabeth Templeton.

"This seemeth a fitting time to remove the ashes of the martyrs," said the minister; "for what more suitable place than the church of St. Jude's for the sepulture of that sacred dust?"

Preparations were accordingly made, the boxes removed, and placed in coffins, were brought to the castle, to take their place in the procession to the church. The solemn tolling of the bells of old St. Jude's brought large numbers to attend upon the services. Never before, perhaps,

had such a deeply solemnized congregation assembled in the old church, for many present remembered, with most tender affection and the deepest reverence, the good minister whose sacred dust was about to lie among them, and many a heart went back to that bright May morning when sweet Lettice Kenworthy was crowned by her young companions Queen of May, now as a youthful martyr to have Christian burial under the sacred roof.

Not a few, too, remembered Mistress Templeton, the betrothed of their good minister. The beautiful burial-service, with its solemn music, never seemed more truly comforting than on this day, when the words which had consoled so many, fell upon these weeping mourners with their solemn benediction:

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord: even so saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labors."

Deposited in a place of sepulture prepared to receive them, the congregation, one by one, passed the open vaults, each dropping the tribute of sweet flowers upon the coffins; and thus side by side, Walter Berkeley and Elizabeth Templeton sleep quietly until the resurrection morn, while sweet Lettice was honored by a vault set apart for her, as a youthful martyr for the truth in the days of Queen Mary. Only a handful or two of sacred dust slumbered there, but enough to represent the honored martyrs of St. Jude's.

Amid the solemn wails of funeral music, the procession passed out of the church, old St. Jude's, doubly hallowed now as the resting-place of three of that great multitude

who "were slain for the Word of God," and who wait under the altar for their coronation-day.

Elizabeth Templeton's estate is at the disposal of Master Gilpin, and he knows of no better use to make of it than to turn it into a rectory for St. Jude's. Master Lamberton is rector now, and while unmarried, will take up his abode at the castle, occupying Walter Berkeley's apartments, and directing the studies of Edward and Sibyl, Mistress Hastings still remaining as companion to the Countess.

The new minister feels as if treading upon sacred ground in these hallowed rooms, the property of the deceased having been given to him, Master Gilpin reserving a few books and several articles of daily use for keepsakes of his departed friend. Very soon we find the new rector full of pastoral work; for there are many waste places to build up, many tares to root out, sown by the enemy in weak, unstable minds. And right speedily the new minister was gaining friends, for many declared that he was just like their good rector, while some discontented spirits were always drawing contrasts, saying:

"Thus and thus did Master Berkeley;" at which the new minister smiled, for he knew much of human nature, aware that it would be his life and labors that, blessed of God, would win souls to Christ; and it was for that Maurice Lamberton had assumed the office of the sacred ministry, and not for popularity nor human applause. And so, steadily, prayerfully, and happily, he walked after his Master, and the flock were learning to follow him, as he followed Christ.

In a few weeks we find three marble slabs on the walls of St. Jude's, with these inscriptions:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF
THE REV. WALTER BERKELEY,
Aged forty years.
MARTYRED IN THE REIGN
OF
QUEEN MARY.
"Tried in the fire," and found pure gold.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF
ELIZABETH TEMPLETON,
Aged thirty-four years.
"Asleep in Jesus."

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF
LETTICE KENWORTHY,
Aged twenty-three years.
A BLESSED MARTYR
IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN MARY.
Her dying chant,
THE "GLORIA IN EXCELSIS."

"The noble army of martyrs praise thee," had been sung for many rolling years in the old church, but never with the same sacred fervor as now, when the eyes of the worshippers turned involuntarily upon these mute testimonies, reminding them of the martyrs of old St. Jude's.

CHAPTER XXXII.

LIGHTS FOLLOW SHADOWS.

SO flows on our human life, very like unto the shadows of the changing clouds upon the landscape, — clouds and storms to-day, sunshine and brightness to-morrow, the sunlight and the rain descending alike upon the righteous and the wicked. Thus it seemeth to our human vision; but no merely blind chance directeth these silent changes, for an unseen hand sendeth His angel of peace with every trial to the righteous, which are only so many harbingers of coming wrath to the wicked.

The three quiet sleepers at St. Jude's have passed beyond the changing lights and shadows into a region of perfect peace; but the dwellers at the castle and the cot are still beneath the ever-changing clouds of life.

The shadows that so long clouded their earthly joys have fled now, and the light of hope and peace is dawning with their rosy tints upon the family at Lyndhurst.

Tried in the fires of affliction, if not in the flames of the fagot, henceforth the preciousness of the Apostle's words will be seen in their daily lives: "But rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings, that, when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy."

And this is the joy, deep and full, which is spreading its halo of blessedness around this household.

The May-day is coming again; the children are out, bringing in their May-buds, for the memory of past sorrows sits but lightly upon that happy age; and now they are told that Queen Elizabeth is on the throne, and that she is the friend of all her people, for, with eyes wide open, dear innocents! they have heard the story of her wondrous condescension on the day of the grand procession. How many nosegays she received from the poor women, and how often she stopped her coach when she saw any simple body trying to draw near! how she cast her eyes to heaven, and spread out her royal hands in blessing!

"What a Queen of goodness she must be, forsooth!" answered the guileless children; and so they rejoiced right merrily on this first May-day of the late accession, quite sure that with the new Queen had descended all blessings upon England; quite unconscious, in their simplicity, of the intrigues that were already fermenting at court, and of the double-faced character of the Queen.

"Long live Queen Elizabeth!" said the children, as they marched off to bring in the May-buds; and "Long live Queen Elizabeth!" they shouted again, as, with horn and hautboy, they conducted their own queen, Elizabeth Manners, to the May-pole, for nothing else but that popular name could be thought of to-day. They had even rejected several, who had not hair of the same color, and

the same complexion as the Queen of England. But there was one sad heart on that joyous day, for Robin has tied his hawthorn bough with blue ribbon, and hung it over his door, in memory of the martyr who, years ago. had been crowned the fairest Queen of May.

For several months, alterations had been going on at Arlington, a seat about five miles distant, belonging to the Earl, intended for the home of the Lady Geraldine; and Lord Fitzhugh is much at Lyndhurst, directing the workmen. The Countess is often consulting her daughter about her wardrobe; but we find her, with a serious sweetness, always replying:

"Thou knowest best, mother dear; but worldly pomp and glitter seemeth not becoming in one who hath tarried so long in sight of the stake, for the days and nights in the Tower have brought eternity very near."

"That is true, love; but the Lord hath brought thee into a quiet haven, where thou hast a work to do for Him, and a blessed home to brighten with thy cheerful piety."

"The shadows are passing, and the joys of a happy home will soon bring back my former spirits; but always chastened, mother. I know that thou wouldst have my wishes for a wedding-suit; and as Marmaduke liketh the sky-blue kirtle and tunic, it must e'en be so, and thou must choose all the rest."

"We go to London on Monday to bring down the wedding-gear; what sayest thou to accompanying us?"

"Nay, nay, dearest mother, the sight of London would bring back all my sorrows; and as for the gayety of public courts, I like it not. Leave me here in quiet at Lyndhurst, with the sweet flowers and the spring birds to sing away painful memories."

And so the parents were content to leave Geraldine, and visit London alone.

As a faithful servant of the crown, the Earl had a gracious reception at court, and might have had a high post of honor around the royal person.

"Where tarrieth thy noble daughter, the Lady Geraldine?" inquired the Queen; "we had hoped to see her at court."

"Her health and spirits have been sorely broken by her long confinement and heavy griefs," replied the Earl; "and she bade me bring her loyal wishes for the happiness of your Royal Majesty."

"Thou wilt bear this ring to the Lady Geraldine, in token of our high regard for her courage and truth in the hour of her trial; and bid her remember that in Elizabeth of England she hath a friend at all times."

There is a lively party in the sitting-room of the Countess on the morning after her return, to witness the unpacking of the trousseau, and the bride-elect smiled at the delight of the younger ladies, as they viewed the London purchases, Geraldine herself equally pleased, though less demonstrative. The arrangements are all made, the new home ready, and the evening before the

wedding-day we find Marmaduke and Geraldine paying their farewell visit to the lake.

"It never looked so lovely," said Geraldine, as, seated in the boat, they floated peacefully along in the soft moonlight, Marmaduke rowing lazily with the tide.

"There are some strange contrasts in life," said the young man, as he rested thoughtfully upon his oars, "the last so full of strife and danger, this so quiet and full of joy."

"In the latter reign, the gospel was in prison," was the reply, "and how could the English people be happy without its blessed truth? but now it is coming to the light again, and with the storms, the famine, and the pestilence of Queen Mary's reign, are disappearing also all the frightful spirits of Popish bigotry."

"How little did we dream in that gloomy Tower that we should ever see a day like this," said Marmaduke; "and now we have the hope of passing our lives together in the service of our dear Master."

The bells of St. Jude's are ringing out their merriest chimes on the morning of this bright June day, and at the appointed hour the carriages containing the wedding parties and their guests were eagerly watched by the villagers, who lined the roadside to see the gay procession.

There was one sad gazer at the window of the lodge, for Robin was there, thinking of the day so long anticipated, when he thought to claim Lettice as his life companion: but, alas! that vision is gone, and Robin is yet beneath the shadows of that great grief.

Reaching the church-gate, on each side of the path leading into the door of entrance were lines of sweet children strewing the way with flowers, as the lovely brides passed in.

Master Gilpin had been summoned to perform the ceremony, and seldom had there been a brighter scene in the old church, where, amid the sacred joys of the wedding-day, the shadows all passed from Geraldine's path, and leaning upon the arm of Lord Fitzhugh, she went forth a happy bride, to bless the home of her husband; and Lady Magdalen, too, in possession of the hopes of a pure faith, entered upon the holy life of a Christian wife, as head of the time-honored home at Englewood.

Lord Fitzhugh had kept Geraldine away from her new home while it was being fitted up, and when in sight of Arlington, she turned to her husband a face beaming with pleasure, for wherever sweet flowers could be planted, in their June glory, they bloomed around the mansion. Roses of every hue trained over arbors, up the sides of walls, and along the borders of garden-paths; even the outhouses of the servants were adorned also with their sweet robe of flowers.

Everything that could be done to make this an attractive home, within and without, had been unsparingly bestowed by the Earl and Lord Fitzhugh, the latter choosing to fit up Geraldine's own apartments.

It has been a blessed day, the parting with dear relatives much softened by the thought that they are near

enough to see each other almost daily. The wedding-guests are gone, and the family circle of four (for Marmaduke's mother and sister are of the household), with a train of servants, gather around the domestic altar, in a room fitted up as a small chapel.

On the following day, Geraldine was conducted through the mansion by her husband, showing her all its comforts and elegancies.

"Now, Marmaduke, we must find our work," said the lady, looking around upon her home.

"We shall find it, sweet one, for there are humble families around us who need our sympathy and care, servants to be guided, the members of our own family to bind together in bonds of love, and our own spirits to prepare for a higher life when this is over."

"If we love Christ, Marmaduke, we shall love all for whom He died; so, wherever we see them, we have something to do for their happiness."

The Lady Magdalen has found her sphere also; and weekly do the friends meet together to talk over their cares, their pleasures, and their plans for good. Geraldine has her own little carriage, just holding two; and every day it is seen travelling over the roads and lanes around Arlington, very often by herself, for she has a gentle animal, and has learned to drive.

She has her own systematic way of doing good; and, in the simplest attire, she is becoming better acquainted with the humble people on the estate, who are learning to

reverence and love the young lady of Arlington, the Lady Agnes gradually becoming interested in the same good work.

. . . . . .

The years roll on, lights and shadows following each other as the pilgrims need; but many have lived to bless the day at Arlington when the Lady Geraldine came among them.

Ralph and Dorothy are still at the lodge, in their old age well cared for by the Earl, for Robin is lodge-keeper now.

In memory of his early grief, he still hangs the hawthorn branch tied with blue ribbon, on every May-day, over the door of his room, for he has never married.

But all the children around Lyndhurst love "Uncle Robin," for that is his name among the little ones.

"Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." When we look at this simple-hearted Christian, we feel that if guilelessness, docility, and tenderness especially mark the age of childhood, then good Uncle Robin is akin to these.

When the spring dawns at Lyndhurst, its fresh breezes call the boys out into the green fields; and they know where to go for the prettiest kite, for Uncle Robin keeps a goodly store for the neighbors' children; or when the summer invites to sports on the water, Uncle Robin furnishes the mimic boats; indeed, he has made one large enough to hold five or six children (for he has quite a

mechanical genius), and frequently on Saturday afternoon, the good man is seen with his crew of merry children, enjoying the pleasure of rowing on the lake.

Perhaps the most delightful sport of all is in the woods when the dry leaves begin to crackle under their feet, and the cool breezes quicken their pace, and call the young blood to their plump cheeks; the higher the wind, the better; for then, with baskets on their arms, and led by Uncle Robin, they are out on a nutting expedition, the large boys climbing the trees to shake the heavily-laden branches, the others standing aside for fear of the pelting shower of nuts, then all rushing for their share; and many a pretty lesson of courtesy to the little girls, generosity to the weak ones on the ground, or to the sick ones at home, does the good man teach. In the winter evenings he is busy making balls and fishing-nets for the boys, and cunning little chairs and tables and bedsteads for the girls. There are several children named for Lettice, and these, of course, are most caressed by Uncle Robin. He is seldom seen without a little one by the hand; and the children of Arlington and Englewood, as well as those of humbler origin, all alike love Uncle Robin.

A pet dog, a pet cat, and birds so tame that they flock around his shoulders and light upon his head, are some of the objects on which to lavish the love dwelling in his honest heart, that would have been given to Lettice.

Twice crowned, she waits among the blessed ones in the shining city for the coming of him she loved on

earth; and in cheerful hope of the summons, Robin waits below.

With hearts elevated and purified by their trials, we leave the rescued families under the reign of Queen Elizabeth, free to enjoy and teach a purer faith.

Would that with the lofty heroism of Walter Berkeley and his fellows, the Queen had not temporized with error, but had swept clean away forever the last seed of Popery, but its end has not come yet.

Spiritual arrogance could not live in heaven, and so God cast out the angels that whispered the first daring thoughts of pride.

They fell, and sowed their seed broadcast upon the earth. Therefore, wherever we see pride and arrogance, we know that it comes from the seed accursed in heaven.

Where should we expect to see it most daring and aggressive? where, but in the Church of God? for there Satan has his most powerful antagonist. So, if he can but corrupt that, he has a strong hold yet upon the souls of men.

Would that we who live in the nineteenth century might be warned of the encroaching and arrogant nature of that apostasy, which, always the same, now checked in other lands, seeks to plant its foot upon our free soil; and in countless ways, but mostly subtle and secret, not always under the *name* of *Romanism*, seeks to throttle the spirit of the true Gospel.

Queen Mary, Bonner, and Gardiner, are dead, but their

successors live — successors who would deprive the masses of the Bible, and set up an arrogant priesthood as mediators between God and man.

Let young Americans beware, and know where they stand. For Christ or Belial? Which? For simple Gospel truth, or dark, corrupting error? Which?

Let the answer from your warm young heart be, "For Christ, and Him alone;" for there is a time coming when, before the great white Throne, the books will be opened — the record of human guilt, and the revelations of the book of life; and in one or the other will be found your name.

THE END.

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